The Legend of Ulenspiegel and Lamme Goedzak and Their Adventures Heroical, Joyous and Glorious in the Land of Flanders and Elsewhere

Charles De Coster
F. M. Atkinson

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THE LEGEND OF ULENSPIEGEL

AND LAMME GOEDZAK, AND THEIR ADVENTURES HEROICAL, JOYOUS AND GLORIOUS IN THE LAND OF FLANDERS AND ELSEWHERE

BY

CHARLES DE COSTER

TRANSLATED BY
F. M. ATKINSON

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The Legend of Ulenspiegel
and Lamme Goedzak

To

Béatrice de Holthoir

INTRODUCTION

THE Legend of Ulenspiegel is not one of the "fake" romances which have been put forward of late by English and American writers. It is a modern, not a mediaeval, masterpiece, and makes no pretension to antiquity. But no help is vouchsafed to the foreign reader in the body of it, and it would be to expect too much from an English public to presume that the nature and history of this extraordinary work are universally familiar. A preliminary account of them may be held necessary, more especially as it is only of late years, and mainly in Belgium itself, that the importance of the Flemish *Ulenspiegel* has been emphatically recognised. I have, therefore, been asked to prefix to Mr. Atkinson's translation of the Belgian National Epic, a brief account of the author and of the age in which he lived, of the fate of his book, and of the place it has come to occupy in the development of intellectual life in Belgium.

A tradition, very widely spread over the north of Germany, attributed a series of gibes and pranks to a certain peasant, Till Eulenspiegel, or Ulenspiegel, who may or may not have lived in the thirteenth century. His jokes were collected in chapbooks, the earliest of which are lost, but of which, from 1515

onwards many versions still exist in Low German. Professor Robertson has excellently defined the temper of these popular jests as "the retaliation of the peasant on the townsman who had begun to look down upon the country boor as a natural inferior." In short, the essence of *Eulenspiegel* was the revolt of country wit against sophisticated class prejudice. We must bear that in mind in considering the modern romance of Coster. Eulenspiegel (or Ulenspiegel) means Owl-glass, or the Mirror of the Owl, and in sixteenth-century English we meet with the word as Howle-glass. Ben Jonson, who makes frequent reference to this satiric hero, speaks of

> A Howleglass
> On his father's ass ;
> With owl on fist,
> And glass at his wrist.

The figure of the ribald peasant, flouting the rich man with coarse jokes and practical buffoonery, was familiar all over Europe, and in considering Coster's revival of it, we must not forget that it was, and continued to be, particularly familiar in the Low Countries, where its brutal force and Rabelaisian richness were easily intelligible to a population whose animal spirits made the *kermesse* popular, and in whom tyranny had long roused the implacable resentment of a race radically independent.

Belgium, accordingly, was perhaps the only country left in Europe where the antics of Till Ulenspiegel were still faintly fresh in the memories of the populace when Charles de Coster wrote the romance presented

to us to-day. He was born in 1827, before the existence of Belgium as an independent nation. From the reign of Louis XIV. to the French Revolution, those unhappy provinces had been the prey of one foreign master after another, and had become, as has been well said, the battlefield and the burying-ground of Europe. When at last they achieved independent sovereignty, political and social interest overshadowed all others in the minds of the Belgians. For fifty years the literature of Belgium was practically non-existent, "null," as Taine described it in 1868.

Looking back on the first half-century of Belgian independence, the historian of literature finds but one solitary name which has escaped the oblivion which attends mediocrity. Charles de Coster is that name, and he died exactly a year before the remarkable explosion of original Belgian literature in 1880. He died at the threshold of the Promised Land, unrecognised, unappreciated, in indigence and obscurity, without an inkling of the immortality which awaited his best book. He had published *Ulenspiegel* in 1867, but neither the brilliant execution of that romance, nor the grandeur of its outline, nor the burning patriotism which inflamed its pages had attracted any general attention. A masterpiece had been produced in the heart of Belgium, and no one was found in its own country to appreciate it. Coster died believing himself and his romance to have been abject failures, but hardly was he in his grave before a new generation arose, and hailed him as their herald and their inspirer.

It must not be supposed, because of its derivation

from the jest-books of Owlglass, that Coster's romance is a work of a farcical kind. The adventures of the hero are expressly put forward as "heroïques, joyeuses et glorieuses," and although they are told with boisterous hilarity and sometimes with a ribald wit which puts modesty a little out of countenance, the story in the main is serious and tragic. It is the epic of heroic struggle against adversity, told to the roar of a *kermesse* and the intoxication of the bells of a Flemish carillon. The scene is laid in the dark ages of national history, in that sixteenth century when the heart of Flanders was nearly broken by the implacable tyranny of Spain. We have a clear indication of the date of the story, from the fact that the hero, Till Ulenspiegel, is said to be born at Damme on the same evening that the Infante Philip saw the light at Valladolid, namely, on May 21, 1527.

Thenceforward these two lives run parallel, and their fates are incessantly contrasted. The fathers are no less saliently set forward in opposition, the humble Claes against the proud Charles V. Ulenspiegel, growing in stature "like a young poplar," has not reached man's estate, when the Emperor believes himself forced to take severe measures towards reforming his possessions in the Netherlands. The punishment of the heretical city of Ghent, in 1540, was a crushing blow to the liberties of the country. It was intended by the Most Catholic Sovereign as an object-lesson to his unruly subjects tainted with the heresy of Luther; Charles V. announced that his intention was to "exterminate the

root and basis of this plague." We know from history that his efforts, and those of his son Philip, who succeeded him in 1555, were rendered fruitless by the stiff-necked virility of the Netherlands, but at the cost of infinite suffering and weariness.

This struggle of the sixteenth century is the theme of Coster's great romance. Of course, he takes the Belgian side with violence; whatever impartial historians may have to say in favour of Charles and Philip finds no echo in his patriotic pages. The personages in the drama must be mentioned. Till Ulenspiegel is the son of Claes, a labouring man of Damme, that once-famous city on the canal of Bruges, which then already was falling into ruins and now is nothing but a ghost. The wife of Claes is Soetkin, who helps him to till the ground. They have a neighbour, Katherine, a woman of a sorrowful spirit, who reminds a flippant English reader of the dolorous Mrs. Gummidge in *David Copperfield*. Katherine has an illegitimate daughter, named Nele, who grows up with Ulenspiegel, and is his counterpart.

Moreover, there is a second hero, Lamme Goedzak, who is the soul of patience and good humour. These protagonists, all of the humblest class, exemplify in their sorrows and their endurance the sufferings and the triumph of Belgian democracy. The author makes no secret of his symbolic purpose; he says: "Claes is thy courage, noble people of Flanders, Soetkin is thy valiant mother, Ulenspiegel is thy intellect." It is this symbolism, at first misunderstood and even unperceived, which has led the Belgian nation in our

own day to take *Ulenspiegel* to its heart as the national epic *par excellence*, and as the work in all its literature where the soul and blood of Flanders are most clearly revealed.

When the romance was originally published, some copies of it, but not all, contained a "Preface of the Owl," which Mr. Atkinson has not translated. This was signed "Bubulus Bubb," but was, I suppose, undoubtedly the composition of Coster. It is a curious and rather obscure production, written probably as an afterthought, in which the ironic and satirical intention of the author is thus insisted upon :—

> "The principal personages are imbeciles or maniacs, with one exception : the rascal of a Ulenspiegel takes up arms for liberty of conscience ; his father Claes dies, burned alive at the stake for sticking to his religious convictions ; his mother Soetkin eats out her heart, and dies from the shock of being tortured because she tried to keep a fortune for her son ; Lamme Goedzack walks straight on through life, as though to be good and upright was all that mattered in this world ; little Nele, who is not badly drawn, loves but one man all her life through."

It is not without interest to see Coster looking back on his work in this way, but when he tries to identify the Owl with all the physical and moral ills which afflict the national temper, he seems to slip a little out of his depth. This "Preface" is certainly obscure, and Mr. Atkinson has doubtless done right to ignore it in an English version of the romance.

The novelist, Camille Lemonnier, speaking at the unveiling of the monument to Coster at Ixelles, called *Ulenspiegel* "The Bible of Flanders." The phrase caught on, and is frequently repeated by eulogists of

the book. Probably Lemonnier, though a man of genius, was not closely acquainted with the Bible, than which few things can be imagined less like *Ulenspiegel*. The true parallel is with *Don Quixote* and with *Pantagruel*, for Coster had a considerable kinship of imagination with both Cervantes and with Rabelais, particularly with the latter. He himself admits that he has not been able to conceal the fact that he loves the old masters of fifteenth-century French. But his book is not a parody or an imitation, and his occasional archaisms are never so emphatic as to obscure his meaning. Coster is like Rabelais in his determination to reach the sources of knowledge and morals through a return to nature. He hates all that opposes nature, he favours a liberal enjoyment of the good which life has to offer, he faces death with a cheerful resignation, he is simple, tolerant, gay and passionately desirous of individual liberty. He holds, with his celebrated master, that "rire est le propre de l'homme," and his pages display to the full the broad and rosy vitality of his race. He has something of Brother John and more of Panurge, but beneath all the riot of the senses and the roar of the farcical explosions, the small voice of human pity is heard persistently poignant. The book teaches, above all else, the lesson that when the world is at its darkest, there is light behind the gloom, and that man's one unpardonable cowardice is to despair.

At the end of the sixth and last book, Nele weeps at the grave of Ulenspiegel, worn out at last by his sufferings. It seems the natural close of the story,

when, on the final page, by a stroke of genius, we witness a great upheaval of the soil, and the buried Ulenspiegel, shaking the sand out of his hair, leaps to life again. The curé and the beadle and the burgomaster, symbols of conventional morality, fly in scandal and terror. The aldermen lie flat on the grass, whimpering with terror :—

> Ulenspiegel went up to them, and, shaking them :—
>
> "Can any bury," said he, "Ulenspiegel the spirit and Nele the heart of Mother Flanders? She, too, may sleep, but cannot die. No! Come, Nele."
>
> And he went forth with her, singing his sixth song, but no man knoweth where he sang the last one of all.

These are the closing words of a very remarkable book, in which, nearly fifty years ago, the harbinger of Belgian imaginative art prophesied of the rank which his country would take among the intellectual nations of Europe. It only remains for me to say that wherever I have compared Mr. Atkinson's translation with the original, I have found it strikingly faithful both to the language and spirit of Charles de Coster.

EDMUND GOSSE.

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Book I

THE LEGEND OF ULENSPIEGEL
AND LAMME GOEDZAK

AND THEIR ADVENTURES HEROICAL, JOYOUS, AND GLORIOUS IN THE LAND OF FLANDERS AND ELSEWHERE.

BOOK I

I

WHEN May was unfolding the whitethorn blossom Ulenspiegel, son of Claes, was born at Damme in Flanders.

A gossip midwife, by name Katheline, wrapt him in warm swaddling clothes, and, looking at his head, pointed out a caul on it.

"A caul! he is born under a lucky star!" exclaimed she, rejoicing.

But in a moment, lamenting and displaying a little black spot on the babe's shoulder:

"Alas," she wept, "'tis the black print of the devil's finger."

"Master Satan has been getting up very early, then," rejoined Claes, "if he has had time already to put his mark on my son."

"It was not yet his bedtime," said Katheline, "for there is Chantecleer only now waking up the hens."

And she went away, putting the child in the arms of Claes.

Then the dawn burst through the night clouds, the

swallows skimmed the meadows with shrill cries, and the sun showed his dazzling countenance, bright and red upon the horizon. Claes threw the window wide and spake to Ulenspiegel.

"Son with the caul," said he, "lucky son, here is our lord Sun coming to salute the soil of Flanders. Look always on him when thou canst, and whenever thou art in a maze, knowing not what to do so as to do right, ask counsel of him: he is bright and warm; be thou honest as he is bright, and kind even as he is warm."

"Husband Claes," said Soetkin, "you are preaching to deaf ears; come, drink, my son."

And the mother offered the newly born nature's goodly flagons.

II

While Ulenspiegel drank of them, and called for no cup, all the birds in the countryside awoke.

Claes, who was binding faggots, looked upon his wife as she gave the breast to Ulenspiegel.

"Wife," said he, "have you laid up store of this good milk?"

"The jars are full," said she, "but that is not enough for my content."

"You speak piteously of so great a joy."

"'Tis in my mind," said she, "that in the wallet you see hanging by the wall there is not one poor patard."

Claes took the wallet in his hand; but in vain did he shake it, no morning song of coin answered him from within. Thereat he was chapfallen, but wishing nevertheless to hearten his good wife.

"Why do you vex yourself?" said he. "Have we not in the hutch the cake Katheline gave us yesterday?

Do not I behold a noble piece of beef that for three days at least will make good milk for the babe? That sack of beans squatting so snugly in the corner, does it prophesy famine? Yon firkin of butter, is it a ghost? Be they but phantoms, those bright platoons and companies of apples ranged warrior-like in ranks of eleven in the loft? Doth not that full-girthed cask of Bruges *cuyte*, that in its belly keeps the wherewithal for our refreshing, doth it not proclaim good drinking?"

"Needs must," said Soetkin, "when the babe is borne to baptism, that we give two patards to the priest and a florin for the feasting."

Therewith entered Katheline, holding a great sheaf of plants in her hand, saying:

"I bring the lucky babe angelica, that keepeth man from lewdness; fennel that putteth Satan to flight. . . ."

"Have you not," said Claes, "gotten the herb that conjureth florins?"

"Nay," quoth she.

"Then," said he, "I will even go see if there be none in the canal."

Forth he went carrying line and net, being well assured of meeting nobody, for it still lacked an hour of the *oosterzon*, which is, in Flanders, the morning sun of six of the clock.

III

Claes came to the canal of Bruges, not far from the sea. There, baiting his line, he cast it in the water, and let down his net. A little lad, well attired, lay upon the other bank, sleeping like a log upon a clump of mussels.

The noise Claes made awoke him, and he would have

fled away, fearing it might be some sergeant of the commune coming to turn him off his couch and hale him to the *Steen* for unlicensed vagrancy.

But his fears ceased when he knew Claes and when he heard him call:

"Would you like to earn six liards? Drive the fish this way."

The lad on the word went down into the water, with his little belly already showing round and puffed up, and, arming himself with a tuft of long reeds, drove the fish toward Claes.

His fishing over, Claes drew in his net and line, and walking across the lock, came to the lad.

"You are he," said Claes, "whom they call Lamme by baptism and Goedzak for your gentle nature, and you live in the street of the Heron, behind Notre Dame. How comes it, young and well clothed as you are, that you must needs sleep on a public bed?"

"Alas, master coalman," replied the lad, "at home I have a sister a year younger than I, who beats me with heavy blows for the smallest wrangle. But I dare not take my revenge on her back, for I should do her a hurt. Last night, at supper, I was an-hungered and cleaned with my fingers a dish of beef and beans in which she meant to have a share. There was not enough of it for me, master. When she saw me licking my lips for the goodness of the sauce, she became as one out of her wits, and beat me so fast and furiously that I fled all bruised from out of the house."

Claes asked him what his father and mother did during all this cuffing.

Lamme Goedzak replied:

"My father beat me on one shoulder and my mother

on the other saying, 'Avenge thyself, coward!' But I, not willing to strike a girl, fled away."

Suddenly Lamme grew pale and trembled all over.

And Claes saw a tall woman approaching, and by her side a little girl lean and of a fierce aspect.

"Ah!" said Lamme, taking hold of Claes by his breeches, "here be my mother and my sister coming to find me. Protect me, master coalman."

"Here," said Claes, "first take these seven liards for wages and let us go stoutly to meet them."

When the two women saw Lamme, they ran to him and both were fain to beat him, the mother because she had been anxious and the sister because it was her habit.

Lamme hid behind Claes and cried:

"I have earned seven liards, I have earned seven liards, do not beat me!"

But already the mother was hugging him, while the little girl tried with might and main to open Lamme's hands to have his money. But Lamme cried:

"It's mine. You shall not have it."

And he clenched his fists tight.

Claes shook the girl smartly by the ears and said to her:

"If you happen ever again to raise a brawl with your brother, who is as good and gentle as a lamb, I shall put you in a black coal-hole and there it will not be I that pull your ears, but the red devil out of hell, who will rend you in pieces with his long claws and his big forked teeth."

At this threat the little girl, not daring now to look at Claes or to go near Lamme, took shelter behind her mother's skirts. But as she went into the town she cried out everywhere:

"The coalman beat me: he has the devil in his cellar."

However, she never struck Lamme again; but being tall, she made him work instead of her. And the kindly simpleton did it with a good will.

On his way back Claes had sold his catch to a farmer who usually bought it from him. And reaching home he said to Soetkin:

"Here is what I found in the belly of four pike, nine carp, and a basketful of eels." And he threw two florins and a patard on the table.

"Why do you not go a-fishing every day, husband?" asked Soetkin.

Claes replied:

"Not to be fish myself in the nets of the constables."

IV

At Damme they called Ulenspiegel's father Claes the *Kooldraeger* or coalman: Claes had a black fell, eyes shining bright, a skin the same colour as his wares, except on Sundays and feast days, when there was great plenty of soap in the cottage. He was short, square, and strong, and of a gay countenance.

When the day was ended and the evening shadows were falling, if he went to some tavern on the Bruges road, to wash out his coal-blackened gullet with *cuyte*, all the women taking the cool air on their doorsteps would call out a friendly greeting:

"Good even and clear beer, coalman!"

"Good even and a wakeful husband," Claes would reply.

The lasses coming back from the fields in troops used to plant themselves all in front of him so as to prevent him from going on, and would say:

"What will you give for your right of way: scarlet ribbon, gilt buckle, velvet shoon, or florin in the pouch?"

But Claes would take one round the waist and kiss her cheeks or her neck, according to which fresh skin was nearest his mouth, then he would say:

"Ask your lovers, darlings, ask your lovers for the rest."

Then they would go off in bursts of laughter.

The boys knew Claes by his big voice and the clatter of his shoes. Running to him they would say:

"Good evening, coalman."

"God give you the like, my cherublings," Claes would answer, "but don't come too close, or I shall turn you into blackamoors."

The little fellows, being bold, would come close all the same; and then he would seize one by the tunic, and rubbing his soft little muzzle with his smutty hands, would send him back like that, laughing in spite of it, to the great delight of all the others.

Soetkin, Claes's wife, was a good helpmeet, early as the dawn and diligent as the ant.

She and Claes tilled their field together, yoking themselves like oxen to the plough. Hard and toilsome was the dragging, but harder still the harrowing when that rustic engine must tear the stiff earth with its wooden teeth. Yet always they worked light-hearted, singing some ballad song.

And in vain was the earth stony hard; in vain did the sun dart his hottest beams upon them: dragging the harrow, bending at the knees, it was as naught that they must strain their loins cruelly; when they would pause, and Soetkin turn toward Claes her gentle face,

and Claes kiss that mirror of a tender heart, then, ah, then, they would forget their utter weariness.

V

Last night it had been cried at the doorway of the Townhall that Madam, the wife of the Emperor Charles, being great with child, all men must pray for her speedy delivery.

Katheline came to Claes's house all trembling.

"What aileth thee, gossip?" asked the goodman.

"Alas me!" she replied, and spoke brokenly. "Last night, spectres cutting down men as reapers mow the grass. Girl children buried quick! The hangman danced on the corpse—— Stone sweating blood nine months, broken this night."

"Have pity upon us," groaned Soetkin, "Lord God, have pity: 'tis a black foreboding for the land of Flanders."

"Sawest thou that with thine eyes or in a dream?" asked Claes.

"With mine own eyes," said Katheline.

All pale and weeping Katheline spake again:

"Two boy babes are born, one in Spain, the Infante Philip, the other in the country of Flanders, the son of Claes who will in after days be surnamed Ulenspiegel. Philip will become a butcher, being engendered by Charles the Fifth, the murderer of our country. Ulenspiegel will be greatly learned in jests and pranks of youth, but he will be kind of heart, having had to father Claes, the stout worker that knew how to earn his bread in courage, honour, and simplicity. Charles the Emperor and Philip the King will ride roughshod

through life, working ill by battles, exactions, and other crimes. Claes toiling all week long, living by righteousness and law, and laughing instead of weeping in his heavy labours, will be the ensample of all the good workers of Flanders. Ulenspiegel ever young, and never to die, will run throughout the world without ever tying himself to any place. And he will be churl, noble, painter, sculptor, all together and at once. And through the world will journey in this wise, praising all things good and lovely, and flouting without stint all manner of folly. Claes is thy courage, noble Flanders folk, Soetkin thy valiant mother, Ulenspiegel is thy spirit; a darling sweet girl, Ulenspiegel's mate and like him immortal, will be thy heart, and a fat paunch, Lamme Goedzak, will be thy stomach. And up aloft shall be the devourers of the folk; below, the victims; aloft the thieving hornets, below, the toiling bees, and in the skies shall bleed the wounds of Christ."

This much having said, Katheline the good spaewife fell on sleep.

VI

They bore Ulenspiegel to baptism: on a sudden fell a spouting shower that soaked him through. Thus was he baptized for the first time.

When he came within the church, word was given to godfather and godmother, father and mother, by the schoolmaster beadle, that they were to range themselves about the baptismal font, the which they did.

But there was in the roof above the font a hole made by a mason wherefrom to hang a lamp from a star of gilded wood. The mason, spying from on high the godfather and godmother stiffly standing around the font

covered with its lid, poured through the hole in the roof a treacherous bucket of water, which falling between them upon the lid of the font made a mighty splashing. But Ulenspiegel had the biggest share. And thus was he baptized for the second time.

The dean arrived: they complained to him; but he told them to make haste, and that it was an accident. Ulenspiegel was twisting about and kicking because of the water that had fallen on him. The dean gave him salt and water, and named him Thylbert, which signifies "rich in movements." Thus he was baptized for the third time.

Leaving Notre Dame, they went opposite the church in the rue Longue to the *Rosary of Bottles* whose credo was a jar. There they drank seventeen quarts of *dobbelcuyt*, and more. For this is the true Flanders way of drying drenched folk, to light a fire of beer in the belly. Ulenspiegel was thus baptized for the fourth time.

Going home and zigzagging along the road, their heads weighing more than their bodies, they came to a foot plank thrown across a little pool; Katheline, the godmother, was carrying the child, she missed her footing and fell in the mud with Ulenspiegel, who was thus baptized for the fifth time.

But he was pulled out of the pond and washed with warm water in the house of Claes, and that was his sixth baptism.

VII

On that same day, His Sacred Majesty Charles resolved to hold high festival to celebrate the birth of his son befittingly. Like Claes he determined to go a-fishing, not in a canal, but in the pouches and pock-

ets of his people. Thence is it that sovereign houses draw crusadoes, silver daelders, gold lions, and all those miraculous fishes that change, at the fisher's will, into velvet robes, priceless jewels, exquisite wines, and dainty meats. For the rivers best stocked with fish are not those that hold most water.

Having brought together his councillors, His Sacred Majesty resolved that the fishing should be done in the following manner.

His lordship the Infante should be borne to baptism toward nine or ten of the clock; the inhabitants of Valladolid, to testify their joy, should hold revelry and feast all night long, at their own charges, and should scatter their silver upon the great square for the poor.

In five carfaxes there should be a great fountain spouting until daybreak with strong wine paid for by the city. In five other carfaxes there should be displayed, upon wooden stages, sausages, saveloys, botargoes, chitterlings, ox tongues, and all kinds of meats, also at the city's charges.

The folk of Valladolid should erect at their own expense, along the route of the procession, a great number of triumphal arches representing Peace, Felicity, Abundance, Propitious Fortune, and emblems of all and sundry gifts from the skies with which they were loaded under the reign of His Sacred Majesty.

Finally, besides these pacific arches, there should be set up certain others on which should be displayed in bright colours less benignant emblems, as lions, eagles, lances, halberds, pikes with wavy bladed heads, hackbuts, cannons, falconets, mortars with their huge jowls, and other engines showing in image the might and power in war of His Sacred Majesty.

As for the lighting of the church, it should be graciously permitted to the Guild of Candlemakers to make free gratis and for nothing more than twenty thousand wax tapers, the unburned ends of which should revert to the chapter.

As for any other expenses, the Emperor would gladly bear them, thus showing his kindly determination not to burden his people overmuch.

As the commune was about to carry out these orders, lamentable tidings came from Rome. Orange, Alençon and Frundsberg, captains of the Emperor, had entered into the holy city and there sacked and spoiled churches, chapels, and houses, sparing no living soul, priests, nuns, women, children. The Holy Father had been made prisoner. For a whole week pillage had never ceased, and *Reiters* and *Landsknechts* were wandering through Rome, stuffed with food, drunken with wine, brandishing their weapons, hunting for cardinals, declaring they would cut enough out of their hides to save them from ever becoming popes. Others, having already carried out this threat, strutted proudly through the city, wearing on their breast rosaries of twenty-eight or more beads, big as walnuts, and all bloody. Certain streets were red streams in which lay heaped the rifled bodies of the dead.

Some said that the Emperor, needing money, had determined to fish for it in the blood of the Church, and that having taken cognizance of the treaty imposed by his commanders upon the captive pontiff, he forced him to cede all the strongholds in his states, to pay four hundred thousand ducats and to be prisoner until all was duly carried out.

None the less, great was His Majesty's grief; he

countermanded all the joyous preparations, all feasts and rejoicings, and ordered the lords and ladies of his palace to don mourning.

And the Infante was baptized in white robes, the hue of royal mourning.

And lords and ladies interpreted this as a sinister omen.

For all this, my lady the nurse presented the Infante to the lords and ladies of the palace, that these might, as is the custom, offer good wishes and gifts.

Madame de la Coena hanged upon his neck a black stone potent against poison, the size and shape of a hazelnut, with a gold shell; Madame de Chauffade fastened upon him, by a silken cord, hanging down upon his stomach, a filbert, the which bringeth good digestion of all nourishment; Messire van der Steen of Flanders gave a Ghent sausage five ells long and half an ell in thickness, wishing that at its mere fragrance His Highness might be thirsty for *clauwaert* in the manner of the people of Ghent, saying that whoso loveth the beer of a town will never hate the brewers; Messire Squire Jacque-Christophe of Castile prayed my Lord the Infante to wear green jasper on his tiny feet, to make him run well. Jan de Paepe the fool, who was there present, exclaimed:

"Messire, give him rather the trumpet of Joshua, at the sound whereof all towns ran full trot before him, hastening to plant themselves elsewhere with all their inhabitants, men and women and babes. For monseigneur must not learn to run, but to make others run."

The tearful widow of Floris van Borsele, who was lord of Veere in Zealand, gave Monseigneur Philip a stone, which, said she, made men loving and women inconsolable.

But the Infante whimpered like a young calf.

At the same time Claes was putting in his son's hands a rattle made of osier, with little bells, and said, dancing Ulenspiegel on his hand: "Bells, bells, tinkling bells may you have ever on your cap, manikin; for 'tis to the fools belongeth the realm of good days."

And Ulenspiegel laughed.

VIII

Claes having caught a big salmon, that salmon was eaten one Sunday by himself and by Soetkin, Katheline, and little Ulenspiegel, but Katheline ate no more than a bird.

"Gossip," said Claes to her, "is Flanders air so solid to-day that it is enough for you to breathe it to be fed as with a dish of meat? When shall we live in this wise? Rain would be good soup, it would hail beans, and the snows, transformed to celestial fricassees, would restore and refresh poor travelling folk."

Katheline, nodding her head, uttered not a word.

"Lo now," said Claes, "our dolorous gossip. What is it grieves her then?"

But Katheline, in a voice that seemed but a low breathing:

"The wicked one," said she, "night is falling black—I hear him announcing his coming—screaming like a sea hawk—shuddering, I beseech the Virgin—in vain. For him, neither walls nor hedges nor doors nor windows. Entereth anywhere like a spirit——Ladder creaking——He beside me in the garret where I sleep. Seizes me in his cold arms, hard like marble. Face frozen cold, kisses like damp snow——The cottage tossed upon the earth, moving like a bark on the stormy sea. . . ."

"You must go," said Claes, "every morning to mass, that our Lord Jesu may give you strength to drive away this phantom come from hell."

"He is so handsome!" said she.

IX

Being weaned, Ulenspiegel grew like a young poplar.

Claes now did not kiss him often, but loved him with a surly air so as not to spoil him.

When Ulenspiegel would come home, complaining of being beaten in some fray, Claes would beat him because he had not beaten the others, and thus educated Ulenspiegel became valiant as a young lion.

If Claes was from home, Ulenspiegel would ask Soetkin for a liard, to go play. Soetkin, angry, would say, "What need have you to go play? It would fit you better to stay at home to tie faggots."

Seeing that she would give him nothing, Ulenspiegel would cry like an eagle, but Soetkin would make a great clatter of pots and pans, which she was washing in a wooden tub, to pretend she did not hear him. Then would Ulenspiegel weep, and the gentle mother, dropping her feigned harshness, would come to him, petting him, and say, "Will a denier be enough for you?" Now take notice that a denier is worth six liards.

So she loved him overmuch, and when Claes was not there, Ulenspiegel was king in the house.

X

One morning Soetkin beheld Claes with head down wandering about the kitchen like a man lost in his own thought.

"What grieves thee, husband?" said she. "Thou art pale, wroth, and distraught."

Claes answered in a low tone, like a growling dog:

"They are going to renew the Emperor's cruel edicts. Death will hover once more over the soil of Flanders. Informers are to have the half of the victims' goods, if the goods exceed not a hundred florins carolus."

"We are poor folk," said she.

"Poor," said he, "but not poor enough. There are some of that vile crew, ravens and vultures living on corpses, who would denounce us to divide a basket of charcoal with His Majesty as well as a bag of carolus. What had poor Tanneken, the widow of Sis the tailor, who perished at Heyst, buried alive? A Latin Bible, three gold florins, and some pewter pans that her neighbour coveted. Johannah Martens was burned for a witch, being first flung into water, for her body had floated and they took it as a judgment of heaven. She had some poor bits of furniture, seven gold carolus in a purse, and the informer wanted half. Alas! I could tell thee the like until to-morrow, but come, goodwife, life is no longer worth the living in Flanders by reason of these edicts. Soon every night will the chariot of death pass through the town, and we shall hear the skeleton shaking in it with a dry clatter of bones."

"You must not frighten me, husband. The Emperor is the father of Flanders and Brabant, and like a father is endued with long-suffering gentleness, patience, and compassion."

"He would lose too much by that," said Claes, "for he inherits the goods that are confiscate."

Of a sudden sounded the trumpet and gnashed the cymbals of the town herald. Claes and Soetkin, carry-

ing Ulenspiegel in their arms turn about, ran to the sound with the crowd.

They came to the Townhall, before which were the heralds upon horseback, blowing their trumpets and clashing their cymbals, the provost holding the wand of justice and the procurator of the commune on horseback, holding in both hands an edict of the Emperor and making ready to read it to the assembled throng.

Claes heard that it was thenceforward straightly forbidden, to all men in general and in particular, to print, read, have, or maintain the writings, books, or doctrine of Martin Luther, Johannes Wycliff, Johannes Huss, Marcilius de Padua, Ælcolampadius, Ulricus Zwinglius, Philippus Melancthon, Franciscus Lambertus, Joannes Pomeranus, Otto Brunselsius, Justus Jonas, Johannes Puperis et Gorcianus, the New Testaments printed by Adrien de Berghes, Christopher de Remonda, and Joannes Zel, full of Lutheran and other heresies, banned and condemned by the Theological Faculty of the University of Louvain.

"In like manner neither to paint or pourtray, nor cause to be painted or pourtrayed either opprobrious figures of God and the Blessed Virgin or of their saints; nor to break, rend, or efface the images or pourtraitures made in honour, memory, or remembrance of God and of the Virgin Mary or of saints approved by the Church.

"Furthermore," said the proclamation, "no man, of whatever station, shall put himself forward to discuss or dispute upon Holy Writ, even upon matters that are held in doubt, if he is not a theologian renowned and approved by a great university."

His Sacred Majesty enacted among other penalties

that suspected persons should ever after be incapable of holding honourable estate. As for persons fallen a second time into their error, or persons who were stubborn therein, they should be condemned to burn by a slow fire or quick, in an envelope of straw, or fastened to a stake, at the discretion of the judge. Other men should be executed by the sword if they were noble or reputable burgesses, churls by the gallows, and women by burying alive. Their heads, for a warning, should be planted on spikes. And there would be confiscation to the Emperor of the goods and chattels of all that lay within the limits of confiscation.

His Sacred Majesty granted to informers the half of all possessed by the condemned, provided their goods did not amount in all to one hundred pounds in Flanders money. As for the Emperor's portion, he reserved to himself the right to employ it in works of piety and alms, as he did at the sack of Rome.

And Claes went sadly away, with Soetkin and Ulenspiegel.

XI

The year had been a good one, and Claes bought a donkey and nine measures of peas for seven florins and one morning he mounted on the beast, and Ulenspiegel clung to the crupper behind him. They were going in this fashion to salute their uncle and elder brother, Josse Claes, who lived not far from Meyborg in Germany.

Josse, who had been simple and kind in his youth, having suffered various wrongs, became crotchety and malicious, his blood turned to bile in his veins, he became misanthropic and lived solitary and alone.

His delight then was to make two so-called faithful friends fight each other, and he would give three patards to the one that gave the other the hardest drubbing.

He loved also to bring together in a well-heated room a great many old gossips, the oldest and crabbedest that could be found, and he would give them toasted bread to eat and hypocras to drink.

Those who were more than sixty years old he gave wool to knit in a corner, recommending them to let their nails always grow long. And it was a marvel to hear all the gurgling, the tongue clacking, the ill-natured tattle, the thin coughings and spittings of these old hags, who, with their knitting needles under their armpits, sat all together nibbling at their neighbours' good name.

Now when he saw them all animated and lively, Josse would throw a hank of hair into the fire, and as it flared up the air would all at once be poisoned.

The gossips then, all talking together, would accuse each other of making the stench; all denying it, they would very soon have each other by the hair, and Josse would go on throwing more hair on the fire, and chopped up horsehair on the floor. When he could see no longer, by reason of the fury of the mêlée, the thick smoke and the flying dust, he would fetch two of his men disguised as constables, who would drive the old women out of the hall, beating them soundly with long switches, like a troop of angry geese.

And Josse would examine the battlefield, finding strips of clothes, fragments of shoes, pieces of chemises, and old teeth.

And filled with melancholy he would say to himself:

"My day is wasted, never a one of them has left her tongue behind in the mêlée."

XII

Claes, being in the bailiwick of Meyborg, was going through a little wood: the donkey as he travelled was browsing on the thistles; Ulenspiegel was throwing his bonnet after the butterflies and picking it up without leaving the beast's back. Claes was eating a hunch of bread, meaning to wash it down at the next tavern. Far off he heard a bell clinking and the noise of a great crowd of men all speaking together.

"'Tis some pilgrimage," said he, "and the pilgrims will doubtless be numerous. Hold on well, my son, to the donkey, so that they may not knock you over. Come and let us see. Now, then, ass, stick to my heels."

And the ass began to run.

Leaving the fringe of the wood, he descended towards a wide plateau bordered by a stream at the foot of its western slope. On the eastern slope was a little chapel with a gable surmounted by the image of Our Lady and at her feet two little figures each representing a bull. Upon the chapel steps, grinning with glee, were a hermit shaking his bell, fifty flunkeys holding lighted candles, players, blowers, bangers of drums, clarions, fifes, shawms, and bagpipes, and a knot of jolly companions holding with both hands iron boxes full of old metal, but all silent at the moment.

Five thousand pilgrims and more went along seven by seven in close ranks, casques on their heads, cudgels of green wood in their hands. If there came fresh

arrivals helmeted and armed in like fashion, they ranged themselves tumultuously behind the others. Then passing seven by seven before the chapel they had their cudgels blessed, received each man a candle from the hands of the flunkeys, and in exchange paid a demi-florin to the hermit.

And so long was the procession that the candles of the first were burnt down to the end of the wick while those of the latest were all but choking with too much tallow.

Claes, Ulenspiegel, and the donkey, astonished, saw thus passing before them an immense variety of bellies, broad, long, high, pointed, proud, firm, or falling ignobly upon their natural props. And all the pilgrims had casques on their heads.

Some of these casques had come from Troy, and were like Phrygian caps, or surmounted by aigrettes of red horsehair; some of the pilgrims, though they were fat-faced and paunchy, wore helms with outspread wings, but had no notion of flying; then came those who had on their heads salades that snails would have disdained for their lack of greenery.

But the greater part had casques so old and rusty that they seemed to date from the days of Gambrinus, the King of Flanders and of beer, the which monarch lived nine hundred years before Our Lord and wore a quart pot for a hat, so that he need never have to refrain from drinking for lack of a cup.

All at once rang, droned, thundered, thumped, squealed, brayed, clattered bells, bagpipes, shawms, drums, and ironmongery.

At the sound of this din, the signal for the pilgrims, they turned about, placing themselves face to face by bands of seven, and by way of provocation every man

thrust his flaming candle into the face of his opposite. Therefrom arose great sternutation. And it began to rain green wood. And they fought with foot, with head, with heel, with everything. Some hurled upon their adversaries like rams, casque foremost, smashing it down on to their shoulders, and ran blinded to fall on a seven-fold rank of furious pilgrims, the which received them ungently.

Others, whimperers and cowards, bemoaned themselves because of the blows, but while they were mumbling their dolorous paternosters, there whirled upon them, swift as a thunderbolt, two sevens of struggling pilgrims, flinging the poor blubberers to earth and trampling them without compassion.

And the hermit laughed.

Other sevens, keeping in clusters like grapes, rolled from the top of the plateau into the very stream where they still exchanged shrewd strokes without quenching their fury.

And the hermit laughed.

Those that remained upon the plateau were blacking each other's eyes, breaking each other's teeth, tearing out each other's hair, rending each other's doublet and breeches.

And the hermit would laugh and call out:

"Courage, friends, he that smiteth sore but loves the more. To the hardest hitters the love of their fair ones! Our Lady of Rindisbels, 'tis here may be seen the true males!"

And the pilgrims fell to it with joyous heart.

Claes, meanwhile, had drawn near the hermit, while Ulenspiegel, laughing and shouting, applauded the blows.

"Father," said Claes, "what crime, then, have these

poor fellows committed to be forced so cruelly to strike one another?"

But the hermit, not giving ear to him, shouted:

"Lazybones! ye lose courage. If the fists are weary are the feet? God's life! some of you have legs to run like hares! What makes fire leap from the flint? 'Tis the iron that beateth it. What blows up virility in old folk f not a goodly dish of blows well seasoned with male fury?"

At these words, the pilgrims continued to belabour one another with casque, with hands, with feet. 'Twas a wild mêlée where not Argus with his hundred eyes had seen aught but the flying dust or the peak of some casque.

Sudden the hermit clanked his bell. Fifes, drums, trumpets, bagpipes, shawms, and old iron ceased their din. And this was the signal for peace.

The pilgrims picked up their wounded. Among them were seen many tongues swollen with anger, protruding from the mouths of the combatants. But they returned of themselves to their accustomed palates. Most difficult of all it was to take off the casques of those who had thrust them down as far as their necks, and now were shaking their heads, but without making them fall, no more than green plums.

None the less the hermit said to them:

"Recite each one an *Ave* and go back to your good wives. Nine months hence there will be as many children more in the bailiwick as there were valiant champions in the battle to-day."

And the hermit sang the *Ave* and all sang it with him. And the bell tinkled above.

Then the hermit blessed them in the name of Our Lady of Rindisbels and said:

"Go in peace!"

They departed shouting, jostling, and singing all the way to Meyborg. All the goodwives, old and young, were waiting for them on the threshold of their houses which they entered like men at arms in a town taken by storm.

The bells of Meyborg were pealing their loudest: the little lads whistled, shouted, played the *rommel-pot.*

Quart stoups, tankards, goblets, glasses, flagons, and pint-pots rang and jingled marvellously. And the good wine rolled in waves down thirsty throats.

During this ringing, and while the wind brought to the ears of Claes from the town, in gusts, songs of men and women and children, he spake once again to the hermit, asking him what heavenly boon these good folk looked to win by these rough devotions.

The hermit answered, laughing:

"Thou seest upon this chapel two carven images, representing two bulls. They are placed there in memory of the miracle whereby Saint Martin transformed two bullocks into bulls, by making them fight with their horns. Then he rubbed their muzzles with a candle and green wood for an hour and longer.

"Wotting of the miracle, and fortified with a brief from His Holiness, for which I paid roundly, I came hither and established myself.

"Thenceforward all the ancient coughers and big-bellies in Meyborg and the country roundabout, persuaded by my arguments, were certain that having once beaten one another soundly with the candle, the which is unction, and with the cudgel, that is power, they would win favour of Our Lady. The women send their ancient husbands hither. The children born by virtue of this pilgrimage are violent, bold, fierce, nimble, and make perfect soldiers."

Suddenly the hermit said to Claes:

"Dost thou know me?"

"Yea," said Claes, "thou art Josse my brother."

"I am," replied the hermit; "but what is this little man that makes faces at me?"

"It is thy nephew," said Claes.

"What difference dost thou make between me and the Emperor Charles?"

"It is great," replied Claes.

"It is but small," rejoined Josse, "for we do both alike, we two: he makes men to slay one another, I to beat one another for our gain and pleasure."

Then he brought them to his hermitage, where they held feast and revel for eleven days without pause or truce.

XIII

Claes, when he parted from his brother, mounted his donkey once more, taking Ulenspiegel on the crupper behind him. He passed by the great square of Meyborg, and there beheld, assembled in groups, a great number of pilgrims, who seeing them became enraged and flourishing their cudgels they all suddenly cried out, "Scamp!" because of Ulenspiegel, who, opening his breeches, plucked up his shirt and showed them his nether visage.

Claes, seeing that it was his son they were threatening, said to him:

"What did you do for them to be so angry against you?"

"Dear father," replied Ulenspeigel, "I am sitting on the donkey, saying no word to any man, and nevertheless they say I am a scamp."

Then Claes set him in front.

In this position Ulenspiegel thrust out his tongue

at the pilgrims, who, roaring, shook their fists at him, and lifting up their cudgels, would fain have beaten Claes and the donkey.

But Claes smote the beast with his heels to flee from their wrath, and while they pursued, losing their breath, he said to his son:

"Thou wert then born on a luckless day, for thou art sitting in front of me, doing no harm to any, and yet they would fain destroy thee."

Ulenspiegel laughed.

Passing by Liége, Claes learned that the poor Rivageois were starving and that they had been placed under the jurisdiction of the *Official*, a tribunal composed of ecclesiastical judges. They made a riot demanding bread and lay judges. Some were beheaded or hanged, and the rest banished out of the country, such at that time was the clemency of Monseigneur de la Marck, the gentle archbishop.

Claes saw by the way the banished folk, fleeing from the pleasant vale of Liége, and on the trees near to the town the bodies of men hanged for being hungry. And he wept over them.

XIV

When he came home, riding upon his donkey, and provided with a bag full of patards his brother Josse had given him and a goodly tankard of pewter, there were in the cottage Sunday good cheer and daily feasts, for every day they had meat and beans to eat.

Claes filled often the great pewter tankard with *dobbel-cuyt* and emptied it as often.

Ulenspiegel ate for three and paddled in the dishes like a sparrow in a heap of corn.

"Look," said Claes, "he's eating the saltcellar, too!"

Ulenspiegel answered:

"When the saltcellar, as in our house, is made of a hollow piece of bread, it must be eaten now and then, lest the worms might come in it as it gets old."

"Why," said Soetkin, "do you wipe your greasy hands on your breeches?"

"So that I may never have my thighs wet," replied Ulenspiegel.

At this moment Claes drank a deep draught from his tankard. Ulenspiegel said to him:

"Why have you so big a cup, I have only a poor little mug?"

Claes answered:

"Because I am your father and the *baes* of this house."

Ulenspiegel retorted:

"You have been drinking for forty years, I for nine only; your time to drink is passed, mine is come; it is therefore for me to have the tankard and for you to take the mug."

"Son," said Claes, "he that would pour a hogshead into a keg would throw his beer into the gutter."

"You will then be wise to pour your keg into my hogshead, for I am bigger than your tankard," replied Ulenspiegel.

And Claes, delighted, gave him his tankard to drain. In this wise Ulenspiegel learned how to talk for his drink.

XV

Soetkin carried beneath her girdle the signs of renewed maternity; Katheline, too, was with child, but for fear dared not stir out of her house.

When Soetkin went to see her:

"Ah!" said she, lamenting, "what shall I do with the poor fruit of my womb? Must I strangle it? I would rather die. But if the constables take me, for having a child without being married, they will make me pay twenty florins, like a girl of loose life, and I shall be whipped on the marketplace."

Soetkin then said some soothing word to console her, and having left her, went home pondering. Then one day she said to Claes:

"If instead of one child I had two, would you beat me, husband?"

"I don't know that," replied Claes.

"But," said she, "if this second were not born of me, and like Katheline's were the offspring of an unknown, of the devil, mayhap?"

"Devils," replied Claes, "engender fire, death, and foul smoke, but not children. I will hold as mine the child of Katheline."

"You would do this?" she said.

"I have said," replied Claes.

Soetkin went to tell Katheline.

Hearing it, the latter cried out, overjoyed.

"He has spoken, good man, spoken for the sake of my poor body. He will be blessed by God, and blessed of the devil, if it is a devil," she said, shuddering, "that hath made thee, poor babe that movest in my bosom."

Soetkin and Katheline brought into the world one a lad, the other a girl. Both were borne to baptism, as son and daughter of Claes. Soetkin's son was named Hans, and did not live, Katheline's daughter was named Nele and throve well.

She drank the wine of life from four flagons, two

of Katheline and two of Soetkin. And the two women quarrelled softly which should give the babe to drink. But against her desire Katheline must needs allow her milk to dry up, so that none might ask whence it came without her having been a mother.

When little Nele, her daughter, was weaned, she took her home and only let the child go to Soetkin's when she had called her her mother.

The neighbours said it was well done of Katheline, who was well to do, to feed the child of the Claes, who for the most part lived in poverty their toilsome life.

XVI

Ulenspiegel found himself alone one morning at home, and for want of something better to do, he began to cut up one of his father's shoes to make a little ship. Already he had planted the mainmast in the sole and bored the toe for the bowsprit, when at the half door he saw passing the bust of a horseman and the head of a horse.

"Is any one within?" asked the horseman.

"There are," replied Ulenspiegel, "a man and a half and a horse's head."

"How so?" asked the horseman.

"Because I see here a whole man, which is me; the half of a man, which is your bust; and a horse's head, which is that of your steed."

"Where are your father and your mother?" asked the man.

"My father has gone to make bad worse," replied Ulenspiegel, "and my mother is engaged in bringing us shame or loss."

"Explain," said the horseman.

Ulenspiegel answered:

"My father at this moment is deepening the holes in his field so as to bring from bad to worse the huntsmen who trample down his corn. My mother has gone to borrow money: if she repays too little 'twill shame us, if too much 'twill be our loss."

The man asked then which way he should go.

"Where the geese are," replied Ulenspiegel.

The man went away and came back just when Ulenspiegel was making an oared galley out of Claes's other shoe.

"You have misled me," said he: "where the geese are is nothing but mud and marsh in which they are paddling."

Ulenspiegel answered to this:

"I did not tell you to go where the geese paddle, but where they go."

"Show me, at any rate," said the man, "a road that goes to Heyst."

"In Flanders, it is the travellers that go and not the roads," said Ulenspiegel.

XVII

One day Soetkin said to Claes:

"Husband, my heart is sad: it is now three days since Thyl left the house; dost thou not know where he is?"

Claes replied ruefully:

"He is where homeless dogs are, on some highway with a crew of other vagabonds of his own kidney. God was cruel to give us such a son. When he was born, I beheld in him the joy of our age, a tool more

in the house; I looked to make a craftsman of him, and wicked fate makes him a thief and a drone."

"Be not so hard, husband," said Soetkin, "our son being but nine years old is in the heyday of childish thoughtlessness and folly. Is it not so that like the trees, he must shed the young buds before the coming of the full leaves, which for the human tree are honour and virtue? He is full of tricks, I am not blind to them, but they will turn later to his advantage, if instead of employing them to ill ends, he applies them to some useful trade. He is prone to flout his neighbours; but later this will help him to hold his own in merry company. He laughs ever and always; but faces sour before they are ripe are an ill omen for the countenance to come. If he runs, 'tis that he must grow; if he does not work, it is for that he is not yet of an age to feel that work is duty, and if now and then he spends day and night away from home for half a week together, 'tis that he knows nothing of what grief he gives us, for he has a good heart, and he loves us."

Claes wagged his head and made no answer, and while he slept, Soetkin wept alone. And in the morning, thinking that her son was sick in a corner of some highway, she went out on the doorstep to see if he was not coming back; but she saw nothing, and she sate near the window, looking thence into the street. And many a time her heart danced in her bosom at the sound of the light foot of some lad; but when he passed, she saw it was not Ulenspiegel, and then she wept, poor dolorous mother.

In the meanwhile, Ulenspiegel with his vagabond companions was at Bruges, at the Saturday fair.

There might be seen cobblers and shoemakers in booths apart, tailors selling clothes, *miesevangers* from Antwerp, who catch tits with an owl at night; poultry sellers, dog stealers, vendors of catskins for gloves, waistcoats, and doublets, buyers of every kind and condition, burgesses and their womenfoik, menservants and maidservants, pantlers, butlers, and all together, sellers and buyers, crying up and crying down, vaunting and disparaging the wares.

In one corner of the fair there was a fine canvas tent erected on four poles. At the door of the tent, a churl from the flat country of Alost, with two monks who were there to get something for themselves, was showing the curious devout, for a patard, a piece of the shoulder blade of Saint Mary of Egypt. Hoarsely he bawled out the saint's merits, and omitted not from his song how, having no silver, she paid a young ferryman *in kind*, so as not to sin again the Holy Ghost by refusing the labourer his hire.

And the two monks nodded their heads to show that what the churl said was true. By them was a woman fat and ruddy, lascivious as Astarte, violently inflating a wretched bagpipe, while a pretty young girl sang beside her like a nightingale; but no one listened to her. Above the entrance to the tent was hung on two poles, held by cords in the two handles, a bucket full of holy water that had been blessed in Rome, according to the fat woman, while the two monks waggled head to bear witness to her tale. Ulenspiegel, beholding the bucket, became pensive.

To one of the poles supporting the tent was fastened

a donkey that was fed more upon hay than on oats: head down it was gazing at the earth, with no hope of seeing thistles spring up from it.

"Comrades," said Ulenspiegel, pointing with his finger at the fat woman, the two monks, and the ass, "since the masters sing so sweetly, we must make the donkey dance as well."

So saying, he went off to the next booth, bought six liards' worth of pepper, pulled up the donkey's tail and clapped the pepper underneath.

The donkey, feeling the pepper at work, looked round under his tail to see whence proceeded this unwonted heat. Thinking he had a red-hot devil there, he would fain run away to escape him, began to bray and rear, and shook the tent pole with all his might. At the first shock, the tub between the two poles spilled all its holy water on the tent and on those who were within it. And presently collapsing, the tent covered with a moist mantle those who were hearkening to the history of Mary of Egypt. And from under the canvas Ulenspiegel and his companions heard a great noise of moaning and lamenting, for the devout who were there were wild with anger and exchanged furious thwacks and thumps with one another. The canvas rose and fell at the struggles of the combatants. Every time Ulenspiegel saw a roundness shape itself under the cloth, he stuck a needle into it. Then there were louder shrieks beneath the canvas and a more liberal distribution of thwackings.

And he was transported, but more still seeing the donkey fleeing and dragging behind him tent, tub, and poles, while the *baes* of the tent, his wife and

his daughter, hung desperately on to the baggage. The donkey, which could run no longer, lifted his head into the air and ceased not to sing, except in order to look beneath his tail to see if the fire there burning would not soon be extinguished.

All this while the devout were going on with their battle; the monks, without giving them a thought, were picking up the money that had fallen from the collecting dishes, and Ulenspiegel was helping them, most devoutly, not without profiting.

XVIII

Whilst the vagabond son of the coalman was growing up gay and frolicsome, in lean melancholy vegetated the dolorous scion of the sublime Emperor. Lords and ladies saw the pitiful little weakling dragging through the rooms and corridors of Valladolid his frail body and his tottering limbs that could scarce sustain the weight of his big head, covered with fair stiff hair.

Ever seeking out the darkest corridors, there he would sit for hours thrusting out his legs in front of him. If a servant trod on him by accident, he had the man flogged, and took pleasure in hearing him cry out under the lashes, but he never laughed.

The next day, going elsewhere to set the same trap, he would sit again in some corridor with his legs thrust out. The ladies, lords, and pages who might pass there going fast or slow would trip over him, fall down and hurt themselves. He took pleasure in this, also, but he never laughed.

When one of them, having run into him, failed to fall, he would cry out as if he had been struck,

and he was delighted to see their fear, but he never laughed.

His Sacred Majesty was informed of his behaviour and gave orders to take no notice of the boy, saying that if he did not wish to have his legs trodden on, he ought not to put them in the way of people's feet.

This angered Philip, but he said nothing, and no one saw him after, except when on bright summer days he went to warm his shivering body in the sunshine in the courtyard.

One day, coming back from the wars, Charles saw him steeped in melancholy in this fashion.

"Son," said he, "how different art thou from me! At thy age, I loved to climb among trees to hunt the squirrels; I had myself lowered by a rope down some steep cliff to take eaglets from the nest. At this play I might have left my bones behind me; they but became the harder for it. In the chase the wild things fled to their dens when they saw me coming with my good arquebus."

"Ah," sighed the boy, "I have a pain in the belly, monseigneur my father."

"The wine of Paxaretos," said Charles, "is a sovereign cure."

"I do not like wine; my head aches, monseigneur my father."

"Son," said Charles, "thou must run and leap and romp as do other boys of thine own years."

"My legs are stiff, monseigneur my father."

"How," said Charles, "how can they be otherwise if thou usest them no more than if they were legs of wood? I will have thee fastened on some nimble steed."

The boy wept.

"Do not so," said he, "I have a pain in my loins, monseigneur my father."

"But," said Charles, "you have a pain everywhere then?"

"I would not be ill at all if I were left in peace," replied the child.

"Dost thou think," rejoined the Emperor, impatiently, "to pass thy royal life in brooding as do clerks? For them, if it must be, in order that they may soil their parchments with ink, from the silence, solitude, and retirement; for thee, son of the sword, there needs hot blood, the eye of a lynx, the cunning of the fox, the strength of Hercules. Why dost thou make the holy sign? God's blood! 'tis not for the lion's cub to ape paternoster-mongering females."

"Hark, the Angelus, monseigneur my father," replied the child.

XIX

This year May and June were verily the months of flowers. Never did any see in Flanders hawthorn so fragrant, never in the gardens so many roses, such heaps of jasmine and honeysuckle. When the wind that blew up out of England drove the incense of this flowery land towards the east, every man, and specially in Antwerp, nose in air with delight, would say:

"Do you smell the sweet wind that comes from Flanders?"

In like wise the busy bees sucked the flowers' honey, made wax, laid their eggs in hives too small to harbour their swarms. What music of labour under the blue sky that covered the rich earth with its dazzling tent!

Men made hives out of rushes, of straw, of osiers,

of plaited hay. Basketmakers, tubmakers, coopers were wearing out their tools over the work. As for the wood carvers, for a long time they had been unequal to the task.

The swarms were of full thirty thousand bees and two thousand seven hundred drones. The honeycombs were so delicious that because of their rare quality, the dean of Damme sent eleven to the Emperor Charles, by way of thanks for having through his edicts restored the Holy Inquisition to all its full vigour. It was Philip that ate them, but they did him no good.

Tramps, beggars, vagabonds, and all that ragtag and bobtail of idle rogues that parade their laziness about the roads, preferring to be hanged rather than to work, enticed by the taste of the honey, came to get their share of it. And they prowled about by night, in crowds.

Claes had made hives to attract the swarming bees to them; some were full and others empty, awaiting the bees. Claes used to watch all night to guard this sugared wealth. When he was tired, he used to bid Ulenspiegel take his place. And the boy did so with a good will.

Now one night Ulenspiegel, to avoid the cold air, had taken shelter in a hive, and, all huddled up, was looking through the openings, of which there were two, in the top of the hive.

As he was on the point of falling asleep, he heard the little trees and bushes of the hedge crackling and heard the voices of two men whom he took to be robbers. He looked out through one of the openings in the hive, and saw that they both had long hair and

a long beard, though the beard was the mark and sign of noble rank.

They went from hive to hive, and came to his own, and picking it up, they said:

"Let us take this one: it is the heaviest."

Then they carried it off, using their sticks to do it. Ulenspiegel took no pleasure in being thus carted in a hive. The night was clear and bright, and the thieves walked along without uttering a word. Every fifty paces they stopped, clean out of breath, to go on their way again presently. The one in front grumbled furiously at having so heavy a weight to bear, and the one behind whimpered melancholy-wise. For in this world there are two kinds of idle cowards, those who grow angry with work, and those that whine when there is work to be done.

Ulenspiegel, having nothing else to do, pulled the hair of the robber who went in front, and the beard of the one behind, so that growing tired of this game, the angry one said to the snivelling one:

"Stop pulling my hair, or I will give you such a wallop on the head with my fist that it will sink down into your chest and you will look through your ribs like a thief through the bars of his prison."

"I wouldn't dare, my friend," said the sniveller, "but it is you that are pulling me by the beard."

The angry one answered:

"I don't go hunting vermin in beggar fellows' fur."

"Sir," replied the sniveller, "do not make the hive jump about so much; my poor arms are nearly breaking in two."

"I'll have them off altogether," answered the angry fellow.

Then, putting off his leathern gear he set the hive down on the ground, and leaped upon his comrade. And they fought with each other, the one cursing and swearing, the other crying for mercy.

Ulenspiegel, hearing the blows pattering down, came out of the hive, dragged it with him as far as the nearest wood so as to find it there again, and went back to Claes's house.

And thus it is that in quarrellings sly folk find their advantage.

XX

When he was fifteen, Ulenspiegel erected a little tent at Damme upon four stakes, and he cried out that everyone might see within, represented in a handsome frame of hay, his present and future self.

When there came a man of law, haughty and puffed up with his own importance, Ulenspiegel would thrust his head out of the frame, and mimicking the face of an old ape, he would say:

"An old mug may decay, but never flourish; am I not your very mirror, good sir of the doctoral phiz?"

If he had a stout soldier for client, Ulenspiegel would hide and show in the middle of the frame, instead of his face, a dishful of meat and bread, and say:

"Battle will make hash of you; what will you give me for my prophecy, O soldier beloved of the big-mouthed sakers?"

When an old man, wearing ingloriously his hoary head, would bring Ulenspiegel his wife, a young woman, the boy, hiding himself as he had done for the soldier, and showing in the frame a little tree, on whose branches

were hung knife handles, caskets, combs, inkhorns, all made of horn, would call out:

"Whence come all these fine nicknacks, Messire? Is it not from the hornbeam that groweth within the garden of old husbands? Who shall say now that cuckolds are folk useless in a commonweal?"

And Ulenspiegel would display his young face in the frame alongside the tree.

The old man, hearing him, would cough with masculine anger, but his dear wife would soothe him with her hand, and smiling, come up to Ulenspiegel.

"And my mirror," she would say, "wilt thou show it to me?"

"Come closer," Ulenspiegel would answer.

She would obey, and he then, kissing her wherever he could:

"Thy mirror," he would say, "is stark youth with proud codpiece."

And the darling would go away also, but not without giving him florins one or two.

To the fat, blear-eyed monk who would ask to see his present and future self, Ulenspiegel would answer:

"Thou art a ham cupboard, and so thou shalt be a still room for cervoise ale; for salt calleth upon drinking, is not this true, great belly? Give me a patard for not having lied."

"My son," the monk would reply, "we never carry money."

"'Tis then the money carries thee," would Ulenspiegel answer, "for I know thou dost put it between two soles under thy feet. Give me thy sandal."

But the monk:

"My son, 'tis the property of the Convent; I will

none the less take from it, if I must, two patards for thy trouble."

The monk gave them. Ulenspiegel received them graciously.

Thus showed he their mirror to the folk of Damme, of Bruges, of Blankenberghe, nay, even as far away as Ostend.

And instead of saying to them in his Flemish speech: "*Ik ben u lieden spiegel*," "I am your mirror," he said to them, shortening it, "*Ik ben ulen spiegel*," even as it is still said to-day in East and West Flanders.

And from thence there came to him his surname of Ulenspiegel.

XXI

As he grew up, he conceived a liking for wandering about through fairs and markets. If he saw there any one playing on the hautbois, the rebeck, or the bagpipes, he would, for a patard, have them teach him the way to make music on these instruments.

He became above all skilled in playing on the *rommel-pot*, an instrument made of a pot, a bladder, and a stout straw. This is how he arranged them: he damped the bladder and strained it over the pot, fastened with a string the middle of the bladder round the knot on the straw, which was touching the bottom of the pot, on the rim of which he then fixed the bladder stretched to bursting point. In the morning, the bladder, being dried, gave the sound of a tambourine when it was struck, and if the straw of the instrument was rubbed it hummed better than a viol. And Ulenspiegel, with his pot booming and sounding like a mastiff's barking, went singing carols at house doors

in company with youngsters, one of whom carried the shining star made out of paper on Twelfth Night.

If any master painter came to Damme to pourtray, on their knees on canvas, the companions of some Guild, Ulenspiegel, desiring to see how he wrought, would ask to be allowed to grind his colours, and for all salary would accept only a slice of bread, three liards, and a pint of ale.

Applying himself to the grinding, he would study his master's manner. When the master was away, he would try to paint like him, but put vermilion everywhere. He tried to paint Claes, Soetkin, Katheline, and Nele, as well as quart pots and saucepans. Claes prophesied to him, seeing his works, that if he would be bold and persevering, he might one day earn florins by the score, painting inscriptions on the *speel-wagen*, which are pleasure carts in Flanders and in Zealand.

He learned, too, from a master mason how to carve wood and stone, when the man came to make, in the choir of Notre Dame, a stall so constructed that when it was necessary the aged dean could sit down on it while still seeming to remain standing.

It was Ulenspiegel who carved the first handle for the knife used by the Zealand folk. This handle he made in the shape of a cage. Within there was a loose death's head; above it a dog in a lying posture. These emblems taken together signify "Blade faithful to the death."

And in this wise Ulenspiegel began to fulfil the prediction of Katheline, showing himself painter, sculptor, clown, noble, all at once and together, for

from father to son the Claes bore for arms three quart pots argent on a field of *bruinbier*.

But Ulenspiegel was constant to no trade, and Claes told him if this game went on, he would turn him away from the cottage.

XXII

The Emperor being returned from war, asked why his son Philip had not come to greet him.

The Infante's archbishop-governor replied that he had not desired to do so, for, so he said, he cared for nothing but books and solitude.

The Emperor enquired where he was at that moment.

The governor answered that they must seek him in every place where it was dark. They did so.

Having gone through a goodly number of chambers, they came at last to a kind of closet, unpaven, and lit by a skylight. There they saw stuck in the earth a post to which was fastened by the waist a pretty little tiny monkey, that had been sent to His Highness from the Indies to delight him with its youthful antics. At the foot of this stake faggots still red were smoking, and in the closet there was a foul stench of burnt hair.

The little beast had suffered so much dying in this fire that its little body seemed to be not an animal that ever had life, but a fragment of some wrinkled twisted root, and in its mouth, open as though to cry out on death, bloody foam was visible, and the water of its tears made its face wet.

"Who did this?" asked the Emperor.

The governor did not dare to reply, and both men remained silent, sad, and wrathful.

Suddenly in this silence there was heard a low little sound of a cough that came from a corner in the shadow behind them. His Majesty, turning about, received the Infante Philip, all clad in black and sucking a lemon.

"Don Philip," said he, "come and salute me."

The Infante, without budging, looked at him with his timid eyes in which there was no affection.

"Is it thou," asked the Emperor, "that hast burned this little beast in this fire?"

The Infante hung his head.

But the Emperor:

"If thou wert cruel enough to do it, be brave enough to confess it."

The Infante made no answer.

His Majesty plucked the lemon out of his hands and flung it on the ground, and he was about to beat his son melting away with fright, when the archbishop, stopping him, whispered in his ear:

"His Highness will be a great burner of heretics one day."

The Emperor smiled, and the two men went away, leaving the Infante alone with his monkey.

But there were others that were no monkeys and died in the flames.

XXIII

November had come, the month of hail in which coughing folk give themselves up wholehearted to the music of phlegm. In this month also the small boys descend in bands on the turnip fields, pilfering what they can from them, to the great rage of the

peasants, who vainly run after them with sticks and forks.

Now one evening, as Ulenspiegel was coming back from a marauding foray, he heard close by, in a corner of the hedge, a sound of groaning. Stooping down, he saw a dog lying upon some stones.

"Hey," said he, "miserable beastie, what dost thou there so late?"

Caressing the dog, he felt his back wet, thought that someone had tried to drown him, and took him up in his arms to warm him.

Coming home he said:

"I bring a wounded patient, what shall I do to him?"

"Heal him," said Claes in reply.

Ulenspiegel set the dog down upon the table. Claes, Soetkin, and himself then saw by the light of the lamp a little red Luxembourg spaniel hurt on the back. Soetkin sponged the wounds, covered them with ointment, and bound them up with linen. Ulenspiegel took the little beast into his bed, though Soetkin wanted to have him in her own, fearing, as she said, lest Ulenspiegel, who tumbled about in bed like a devil in a holy water pot, should hurt the dog as he slept.

But Ulenspiegel had his own way, and tended him so well that after six days the patient ran about like his fellows full of doggish tricks.

And the *school-meester* christened him Titus Bibulus Schnouffius: Titus in memory of a certain good Emperor of Rome, who took pains to gather in lost dogs; Bibulus because the dog loved *bruinbier* with the love of a true tosspot, and Schnouffius because sniff-sniffing

everywhere he was always thrusting his nose into rat-holes and mole holes.

XXIV

At the end of the Rue Notre Dame there were two willows planted face to face on the edge of a deep pond.

Ulenspiegel stretched a rope between the two willows and danced upon it one Sunday after vespers, so well that all the crowd of vagabonds applauded him with both hand and voice. Then he came down from his rope and held out to all the bystanders a bowl that was speedily filled with money, but he emptied it in Soetkin's apron and kept only eleven liards for himself.

The next Sunday he would fain dance again on his rope, but certain good-for-nought lads, being jealous of his nimbleness, had made a nick in the rope, so that after a few bounds the rope broke in sunder and Ulenspiegel tumbled into the water.

Whilst he swam to reach the bank the little fellows that cut the rope shouted to him:

"How is your limber health, Ulenspiegel? Are you going to the bottom of the pond to teach the carps to dance, dancer beyond price?"

Ulenspiegel coming out from the water and shaking himself cried out to them, for they were making off from him for fear of his fists:

"Be not afraid; come back next Sunday, I will show you tricks on the rope and you will have a share in the proceeds."

On Sunday, the lads had not sliced the cord, but were keeping watch round about it, for fear any one might touch it, for there was a great crowd of people.

Ulenspiegel said to them:

"Each of you give me one of your shoes, and I wager that however big or little they may be I will dance with every one of them."

"What do you pay if you lose?" they asked.

"Forty quarts of *bruinbier*," replied Ulenspiegel, "and ye shall pay me three patards if I win the wager."

"Aye," said they.

And they each gave him a shoe. Ulenspiegel put them all in the apron he was wearing, and thus laden he danced upon the rope, though not without trouble.

The cord slicers called out from below:

"Thou saidst thou wouldst dance with every one of our shoes; put them on then and hold thy wager!"

Ulenspiegel, all the while dancing, made reply:

"I never said I would put on your shoes, but that I would dance with them. Now I am dancing and everything in my apron is dancing with me. Do ye not see it with your frog's eyes all staring out of your heads? Pay me my three patards."

But they hooted at him, shouting that he must give them their shoes back.

Ulenspiegel threw them at them one after the other into a heap. Therefrom arose a furious affray, for none of them could clearly distinguish his own shoe in the heap, or lay hold of it without a fight.

Ulenspiegel then came down from the tree and watered the combatants, but not with fair water.

XXV

The Infante, being fifteen years of age, went wandering, as his way was, through corridors, staircases, and

chambers about the castle. But most of all he was seen prowling about the ladies' apartments, in order to brawl with the pages who like himself were like cats in ambush in the corridors. Others planting themselves in the court, would be singing some tender ditty with their noses turned aloft.

The Infante, hearing them, would show himself at a window, and so terrify the poor pages that beheld this pallid muzzle instead of the soft eyes of their fair ones.

Among the court ladies there was a charming Flemish woman from Dudzeele hard by Damme, plump, a handsome ripe fruit and marvellously lovely, for she had green eyes and red crimped hair, shining like gold. Of a gay humour and ardent temperament, she never hid from any one her inclination for the lucky lord to whom she accorded the divine right of way of love over her goodly pleasaunce. There was one at this moment, handsome and high spirited, whom she loved. Every day at a certain hour she went to meet him, and this Philip discovered.

Taking his seat upon a bench set close up against a window, he watched for her and when she was passing in front of him, her eye alight, her lips parted, amiable, fresh from the bath, and rustling about her all her array of yellow brocade, she caught sight of the Infante who said to her, without getting up from his seat:

"Madame, could you not stay a moment?"

Impatient as a filly held back in her career, at the moment when she is hurrying to the splendid stallion neighing in the meadow, she answered:

"Highness, everyone here must obey your princely will."

"Sit down beside me," said he.

Then looking at her luxuriously, stonily, and warily, he said:

"Repeat the *Pater* to me in Flemish; they have taught it to me, but I have forgotten it."

The poor lady then must begin to say a *Pater* and he must needs bid her say it slower.

And in this way he forced the poor thing to say as many as ten *Paters*, she that thought the hour had come to go through other orisons.

Then covering her with praises and flatteries, he spoke of her lovely hair, her bright colour, her shining eyes, but did not venture to say a word to her either of her plump shoulders or her smooth round breast or any other thing.

When she thought she could get away and was already looking out into the court where her lord was waiting for her, he asked her if she knew truly what are the womanly virtues.

As she made no answer for fear of saying the wrong thing, he spoke for her and preaching at her, he said:

"The womanly virtues, these be chastity, watchfulness over honour, and sober living."

He counselled her also to array herself decently and to hide closely all that pertained to her.

She made sign of assent with her head saying:

That for His Hyperborean Highness she would much sooner cover herself with ten bearskins than with an ell of muslin.

Having put him in ill humour with this retort, she fled away rejoicing.

However, the fire of youth was lit up in the Infante's bosom, but it was not that hot burning flame that incites strong souls to high deeds, but a dark, sinister

flame come out of hell where Satan had without doubt kindled it. And it shone in his gray eyes like the wintry moon upon a charnel-house, and it burned him cruelly.

XXVI

The beautiful and sweet lady on a day left Valladolid to go to her Château of Dudzeele in Flanders.

Passing through Damme attended by her fat seneschal, she saw sitting against the wall of a cottage a boy of fifteen blowing into a bagpipe. In front of him was a red dog that, not liking this music, howled in a melancholy fashion. The sun shone bright. Standing beside the lad there was a pretty girl laughing loudly at each fresh pitiful burst of howling from the dog.

The beautiful dame and the fat seneschal, as they passed by the cottage, looked at Ulenspiegel blowing, Nele laughing, and Titus Bibulus Schnouffius howling.

"Bad boy," said the dame, addressing Ulenspiegel, "could you not cease from making that poor red beast howl in that way?"

But Ulenspiegel, with his eyes on her, blew up his bagpipe more stoutly still. And Bibulus Schnouffius howled still more melancholily, and Nele laughed the more.

The seneschal, growing angry, said to the dame, pointing to Ulenspiegel:

"If I were to give this beggar's spawn a dressing with my scabbard, he would stop making this impudent hubbub."

Ulenspiegel looked at the seneschal, called him *Jan Papzak*, because of his belly, and continued to

blow his bagpipe. The seneschal went up to him with a threatening fist, but Bibulus Schnouffius threw himself on the man and bit him in the leg, and the seneschal tumbled down in affright crying out:

"Help!"

The dame said to Ulenspiegel, smiling:

"Could you not tell me, bagpiper, if the road that runs from Damme to Dudzeele has not been changed?"

Ulenspiegel, without stopping his playing, nodded his head and looked still at the dame.

"Why do you look so steadily at me?" she asked.

But he, still playing, stretched his eyes wide as though rapt in an ecstasy of admiration.

She said to him:

"Are you not ashamed, young as you are, to stare at ladies so?"

Ulenspiegel reddened slightly, went on blowing, and stared harder.

"I asked you," she went on, "if the road that runs from Damme to Dudzeele has not altered?"

"It is not green now since you deprived it of the joy of carrying you," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Wilt thou guide me?" said the dame.

But Ulenspiegel remained seated, still never taking his eyes from her. And she, seeing him so roguish, and knowing that it was a mere trick of youth, forgave him easily. He got up, and turned to go into his home.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To put on my best clothes," he replied.

"Go then," said the dame.

She sat down then on the bench beside the doorstep; the seneschal did the same. She would have talked to Nele, but Nele did not answer her, for she was jealous.

Ulenspiegel came back carefully washed and clad in fustian. He looked well in his Sunday garb, the little man.

"Art thou verily going with this beautiful lady?" Nele asked him.

"I shall be back soon," replied Ulenspiegel.

"If I were to go instead of you?" said Nele.

"Nay," he said, "the roads are full of mire."

"Why," said the dame, angry and jealous together, "why, little girl, do you want to keep him from coming with me?"

Nele made her no answer, but big tears welled up from her eyes and she gazed on the dame in sadness and in anger.

They started on their way, four all told, the dame sitting like a queen on her white hackney caparisoned with black velvet; the seneschal whose belly shook to his walking; Ulenspiegel holding the dame's hackney by the bridle, and Bibulus Schnouffius walking alongside him, tail in air proudly.

They rode and strode thus for some time, but Ulenspiegel was not at his ease; dumb as a fish he breathed in the fine odour of benjamin wafted from the dame, and looked out of the corners of his eyes at all her fine tags and rare jewels and furbelows, and also at her soft mien, her bright eyes, her bared bosom, and her hair that the sun made to shine like a golden cap.

"Why," said she, "why do you say so little, my little man?"

He made no reply.

"Your tongue is not so deep down in your shoes that you could not manage a message for me?"

"Right," said Ulenspiegel.

"You must," said the dame, "leave me here and go to Koolkercke, on the other way of the wind, and tell a gentleman clad particoloured in black and red, that he must not look for me to-day, but to come on Sunday at ten at night, into my castle by the postern."

"I will not go," said Ulenspiegel.

"Why not?" asked the dame.

"I will not go, no!" said Ulenspiegel again.

The dame said to him:

"What is it then, little ruffled cock, that inspires thee with this fierce mind?"

"I will not go!" said Ulenspiegel.

"But if I gave thee a florin?"

"No!" said he.

"A ducat?"

"No!"

"A carolus?"

"No," said Ulenspiegel again. "And yet," he added, sighing, "I should like it in my mother's purse better than a mussel-shell."

The dame smiled, then cried out suddenly:

"I have lost my fine rare purse, made of silken cloth and broidered with rich pearls! At Damme it was still hanging at my girdle."

Ulenspiegel budged not, but the seneschal came forward to the dame.

"Madame," he said, "send not this young thief to look for it, for you would never see it again."

"And who will go then?" asked the dame.

"Myself," he answered, "despite my great age."

And he went off.

Noon struck, the heat was great, the solitude profound; Ulenspiegel said no word, but he doffed his

new doublet that the dame might sit down in the shade beneath a lime, without fearing the cool of the grass. He remained standing close by her, sighing.

She looked at him and felt pity rising up in her for this timid little fellow, and asked him if he was not weary with standing so on his tender young legs. He answered not a word, and as he let himself drop down beside her, she tried to catch him, and pulled him on to her bared bosom, where he remained with such good will that she would have thought herself guilty of the sin of cruelty if she had bidden him seek another pillow.

However, the seneschal came back and said he had not found the purse.

"I found it myself," replied the dame, "when I dismounted from my horse, for it had unfastened its broochpin and got caught up on the stirrup. Now," she said to Ulenspiegel, "take us the direct way to Dudzeele and tell me how thou art called."

"My patron," he answered, "is Master Saint Thylbert, a name which signifies light of foot to run after good matters; my name is Claes and my to-name Ulenspiegel. If you would look at yourself in my mirror, you will see that there is not upon all this land of Flanders a flower of beauty so dazzling as your fragrant loveliness."

The dame blushed with pleasure and was in no wise wroth with Ulenspiegel.

And Soetkin and Nele wept during this long absence.

XXVII

When Ulenspiegel came back from Dudzeele, he saw Nele at the entrance to the town, leaning up

against a barrier. She was eating a bunch of grapes, crunching them one by one, and was doubtless refreshed and rejoiced by the fruit, but allowed none of her pleasure to be seen. She appeared, on the contrary, to be angry, and plucked the grapes from off the bunch with a choleric air. She was so dolorous and showed a face so marred, so sad and so sweet, that Ulenspiegel was overcome with loving pity, and going up behind her, gave her a kiss on the nape of her neck.

But she returned it with a great box on the ear.

"I can't fathom that!" exclaimed Ulenspiegel.

She wept with heavy sobs.

"Nele," said he, "are you going to set up fountains at the entrance to the villages?"

"Begone!" she said.

"But I cannot be gone, if you weep like this, my dear."

"I am not your dear," said Nele, "and I do not weep!"

"No, you do not weep, but none the less water comes from your eyes."

"Will you go away?" said she.

"No," said he.

She was holding her apron the while with her little trembling hands, and she was pulling the stuff jerkily and tears fell on it, wetting it.

"Nele," asked Ulenspiegel, "will it be fine presently?" And he looked on her, smiling lovingly.

"Why do you ask me that?" said she.

"Because, when it is fine, it does not weep," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Go," said she, "go to your beautiful lady in the

brocade dress; you made her laugh well enough," said she.

Then sang Ulenspiegel:

"When my darling's tears I see
My heart is torn atwain,
'Tis honey when she laughs for me,
When she weeps, a pearl.
Always I love my dearest girl,
And I'll buy good wine for us,
Good wine of Louvain,
I'll buy good wine for us to drink,
When Nele smiles again."

"Low man!" said she, "you are still flouting me."

"Nele," said Ulenspiegel, "a man I am, but not low, for our noble family, an aldermanish family, bears three silver quarts on a ground of *bruinbier*. Nele, is it so that in Flanders when a man sows kisses he reaps boxes on the ear?"

"I do not wish to speak to you," said she.

"Then why do you open your mouth to tell me so?"

"I am angry," said she.

Ulenspiegel very lightly gave her a blow with his fist in the back, and said:

"Kiss a mean thing, she'll punch you; punch a mean thing and she'll anoint you. Anoint me then, darling, since I have punched you."

Nele turned about. He opened his arms, she cast herself in them still weeping, and said:

"You won't go there again, Thyl, will you?"

But he made her no answer, for he was too busy clasping her poor trembling fingers and wiping away

with his lips the hot tears falling from Nele's eyes like the big drops of a thunder shower.

XXVIII

In these days, the noble town of Ghent refused to pay her quota of the subsidy her son Charles the Emperor had asked of her. She could not, being void of money through the very doings of Charles. This was a great crime; he determined to go in his own person to chastise her.

For more than any other is a son's cudgel grievous to the back of a mother.

François of the long nose, his foe, offered him free passage through the land of France. Charles accepted, and instead of being held a prisoner he was feasted and cherished imperially. 'Tis a sovereign concord between princes to help one another against the peoples.

Charles stayed long at Valenciennes without making any show of anger. Ghent, his mother, lived free from fear, in the certain belief that the Emperor, her son, would pardon her for having acted as was her lawful right.

Charles arrived beneath the city walls with four thousand horse. D'Alba was with him, so was the Prince of Orange. The common folk and the men of petty trades had wanted to prevent this filial entry, and to call out the eighty thousand men of the town and the flat country; the men of substance, the so-called *hoogh-poorters*, opposed this, fearing the predominance of the lower orders. Ghent could in this way have made mincemeat of her son and his four thousand horse. But she loved him too well,

and even the petty traders had resumed their trust in him.

Charles also loved his mother, but for the money he held in his coffers from her, and the further moneys he meant to have from her.

Having made himself master of the town, he set up military posts everywhere, and had Ghent patrolled by rounds night and day. Then he pronounced, with all pomp and ceremony, his sentence upon the town.

The most eminent citizens must come before his throne, with ropes about their necks, and make full public confession of their misdeeds: Ghent was declared guilty of the most expensive crimes, which are: disloyalty, treaty-breaking, disobedience, sedition, rebellion, and treason. The Emperor declared all and sundry privileges, rights, franchises, customs, and usages void and abolished; stipulating and engaging the future, as though he were God, that thenceforward his successors on their entering into their seigniory would swear to observe nothing save only the *Caroline Concession* of slavery granted by him to the town.

He had the Abbey of Saint Bavon pulled down in order to rear on its site a fortress from which he could pierce his mother's bosom with cannon shot.

Like a good son eager to come into his inheritance, he confiscated all that belonged to Ghent, revenues, houses, artillery, munitions of war.

Finding her over well defended, he knocked down the Red Tower, the Toad's Hole Tower, the Braampoort, the Steenpoort, the Waalpoort, the Ketelpoort,

and many others wrought and carven like jewels in stone.

When strangers thereafter came to Ghent, they said to one another:

"What is this flat, desolate town whose wonders and praises were sung so loudly?"

And the folk of Ghent would make answer:

"The Emperor Charles hath taken her precious girdle from the good town."

And so saying they were shamed and wroth. And from the ruins of the gates the Emperor had the bricks for his fortress.

He would have Ghent poor, for thus neither by toil nor industry nor gold could she oppose his haughty plans; therefore he condemned her to pay the refused quota of the subsidy, four hundred thousand gold carolus, and besides this, one hundred and fifty thousand carolus down and six thousand every year in perpetuity. She had lent him money: he was to pay one hundred and fifty pounds interest yearly. He took possession by force of the deeds recording his debt and paying it in this way, he actually enriched himself.

Many a time had Ghent given him love and succour, but he now smote her bosom with a dagger, seeking blood from it because he found not enough milk there.

Then he looked upon Roelandt, the great bell, and hanged from the clapper the fellow who had sounded the alarm to call the city to defend her right. He had no mercy for Roelandt, his mother's tongue, the tongue with which she spoke to Flanders: Roelandt, the proud bell, which saith of himself:

Als men my slaet dan is't brandt.
Als men my luyt dan is't storm in Vlaenderlandt.

When they ring me there is fire.
When they toll me there is storm in Flanders.

Finding that his mother spoke too loud and free, he took away the bell. And the folk of the flat country say that Ghent died because her son had torn out her tongue with his iron pincers.

XXIX

One of these days, which were bright fresh days of the springtime, when all the earth is full of love, Soetkin was talking by the open window, Claes humming some refrain, while Ulenspiegel had put a judge's cap on the head of Titus Bibulus Schnouffius. The dog was working with his paws as though endeavouring to utter a judgment, but it was merely to get rid of his headgear.

Suddenly Ulenspiegel shut the window, ran into the middle of the room, jumped on chairs and tables, his hands stretched up to the ceiling. Soetkin and Claes saw that all this energy was to catch a pretty little bird that was crying out with fear, its wings fluttering, cowering against a beam in a corner of the ceiling.

Ulenspiegel was on the point of seizing it, when Claes said quickly:

"What are you jumping for like that?"

"To catch it," answered Ulenspiegel, "and put it in a cage, and give it seed and make it sing for me."

Meanwhile the bird, crying shrilly with terror, was flying about the room and dashing its head against the windowpanes.

Ulenspiegel did not cease jumping after it: Claes laid his hand weightily on the lad's shoulder:

"Catch it," he said, "put it in a cage, make it sing for you, do, but I, too, will put you in a cage, shut in with stout iron bars, and I will make you sing as well. You like to run, you will not be able to run; you will be in the shade when you are cold, in the sun when you are hot. Then one Sunday we shall go out, forgetting to give you any food, and we shall only come back on the Thursday, and returning we shall find Thyl dead of hunger and stark and stiff."

Soetkin wept, Ulenspiegel sprang forward.

"What are you going to do?" asked Claes.

"I am opening the window for the bird," he answered.

And indeed, the bird, which was a goldfinch, went out of the window, uttered a cry of joy, shot up like an arrow in the air, then setting itself in an apple tree close by, it sleeked its wings with its beak, shook out its plumage, and becoming angry, hurled a thousand insults at Ulenspiegel in its bird speech.

Then Claes said to him:

"Son, never take liberty from man nor beast for liberty is the greatest boon in this world. Leave every man to go in the sun when he is cold, in the shade when he is hot. And may God judge His Sacred Majesty who, having fettered freedom of belief in the land of Flanders, has now put Ghent, the noble town, in a cage of slavery."

XXX

Philip had married Marie of Portugal, whose possessions he added to the Spanish crown; he had by her a

son, Don Carlos, the cruel madman. But he did not love his wife!

The Queen was ill after the birth. She kept her bed and had with her her ladies in waiting, among whom was the Duchess of Alba.

Philip often left her alone to go and see the burning of heretics, and all the lords and ladies of the court the same. Likewise also the Duchess of Alba, the Queen's noble nurse.

At this time the Official seized a Flemish sculptor, a Roman Catholic, because when a monk had refused to pay the price agreed for a wooden statue of Our Lady, he had struck the face of the statue with his chisel, saying he would rather destroy his work than sell it for a mean price.

He was denounced by the monk as an iconoclast, tortured mercilessly, and condemned to be burned alive.

In the torture they had burned the soles of his feet, and as he walked from prison to the stake, wearing the *san-benito*, he kept crying out, "Cut off my feet, cut off my feet!"

And Philip heard these cries from afar off, and he was pleased, but he did not laugh.

Queen Marie's ladies left her to go to the burning, and after them went the Duchess of Alba, who, hearing the Flemish sculptor's cries, wished to see the spectacle, and left the Queen alone.

Philip, his noble servitors, princes, counts, esquires, and ladies being present, the sculptor was fastened by a long chain to a stake planted in the middle of a burning circle made of trusses of straw and of faggots that would roast him to death slowly, if he wished to avoid the quick fire by hugging the stake.

And all looked curiously on him as he sought, naked or all but naked as he was, to stiffen his will and courage against the heat of the fire.

At the same time Queen Marie was athirst on her bed of childbirth. She saw half a melon on a dish. Dragging herself out of bed, she seized this melon and left nothing of it.

Then by reason of the cold flesh of the melon, she fell into sweating and trembling, lay on the floor, and could not move hand or foot.

"Ah," she said, "I might grow warm if someone could carry me to my bed."

She heard then the poor sculptor crying:

"Cut off my feet!"

"Ah!" said Queen Marie, "is that a dog howling for my death?"

At this moment the sculptor, seeing about him none but the faces of enemies and Spaniards, thought upon Flanders, the land of men, folded his arms, and dragging his long chain behind him he went straight to the straw and burning faggots and standing upright upon them with arms still folded:

"Lo," said he, "how the Flemish can die before Spanish butchers. Cut off their feet, not mine, but theirs, that they may run no more after murder! Long live Flanders! Flanders for ever and evermore!"

And the ladies applauded, crying for mercy as they saw his proud face.

And he died.

Queen Marie shivered from head to foot, she wept, her teeth chattered with the cold of approaching death, and she said, stiffening her arms and legs:

"Put me in my bed, that I may be warmed."
And she died.

Thus, even according to the prediction of Katheline, the good witch, did Philip everywhere sow death, blood, and tears.

XXXI

But Ulenspiegel and Nele loved with surpassing love.

It was then in the end of April, with all the trees in flower; all the plants, bursting with sap, were awaiting May, which cometh on the earth with a peacock for companion, blossoming like a nosegay, and maketh the nightingales to sing among the trees.

Often Ulenspiegel and Nele would wander down the roads alone together. Nele hung upon Ulenspiegel's arm, and held to it with both hands. Ulenspiegel, taking pleasure in this play, often passed his arm about Nele's waist, to hold her the better, he would tell her. And she was happy, though she did not speak a word.

The wind rolled softly along the roads the perfumed breath of the meadows; far away the sea murmured to the sun, idle and at ease; Ulenspiegel was like a young devil, full of spunk and fire, and Nele like a little saint from Paradise, all shamefast at her delight.

She leaned her head on Ulenspiegel's shoulder, he took her hands, and as they went, he kissed her forehead, her cheeks, her darling mouth. But she did not speak.

After some hours, they were hot and thirsty, then

they drank milk at a peasant's cottage, but they were not refreshed.

And they sat down on the green turf beside a ditch. Nele was pale and white, and pensive; Ulenspiegel looked at her, alarmed.

"You are sad?" she said.

"Ay," said he.

"Why?" she asked.

"I know not," he said, "but these appletrees and cherries all in blossom, this warm soft air, as it were, charged with thunder fire, these daisies opening and blushing upon the fields, the hawthorn there beside us in the hedgerows, all white. . . . Who shall tell me why I feel troubled and always ready to die or to sleep? And my heart beats so hard when I hear the birds awaking in the trees and see the swallows come back, then I long to go beyond the sun and the moon. And now I am cold, and now hot. Ah! Nele! I would fain no more be in this low world, or give a thousand lives to the one who would love me. . . ."

But she did not speak, and smiling happily, looked at Ulenspiegel.

XXXII

On the day of the Feast of the Dead, Ulenspiegel came away from Notre Dame with some vagabonds of his own age. Lamme Goedzak was lost among them, like a sheep in the midst of wolves.

Lamme freely paid for drink for everyone, for his mother gave him three patards every Sunday and feast day.

He went then with his comrades *In den rooden*

schildt, to the Red Shield, whose landlord Jan Van Liebeke served them with the *dobbele knollaert* of Courtrai.

The drink heated their wits, and talking of prayers Ulenspiegel declared plumply that masses for the dead are good only for the priests.

But there was a Judas in the band: he denounced Ulenspiegel as a heretic. In spite of Soetkin's tears and Claes's entreaties, Ulenspiegel was taken and cast into prison. There he remained in a cellar behind bars for a month and three days without seeing any one. The gaoler ate three quarters of his pittance. In the meanwhile, inquiries were made into his good and bad reputation. It was found merely that he was a sharp jester, flouting his neighbours continually, but never having missaid Monseigneur God, or Madame Virgin or messieurs the saints. And so the sentence was a light one, for he might have been branded in the face with a red-hot iron, and whipped till the blood came.

In consideration of his youth, the judges condemned him merely to walk in his shirt behind the priests, bareheaded and barefooted, and a candle in his hand, in the first procession that should go out from the church.

That was on Ascension Day.

When the procession was returning, he must stand still under the porch of Notre Dame and there cry aloud:

"Thanks to my Lord Jesu! Thanks to messieurs the priests! Their prayers are sweet to souls in purgatory, yea, refreshing; for every Ave is a bucket of water falling on their back, every Pater a cistern."

And the people hearkened most devoutly, not without laughing.

At the Feast of Pentecost, he must again follow the procession; he was in his shirt, barefoot and bareheaded, candle in hand. Coming back, standing beneath the porch, and holding his candle very reverently, not without pulling a waggish face or two, he called in a loud clear voice:

"If the prayers of Christian men are a great ease and solace to souls in purgatory, those of the dean of Notre Dame, that holy man perfect in the practice of all the virtues, assuage so well the torments of the fire that it is transformed to ices all at once. But the devil-tormentors have not so much as one crumb."

And the people once more hearkened devoutly, not without laughter, and the dean, well pleased, smiled ecclesiastically.

Then Ulenspiegel was banished from the land of Flanders for three years, under condition of making pilgrimage to Rome and returning thence with absolution from the Pope.

Claes must pay three florins for this sentence; but he gave still another to his son and furnished him with the habiliments of a pilgrim.

Ulenspiegel was brokenhearted on the day of departing, when he embraced Claes and Soetkin, who was all in tears, the unhappy mother. They convoyed him a long long way on his road, in company of several townsfolk, both men and women.

Claes, when they came back to their cottage, said to his wife:

"Goodwife, it is exceeding harsh, for a few mad words, to condemn so young a lad to so heavy a penalty in this fashion."

"Thou art weeping, my husband," said Soetkin.

"Thou dost love him more than thou showest, for thou art breaking into man's sobs, which be lion's tears."

But he made no answer.

Nele had gone to hide in the barn that none might see that she also wept for Ulenspiegel. A long way off she followed Soetkin and Claes and the townsfolk; when she saw her friend disappearing alone, she ran to him and leaping on his neck:

"You will be finding many beautiful dames over there," said she.

"Beautiful," replied Ulenspiegel, "I cannot tell; but fresh as you, no, for the sun has roasted them all."

Long they went their way together: Ulenspiegel was pensive and now and then would say:

"I'll make them pay their masses for the dead."

"What masses, and who will pay?" asked Nele.

Ulenspiegel replied:

"All the deans, curates, clerks, beadles, and other bigwigs high or low that feed us on windy trash. If I were a stout workman, they would have robbed me of the fruit of three years' toil by making me go pilgrimaging. But it is poor Claes who pays. They shall repay me my three years an hundredfold, and I will chant them as well the mass for their dead money."

"Alas, Thyl, be prudent: they will burn you alive," replied Nele.

"I am pure asbestos," answered Ulenspiegel.

And they parted, she all in tears, he brokenhearted, and in anger.

XXXIII

Passing through Bruges on the Wednesday market, there he saw a woman led along by the executioner

and his knaves, and a great crowd of other women around her crying and howling a thousand vile insults.

Ulenspiegel, seeing the upper part of her dress equipped with pieces of red cloth, and seeing the stone of justice with its iron chains, at her neck, perceived that this was a woman who had sold for gain the fresh young bodies of her daughters. They told him her name was Barbe, she was the wife of Jason Darue, and would be brought in this costume from place to place until she came back to the great marketplace, where she would be set up on a scaffold already erected for her. Ulenspiegel followed her with the crowd of shouting people. Once back in the great marketplace she was set on the scaffold, bound to a stake, and the executioner laid before her a bundle of grass and a clod, signifying the pit of the grave.

They told Ulenspiegel, too, that she had been whipped already in prison.

As he was going away, he met Henri le Marischal, a swashbuckling rogue who had been hanged in the castle-ward of West Ypres and still showed the track of the cord around his neck. "He had been delivered," he said, "while already hoisted into the air, by saying one only good prayer to Notre Dame of Hal, in such wise that, by a true miracle, the bailiffs and the judges having gone, the cords, already loosened, broke, he fell to earth, and was in this manner saved and sound."

But later Ulenspiegel learned that this rascal delivered from the rope was a counterfeit Henri Marischal, and that he was left to run about retailing his lie because he was bearer of a parchment signed

by the dean of Notre Dame de Hal, who by reason of the tale of this Henri le Marischal saw flocking to his church and lavishly feeing him all those who smelled the gallows from near by or far off. And for a long time Our Lady of Hal was surnamed Our Lady of the Hanged.

XXXIV

At this time the inquisitors and theologians for the second time made representation to the Emperor Charles:

That the Church was going to ruin; that its authority was contemned; that if he had won so many glorious victories, he owed it to the prayers of Catholicism, which upheld the imperial power on its high throne.

A Spanish Archbishop asked him to have six thousand heads cut off or the same number of bodies burned, in order to root the malignant Lutheran heresy out of the Low Countries. His Sacred Majesty deemed this insufficient.

And so, everywhere the terrified Ulenspiegel went he saw nothing but heads on stakes, girls thrust into sacks and cast alive into the river; men stretched naked on the wheel and beaten with great blows of iron bars, women laid in shallow graves, with earth over them, and the executioner dancing on their breast to break it in. But the confessors of all, men and women, that had first repented, were richer by twelve sols a time.

He saw at Louvain the executioners burn thirty Lutherans at once, and light the pile with gunpowder. At Limburg he saw a family, men and women, daughters and sons-in-law, walk to the scaffold singing

psalms. The man, who was old, cried out while he was a-burning.

And Ulenspiegel, full of fear and grief, journeyed on over the poor earth.

XXXV

In the fields, he shook himself like a bird or like a dog loosed from the lead, and his heart took comfort before the trees, the meadows, the clear sun.

Having walked for three days, he came to the neighbourhood of Brussels, in the powerful commune of Uccle. Passing before the hostelry of the Trumpet, he was enticed by a celestial fragrance of fricassees. He asked a little tramp who, nose in air, was regaling himself with the odour of the sauces, in whose honour this festival incense arose to heaven. The other replied that the Brothers of the Good Red Nose were to assemble after vespers to celebrate the deliverance of the commune by the women and girls in olden time.

Ulenspiegel, spying from far off a pole surmounted by a popinjay, and all around goodwives armed with bows, asked if women were becoming archers nowadays.

The tramp, sniffing up the odour of the sauces, replied that in the days of the Good Duke those same bows, in the hands of the women of Uccle, had laid low more than a hundred brigands.

Ulenspiegel, desiring to know more of this, the tramp told him that he would not say another word so hungry and so thirsty was he, unless he gave him a patard for food and drink. Ulenspiegel gave it him out of pity.

As soon as the tramp had his patard, he went into the Trumpet Inn, like a fox into a henroost, and came out in triumph with half a sausage and a great hunch of bread.

All at once Ulenspiegel heard a soft noise of tambourines and viols, and beheld a great troop of women dancing, and among them a comely matron with a gold chain about her neck.

The tramp, who laughed for joy at having had something to eat, told Ulenspiegel that this handsome young woman was the Queen of the Archery, was called Mietje, the wife of Messire Renonckel, the sheriff of the commune. Then he asked Ulenspiegel for six liards for drink: Ulenspiegel gave them to him. Thus having eaten and drunken, the tramp sat down in the sun and picked his teeth and trimmed his nails.

When the women archers caught sight of Ulenspiegel in his pilgrim's array, they set to work dancing about him in a ring, saying:

"Good morrow, handsome pilgrim; do you come from far away, youngling pilgrim?"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"I come from Flanders, a fine country rich in loving girls."

And he thought sadly of Nele.

"What was your crime?" they asked him, desisting from their dancing.

"I would not dare to confess it," said he, "so great a one it was. But I have other things that are not small."

They smiled at that and asked why he must travel in this wise with staff and scrip and oyster shell.

"Because," said he, lying a little, "I said that masses for the dead are of advantage to the priests."

"They bring them in good coin," replied they, "but they are of advantage to souls in purgatory."

"I wasn't there," rejoined Ulenspiegel.

"Will you eat with us, pilgrim?" said the prettiest of the archers.

"I will gladly eat with you," said he, "and eat you, and all the others turn about, for you are titbits for a king, more delicious than ortolans or thrushes or woodcocks."

"God give you food," said they, "this is game beyond price."

"Like all of you, dear ones," he answered.

"Aye, verily," said they, "but we are not for sale."

"And for the giving?" he asked.

"Ay," said they, "of blows to the overbold. And if you need it, we will thrash you like a sheaf of corn."

"I abstain therefrom," said he.

"Come eat," said they.

He followed them into the court of the inn, happy to see these fresh faces about him. Suddenly he beheld entering the court with high ceremony, with banner and trumpet and flute and tambourine, the Brothers of the Good Red Nose, wearing in fatness the jolly name of their fellowship. As they looked curiously upon him, the women told them it was a pilgrim they had picked up by the way and that finding him a true Red Nose, and matching their husbands and betrotheds, they had been minded to make him share their feast.

The men approved their tale, and one said:

"Pilgrim on pilgrimage, wouldst thou pilgrimage through sauces and fricassees?"

"I shall have seven-leagued boots for that," said Ulenspiegel.

As he was on the point of entering the hall of the feasting with them, he descried on the road to Paris twelve blind men trudging along. When they passed before him, complaining of hunger and of thirst, Ulenspiegel said to himself that they would sup that night like kings, at the charge of the dean of Uccle, in memory of the masses for the dead. He went to them and said:

"Here be nine florins, come and eat. Do ye smell the good fragrance of the fricassees?"

"Alas!" said they, "for the last half of a league, and no hope."

"You shall eat," said Ulenspiegel, "now you have nine florins." But he did not give them.

"A blessing on thee," said they.

And guided by Ulenspiegel, they sat down around a small table, while the Brothers of the Good Red Nose sate at a great one with their goodwives and sweethearts.

Speaking with full assurance of nine florins:

"Host," said the blind men, proudly, "give us to eat and drink of your best."

The host, who had heard a mention of the nine florins, believed them to be in their pouches, and asked what they wished to have.

Then all of them, speaking at once, cried out:

"Peas with bacon, a hotchpotch of beef, veal, mutton, and fowl."—"Are sausages meant for dogs?"—"Who ever smelled the passing of black puddings and white,

without seizing them by the collar? I used to see them, alas! when my poor eyes were candles to me."—"Where are the *koekebakken au beurre* of Anderlecht? They sing in the pan, succulent and crisp, mother of quart draughts."—"Who will bring under my nose ham and eggs or eggs and ham, those tender brothers and close friends in the mouth?"—"Where are ye, divine *choesels*, swimming, proud viands that you are, in the midst of kidneys, of cockscombs, of *riz de veau*, of oxtails, sheep's trotters, and abundant onions, pepper, cloves, nutmeg, all in the stew and three quarts of white wine for sauce?"—"Who will bring you to me, divine *andouilles*, so good that ye say no word when ye are swallowed? Ye came ever straight from *Luy-leckerland*, the rich country of the happy do-naughts, the lickers up of never-ending sauces. But where are ye, withered leaves of bygone autumns!"—"I want a leg of mutton with beans."—"I want pigs' plumes, their ears."—"For me a rosary of ortolans, with woodcocks for the *Paters* on it and a fat capon for the *Credo*."

The host answered sedately:

"You shall have an omelette of sixty eggs, and for guiding posts for you spoons, fifty black puddings, planted smoking hot on this mountain of nourishment, and *dobbel peterman* to wash all down with: that will be the river."

The water came into the mouths of the poor blind men and they said:

"Serve us the mountain, the guideposts, and the river."

And the Brothers of the Good Red Nose and their goodwives already at table with Ulenspiegel said that this day was for the blind the day of invisible junketing,

and that the poor men thus lost the half of their pleasure.

When the omelette arrived, all decked with parsley and nasturtium, and borne by the host and four cooks, the blind men would fain have thrown themselves upon it and already were haggling in it, but the host served them separately, not without difficulty, to each his share in his own dish.

The archer women were touched to see them eating and heaving sighs of content, for they were mightily hungered and swallowed down the black puddings like oysters. The *dobbel peterman* flowed down into their bellies like cascades falling from mountain tops.

When they had cleaned their dishes, they asked again for *koekebakken*, for ortolans and fresh fricassees. The host only served them a great dish of bones of beef and veal and mutton swimming in a good sauce. He did not give each his portion.

When they had dipped their bread and their hands up to the elbows in the sauce, and only brought up bones of every kind, even some ox jaw bones, everyone thought his neighbour had all the meat, and they beat each other's faces furiously with the bones.

The Brothers of the Good Red Nose, having laughed their fill, charitably conveyed part of their own feast into the poor fellows' dish, and he who groped in the plate for a bone for a weapon would set his hand on a thrush, a chicken, a lark or two, while the goodwives, pulling their heads back, would pour Brussels wine down their throats in a flood, and when they groped about blindly to feel whence these streams of ambrosia were coming to them, they caught

nothing but a petticoat, and would fain have held it, but it would whisk away from them suddenly.

And so they laughed, drank, ate, and sang. Some scenting out the pretty goodwives, ran all about the hall beside themselves, bewitched by love, but teasing girls would mislead them, and hiding behind a Good Red Nose would say "kiss me." And they would, but instead of a woman, they kissed the bearded face of a man, and not without rebuffs.

The Good Red Noses sang, the blind men, too. And the jolly goodwives smiled kindly seeing their glee.

When these rich and sappy hours were over, the *baes* said to them:

"You have eaten well and drunk well, I want seven florins."

Each one swore he had no purse, and accused his neighbour. Hence arose yet another fray in which they sought to strike one another with foot and fist and head, but they could not, and struck out wildly, for the Good Red Noses, seeing the play, kept man away from man. And blows hailed upon the empty air, save one that by ill chance fell upon the face of the *baes*, who, in a rage, searched them all and found on them nothing but an old scapular, seven liards, three breeches buttons, and their paternosters.

He wanted to fling them into the swinehouse and leave them there on bread and water until someone should pay what they owed for them.

"Do you," said Ulenspiegel, "want me to go surety for them?"

"Ay," replied the *baes*, "if someone will be surety for you."

The Good Red Noses were about to do it, but Ulenspiegel stopped them, saying:

"The dean will be surety, I am going to find him."

Thinking of the masses for the dead, he went to the deanery and told him how that the *baes* of the Trumpet, being possessed of the devil, spoke of nothing but pigs and blind men, the pigs devouring the blind and the blind eating the pigs under divers unholy guises of roasts and fricassees. During these fits, said he, the *baes* broke everything in the house, and he begged the dean to come and deliver the poor man from this wicked fiend.

The dean promised, but said he could not go immediately, for at that moment he was casting up the accounts of the chapter, and endeavouring to derive some profit out of them.

Seeing him impatient, Ulenspiegel said he would come back with the wife of the *baes* and that the dean could speak to her himself.

"Come both of you," said the dean.

Ulenspiegel came back to the *baes*, and said to him:

"I have just seen the dean, he will stand surety for the blind men. While you keep guard over them, let the hostess come with me to the dean, he will repeat to her what I have just told you."

"Go, goodwife," said the *baes*.

She went off with Ulenspiegel to the dean, who was still figuring to find his profit. When she came in with Ulenspiegel, he impatiently waved her away, saying:

"Be easy, I shall come to your husband's help in a day or two."

And Ulenspiegel, returning to the Trumpet, said

to himself, "He will pay seven florins, and that will be my first mass for the dead."

And he went on his way, and the blind men likewise.

XXXVI

Finding himself, on the morrow, upon a highway in the midst of a great crowd of folk, Ulenspiegel went with them, and soon knew that it was the day of the pilgrimage of Alsemberg.

He saw poor old women marching backwards, barefooted, for a florin and for the expiation of the sins of certain great ladies. On the edge of the highway, to the sound of rebecks, viols, and bagpipes, more than one pilgrim was holding a frying feast and junketing of *bruinbier*. And the smoke of delicious stews mounted towards heaven like a suave incense of food.

But there were other pilgrims, low fellows, needy and starveling, who, paid by the Church, were walking backwards for six sols.

A little man, completely bald, with staring eyes and a savage look, was skipping along backwards behind them reciting paternosters.

Ulenspiegel, wishing to know why he was mimicking the crayfishes in this fashion, planting himself before him and smiling, jumped in step with him. The rebecks, fifes, viols, and bagpipes, and the groans of the pilgrims made the music for the dance.

"Jan van den Duivel," said Ulenspiegel, "is it that you may more certainly fall that you run in this wise?"

The man made no answer and went on mumbling his paternosters.

"Perhaps," said Ulenspiegel, "you want to know

how many trees there are along the road. But are you not counting the leaves also?"

The man, who was reciting a *Credo*, signed to Ulenspiegel to hold his tongue.

"Perhaps," said the latter, still skipping before him and imitating him, "it is the result of some sudden madness that you should thus be going the contrary way to everybody else. But he who would have a wise answer from a madman is not wise himself. Is not this true, master of the peeled poll?"

As the man still made no answer, Ulenspiegel went on skipping, but making so much noise with his boot-soles that the road reëchoed like a wooden box.

"Maybe," said Ulenspiegel, "you might be dumb, good sir?"

"*Ave Maria*," said the other, "*gratia plena et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesu*."

"Maybe you are deaf as well?" said Ulenspiegel. "We shall see that: they say deaf men hear neither praises nor insults. Let us see if the drums of your ears are skin or brass: thinkest thou, lantern without candle, simulacrum of a foot-goer, that thou dost resemble a man? That will be when men are made of rags. Where has such jaundiced visnomy been ever seen, that peeled head, save on the gallows field? Wast thou not hanged of yore?"

And Ulenspiegel went on dancing, and the man, who was entering on the ways of wrath, was running backwards angrily still mumbling his paternosters.

"Maybe," said Ulenspiegel, "thou comprehendest but high Flemish, I will speak to thee in the low: if thou art no glutton, thou art a drunkard, if no drunkard, but a water bibber, thou art foully choked elsewhere; if not constipated, thou art jerry-go-nimble; if not a

lecher, a capon; if there be temperance, it was not that that filled the tun of thy belly, and if in the thousand million men that people the earth there were but one only cuckold, it would be thou."

At this word Ulenspiegel sat down upon his seat, legs in air, for the man had fetched him such a blow with his fist under the nose that he saw more than a hundred candles. Then cunningly falling upon him, despite the weight of his belly, he struck him everywhere, and blows rained like hail upon the thin frame of Ulenspiegel, whose cudgel fell to the ground.

"Learn by this lesson," said the man, "not to pester honest folk going on pilgrimage. For you may know that I go thus to Alsemberg according to custom to implore Madam Holy Mary to cause to miscarry a child my wife conceived when I was on my travels. To win so great a boon, a man must needs walk and dance backward from the twentieth step from his home to the foot of the church steps, without speaking. Alas! now I must begin all over again."

Ulenspiegel having picked up his cudgel said:

"I shall help you, rascal, you who would have Our Lady serve to kill babes in their mothers' womb."

And he fell to beating the wretched cuckold so cruelly that he left him for dead on the road.

All this while there rose to heaven the groans of pilgrims, the sounds of fifes, viols, rebecks, and bagpipes, and, like a pure incense, the savour of frying.

XXXVII

Claes, Soetkin, and Nele were gossiping together about the ingle, and talked of the pilgrim on his pilgrimage.

"Daughter," said Soetkin, "why cannot you, by the might of the spell of youth, keep him always with us?"

"Alas!" said Nele, "I cannot."

"'Tis because," said Claes, "he hath a counter charm that drives him to run without ever resting save for the work of his teeth."

"The cruel, ugly fellow!" sighed Nele.

"Cruel," said Soetkin, "I admit, but ugly, no. If my son Ulenspiegel has not a Greek or a Roman countenance, he is all the better for that; for they are of Flanders his agile feet, of the Frank of Bruges his keen brown eye, and his nose and his mouth made by two past masters in the science of humour and sculpture."

"Who, then," asked Claes, "made him his lazy arms and his legs too prone to run to pleasure?"

"His heart that is over young," replied Soetkin.

XXXVIII

In these days Katheline by her simples cured an ox, three sheep, and a pig belonging to Speelman but could not cure a cow that belonged to Jan Beloen. The latter accused her of sorcery. He averred that she had cast a spell on the beast, inasmuch as, while giving his simples, she caressed and talked to it, doubtless in a diabolical speech, for an honest Christian should not talk to a beast.

The said Jan Beloen added that he was a neighbour of Speelman's, whose ox, sheep, and pig she had healed, and if she had killed his cow, it was doubtless at the instigation of Speelman, jealous to see that his, Beloen's, land was better tilled than his own. Upon

the testimony of Peter Meulemeester, a man of good life and conduct, and also of Jan Beloen, certifying that Katheline was reputed a witch in Damme, and had doubtless killed the cow, Katheline was arrested and condemned to be tormented until she should have confessed her crimes and misdeeds.

She was questioned by a sheriff who was always in a rage, for he drank brandy all day long. He had Katheline put upon the first bench of torment in his presence and before the *Vierschare.*

The executioner stripped her naked, then shaved her hair and all her body, looking everywhere to see if she concealed a charm.

Finding nothing, he fastened her with cords to the bench. Then she spake:

"I am all shamed to be naked thus before these men, Madam Mary, grant that I may die!"

Then the executioner put wet cloths upon her breast, her belly, and her legs, and raising the bench, he poured hot water into her stomach in such quantities that she was all swelled up. Then he lowered the bench again.

The sheriff asked Katheline if she would confess her crime. She made sign that she would not. The executioner poured more hot water into her, but she vomited all of it out again.

Then at the chirurgeon's bidding she was untied. She did not speak, but struck on her breast to say the hot water had burned her. When the sheriff perceived that she had recovered from this first torment he said to her:

"Confess thou art a witch, and that thou didst cast a spell upon the cow."

"I will not confess," said she. "I love all dumb beasts, as much as my poor heart may, and I would harm myself rather than them, who cannot defend themselves. I used the needful simples to cure the cow."

But the sheriff:

"Thou didst give her poison," said he, "for the cow is dead."

"Master sheriff," answered Katheline, "I am here before you, in your power. I dare say to you, nevertheless, that a beast can die of sickness, like a man, in spite of the assistance of the surgeons and the doctors. And I swear by my Lord Christ who died on the cross for our sins, that I have wished no harm to this cow, but sought to cure her by simple remedies."

Then said the sheriff, enraged:

"This devil's hag will not always deny, let her be put on another bench for the torment!"

And therewith he drank a great glass of brandy.

The executioner made Katheline sit on the lid of an oaken coffin placed upon trestles. The said lid, shaped like a roof, was sharp as a blade. A great fire was burning in the fireplace, for it was then November.

Katheline, seated upon the coffin and a spit of sharpened wood, was shod with tight shoes of new leather and set before the fire. When she felt the sharp wooden edge of the coffin and the pointed spit entering her flesh, and when the fire heated and shrank the leather of her shoes, she cried:

"I suffer a thousand pangs! Who will give me black poison?"

"Put her nearer the fire," said the sheriff. Then questioning Katheline:

"How often," said he, "didst thou bestride a broom to go to the Sabbath? How often didst thou blast the corn in the ear, the fruit upon the tree, the babe in the mother's womb? How often didst thou turn two brothers to sworn foes, and two sisters into rivals filled with hatred?"

Katheline would have spoken, but could not, and moved her arms as though to say no. The sheriff then:

"She will only speak when she feels all her witch fat melt in the fire. Put her nearer."

Katheline cried out. The sheriff said:

"Pray to Satan that he may cool thee."

She made a movement as though she would take off her shoes that were smoking in the fierceness of the fire.

"Pray to Satan that he pull off thy shoes," said the sheriff.

The clock was striking ten, the furious creature's dinner hour; he went away with the executioner and the clerk, leaving Katheline alone before the fire, in the torture chamber.

At eleven they came back and found Katheline seated stiff and motionless. The clerk said:

"She is dead, I think."

The sheriff ordered the executioner to take Katheline down from the coffin and the shoes from off her feet. Not being able to pull them off, he cut them away, and the feet of Katheline were disclosed red and bleeding.

And the sheriff, thinking of his meal, looked at her without a word; but presently she recovered her senses, and falling on the ground and unable to rise for all her efforts, she said to the sheriff:

"Once on a time wouldst fain have had me to wife, but now thou shalt not have me. Four times three it is the sacred number, and the thirteenth is the husband."

Then as the sheriff would have spoken, she said to him:

"Stay silent, he has hearing finer than the archangel that in heaven counts the heart beats of the just. Why dost thou come so late? Four times three it is the sacred number, he slayeth those that desire me."

The sheriff said:

"She receives the devil in her bed."

"She is out of her wits with the anguish of the torment," said the clerk.

Katheline was taken back to prison. Three days after, the sheriff's court being assembled in the *Vierschare*, Katheline after deliberation was condemned to the fire.

The executioner and his assistants brought her to the marketplace of Damme where there was a scaffold on which she mounted. In the marketplace were the provost, the herald, and the judges.

The trumpets of the town herald sounded three times, and turning to the people he announced:

"The magistrate of Damme, having had compassion on the woman Katheline, has been pleased not to exact punishment according to the extreme rigour of the law of the town, but in order to bear witness that she is a witch, her hair shall be burned, she shall pay twenty gold carolus by way of fine, and shall be banished for three years from the precincts of Damme under pain of losing one limb."

And the people applauded this harsh lenity.

The executioner thereupon bound Katheline to the stake, set a wig of tow upon her shaven head and set it on fire. And the tow burned long and Katheline cried out and wept.

Then she was unbound and taken without the boundaries of Damme upon a cart, for her feet were burned.

XXXIX

Ulenspiegel being now at Bois-le-Duc in Brabant, the magnates of the town would fain have appointed him their fool, but he would none of this dignity. "Pilgrim on pilgrimage cannot play fool as a permanency, but only at inns and on the highways."

At this same time Philip, who was King of England, came to visit the countries of his future inheritance, Flanders, Brabant, Hainault, Holland, and Zealand. He was then in his twenty-ninth year; in his grayish eyes dwelt sour melancholy, savage dissimulation, and cruel resolution. Cold was his countenance, and stiff his head covered with tawny hair; stiff, too, his meagre torso and spindle limbs. Slow was his speech and thick as though he had wool in his mouth.

Amid tourneys, jousts, and feastings, he visited the joyous duchy of Brabant, the rich county Flanders, and his other seignories. Everywhere he swore to observe and confirm the privileges; but when at Brussels he took oath upon the Testament to observe the Golden Bull of Brabant his hand clenched so tight that he must needs take it away from the sacred book.

He went to Antwerp, where they put up twenty-three triumphal arches to receive him. The city disbursed two hundred and eighty-seven thousand florins to pay

for these arches and for the costumes of eighteen hundred and seventy-nine merchants all clad in crimson velvet and for the rich livery of four hundred and sixteen lackeys and the brilliant silk trappings of four thousand burgesses, all clad alike. Many feasts were given by the rhetoricians of all the cities in the Low Countries, or nearly all.

There were seen, with their fools male and female, the Prince of Love, of Tournai, mounted upon a sow that was called Astarte; the King of Fools, of Lille, who led a horse by the tail and walked behind; the Prince of Pleasure, of Valenciennes, who amused himself counting how many times his donkey broke wind; the Abbot of Mirth, of Arras, who drank Brussels wine from a flask shaped like a breviary, and that was gay reading; the Abbot of the Paux-Pourvus, of Ath, who was provided with linen full of holes and boots down at heel, but had a sausage with which he made good provision for his belly; the Provost of Madcaps, a young man mounted on a shy goat, and who trotting in the crowd got many a thwack because of her; the Abbot of the Silver Dish, from Quesnoy, who mounted on his horse pretended to be sitting in a dish, saying "there is no beast so big that fire cannot cook him."

And they played all kinds of harmless foolery, but the King remained sad and severe.

That same evening, the Markgrave of Antwerp, the burgomasters, captains and deans, assembled together to find out some game or play that might win Philip the King to laughter.

Said the Markgrave:

"Have ye not heard tell of a certain Pierkin Jacob-

sen, the town-fool of Bois-le-Duc, and far renowned for his merry tricks?"

"Yes," said the others.

"Well!" said the Markgrave, "let us summon him to come hither, and bid him do us some nimblewitted turn, since our own fool has his boots stuffed with lead."

"Let us summon him hither," said they.

When the messenger from Antwerp came to Bois-le-Duc, they told him that the fool Pierkin had snuffed out his candle with over-much laughing, but that there was in the town another fool, a bird of passage, called Ulenspiegel. The messenger went to look for him in a tavern where he was eating a fricassee of mussels and making a petticoat for a girl with the shells.

Ulenspiegel was delighted when he knew that it was for him the courier of the commune had come all the way from Antwerp, mounted upon a fine horse of Vuern-Ambacht and leading another by the bridle.

Without setting foot to ground, the courier asked him if he knew where to find a new trick to make King Philip laugh.

"I have a mine of them under my hair," answered Ulenspiegel.

They went away together. The two horses galloping loose-reined brought Ulenspiegel and the courier to Antwerp.

Ulenspiegel made his appearance before the Markgrave, the two burgomasters, and the officials of the commune.

"What do you intend to do?" asked the Markgrave.

"Fly in the air," replied Ulenspiegel.

"How will you set about this?" asked the Markgrave.

"Do you know," asked Ulenspiegel, "what is worth less than a burst bladder?"

"I do not know," said the Markgrave.

"A secret that has been let out," replied Ulenspiegel.

In the meanwhile, the heralds of the games, mounted upon their handsome steeds caparisoned with crimson velvet, rode through all the main streets, squares, and carfaxes of the city, sounding clarions and with beat of drum. In this fashion they announced to the *signorkes* and the *signorkinnes* that Ulenspiegel, the fool of Damme, would fly in the air at the quay, there being present upon a staging King Philip and his high illustrious and distinguished company.

Over against the staging there was a house built in the Italian fashion, with a gutter running along the whole length of the roof. A garret window opened upon the gutter.

Ulenspiegel on this day went through the city everywhere riding upon an ass. A footman ran alongside him. Ulenspiegel had donned the fine robe of crimson silk the magnates of the commune had given him. His headgear was a hood, crimson as well, on which were seen two asses' ears with a bell on the tip of each. He wore a necklace of copper medallions embossed with the shield of Antwerp. On the sleeves of the robe there tinkled at each pointed elbow a gilt bell. He had shoes with gilt soles, and a bell at the tip of each.

His ass was caparisoned with crimson silk and on each thigh carried the shield of Antwerp broidered in fine gold.

The footman brandished a donkey's head in one hand and in the other a branch at the end of which chimed a cowbell from a forest-bred cow.

Ulenspiegel, leaving his ass and his footman in the street, climbed up into the gutter.

There, shaking his bells, he opened out his arms as if he was on the point of flying. Then leaning down towards King Philip, he said:

"I thought there was no fool in Antwerp save only me, but I perceive the town is full of them. If you had told me you were going to fly, I should not have believed you; but let a fool come and tell you he will do it, and you believe him. How would you have me fly, since I have no wings?"

Some laughed, others swore, but all said:

"This fool says what is none the less quite true."

But King Philip remained stiff as a king of stone.

And the magnates of the commune said softly one to the other:

"There was no need to make such great festival for such a sour-face."

And they gave three florins to Ulenspiegel, who departed, first perforce restoring to them the robe of crimson silk.

"What are three florins in the pouch of a young man but a snowball before a fire, a full bottle in front of you, wide-throated drinkers? Three florins! The leaves fall from the trees and sprout again upon them, but florins leave pouches and return thither no more: the butterflies flitter away with the summer time, and the florins, too, although they weigh two *estrelins* and nine *as*."

So saying, Ulenspiegel contemplated his three florins closely.

"What a haughty mien," murmured he, "hath the Emperor Charles upon the obverse, cuirassed and helmeted, holding a sword in one hand and in the other

the globe of this poor earthly world! He is by the grace of God Emperor of the Romans, King of Spain, and so forth, and he is most gracious towards these our countries, this emperor in the cuirass. And here on the reverse is a shield on which are graven and displayed the arms of a duke, count, etc., pertaining to his divers possessions, with this goodly device: *Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos:* 'Give me strength against thy enemies.' He was valiant indeed against those of the reformed that have goods to confiscate, and he inheriteth them. Ah! were I the Emperor Charles, I would have florins minted for everybody, and each man being rich, no one should work more."

But Ulenspiegel looked in vain at the lovely money; it was gone towards the land of ruin to the clinking of quart pots and the chiming of bottles.

XL

While he displayed himself on the gutter all clad in crimson silk, Ulenspiegel had not seen Nele who from the crowd was looking on him smiling. She was living at this time at Borgerhout near Antwerp, and thought that if some fool was to fly before King Philip, it could only be her friend Ulenspiegel.

As he marched along the way, plunged in reverie, he did not hear a sound of hastening steps behind him, but felt two hands that were laid flat upon his eyes. Guessing Nele instinctively:

"Are you there?" said he.

"Aye," she said, "I have been running behind you ever since you came out of the city. Come with me."

"But where," said he, "where is Katheline?"

"Thou dost not know it," said she, "that she was tortured unjustly for a witch, then banished out of Damme for three years, and that they burned her feet and burned tow upon her head. I tell thee this that thou mayest have no fear of her, for she is out of her wits because of the cruel torment. Often she spends whole hours looking at her feet and saying: 'Hanske, my sweet devil, see what they did to thy dear. And her poor feet are like two wounds.' Then she weeps, saying: 'Other women have a husband or a lover, but I live at this moment as a widow.' I tell her then that Hanske will hate her if she speaks of him before other folk than me. And she obeys me like a child save when she sees a cow or an ox, thè cause of her torture; then she flees running without stay, and nothing can stop her, fences, streams, or ditches, till she falls for weariness in some corner of the wayside or against the wall of a farm, whither I go and take her up and dress her poor feet that are by then all bleeding. And I deem that in burning the hank of tow they burned also her brain in her head."

And both were grieved thinking upon Katheline.

They came to her and saw her sitting upon a bench in the sun against the wall of a house. Ulenspiegel said to her:

"Do you know me?"

"Four times three," quoth she, "it is the sacred number, and the thirteenth is Thereb. Who art thou, child of this wicked world?"

"I am Ulenspiegel," he answered, "the son of Soetkin and of Claes."

She shook her head and knew him; then beckoning him close with her finger and bending to his ear:

"If thou see him whose kisses are as snow, tell him to come back to me, Ulenspiegel."

Then showing her burned hair:

"I am ill," she said; "they have taken my wits, but when he comes he will fill my head again, which now is all empty. Hearest thou? it sounds like a bell; it is my soul knocking at the door to depart, because it burns. If Hanske comes and has no mind to fill me my head again, I will tell him to make a hole in it with a knife: the soul that is there, ever knocking to come out, grieveth me cruelly, and I shall die, yea. And now I never sleep, and I look for him always, and he must fill me my head again, yea."

And sinking down again, she groaned.

And the peasants that were coming back from the fields to go to dinner, while the church bell called them to it, passed before Katheline saying:

"There is the madwife."

And they made the sign of the cross.

And Nele and Ulenspiegel wept, and Ulenspiegel must needs go on upon his pilgrimage.

XLI

At this time as he pilgrimaged he entered into the service of one Josse, surnamed the *Kwaebakker*, the cross baker, because of his vinegar face. The *Kwaebakker* gave him three stale loaves every week for his food, and for lodging a sloping garret under the roof, where the rain rained and the wind blew marvellously.

Seeing himself so evilly entreated, Ulenspiegel played him different tricks and this among them. When they bake in the early morning, the flour must be bolted over

night. One night, then, when the moon was shining, Ulenspiegel asked for a candle to see to work and had this answer from his master:

"Bolt the flour in the light of the moon."

Ulenspiegel, obeying him, bolted the flour upon the earth, where the moonlight was shining.

In the morning the *Kwaebakker*, coming to see how much work Ulenspiegel had done, found him still bolting and said to him:

"Does flour now cost nothing at all that it should be bolted on the ground like this?"

"I bolted the flour in the moonlight as you had bidden me," answered Ulenspiegel.

The baker replied:

"Pack-donkey, it was in a sieve you should have done it."

"I thought the moon was a new-fangled kind of sieve," replied Ulenspiegel. "But there will be no great loss, I will scrape up the flour."

"It is too late," answered the *Kwaebakker*, "to get ready the dough and to bake it."

Ulenspiegel rejoined:

"*Baes*, our neighbour's dough is ready in the mill; shall I go and take that?"

"Go to the gallows," replied the *Kwaebakker*, "and fetch what is on that."

"I go, *baes*," answered Ulenspiegel.

He ran to the gallows field, found there the dried hand of a robber, brought it to the *Kwaebakker*, and said:

"Here is a hand of glory that maketh invisible all those that carry it. Wilt thou henceforward conceal thy evil disposition?"

"I shall inform the commune against you," replied

the *Kwaebakker*, "and you will see that you have infringed upon the rights of the overlord."

When they were both before the burgomaster, the *Kwaebakker*, wishing to tell the whole rosary of Ulenspiegel's misdeeds and delinquencies, saw that he was opening his eyes to their widest. He became so angry at this that interrupting his deposition he said to him:

"What do you want?"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"You told me you would accuse me in such wise that I 'would see.' I am trying to see, that is why I look."

"Out of my eyes," cried the baker.

"If I was in your eyes," answered Ulenspiegel, "I could only come out, seeing that you shut them, through your nostrils."

The burgomaster, seeing that this day was the day for the fair of japes, would listen to them no longer.

Ulenspiegel and the *Kwaebakker* went away together, the *Kwaebakker* raised his cudgel on him; Ulenspiegel dodged it, saying:

"*Baes*, since it is with blows my flour is to be sifted, you take the bran of it—it is your anger: I keep the white—it is my gaiety."

Then showing him his nether face:

"And here," he added, "is the door of the oven, if you want to bake."

XLII

Ulenspiegel as he pilgrimaged would gladly have turned highway robber, but he found the stones too heavy to carry.

He was trudging by chance on the road to Audenaerde where there was then a garrison of Flemish *reiters*

charged with the defence of the town against the French bands that ravaged the country like locusts.

The *reiters* had at their head a certain captain, a Frisian born, by name Kornjuin. They also overran the low country and pillaged the peoples, who were thus, as usual, devoured on both sides.

Everything was good in their eyes: hens, chickens, ducks, pigeons, calves, and pigs. One day, as they were coming back laden with plunder, Kornjuin and his lieutenants saw at the foot of a tree Ulenspiegel lying asleep and dreaming of fricassees.

"What do you do for a living?" asked Kornjuin.

"I'm dying of hunger," replied Ulenspiegel.

"What is your trade?"

"To go on pilgrimage for my sins, look on at others toiling, dance on the rope, paint pretty faces, carve knife handles, play the *rommel-pot*, and blow the trumpet."

Now if Ulenspiegel spoke so bold of trumpets, it was because he had learned that the post of watchman to the Castle of Audenaerde was vacant after the death of an old man who had held it.

Kornjuin said to him:

"You shall be trumpeter to the town."

Ulenspiegel went with him and was posted on the tallest tower on the ramparts, in a little box of a cell well ventilated by the four winds, all except the south wind that fanned it only with one wing.

He was enjoined to sound the trumpet as soon as he might see an enemy coming and, to that end, to keep his head clear and his eyes keen; and so they did not give him overmuch either to eat or to drink.

The captain and his soldiers stayed in the tower and feasted there all day long at the expense of the low

country. There was killed and eaten there more than one capon whose one crime was to be plump. Ulenspiegel, always forgotten and forced to be satisfied with his meagre soup, found no pleasure in the smell of the sauces. The French came and carried off a great deal of cattle; Ulenspiegel did not sound his trumpet.

Kornjuin climbed up to his cell and said to him:

"Why did you not sound the trumpet?"

Ulenspiegel said to him:

"I give you no thanks for your provender."

The next day, the captain ordered a great feast for himself and his soldiers, but Ulenspiegel was still forgotten. They were on the point of beginning to gorge, when Ulenspiegel blew his trumpet.

Kornjuin and his soldiers, thinking it was the French, left their wines and meats, leapt upon their horses, rode hastily out of the town, but found nothing in the country but an ox chewing the cud in the sun, and brought him back with them.

Meanwhile, Ulenspiegel had filled himself with wines and meats. The captain as he returned saw him standing, smiling, and his legs tottering at the door of the feast hall. He said to him:

"It is traitor's work to sound the alarm when you do not see the enemy, and not to sound it when you do see them."

"Master captain," said Ulenspiegel, "I am in my tower so puffed out and swollen up with the four winds that I could float like a bladder if I had not blown in my trumpet to ease me. Have me hanged now, or another time when you need an ass's skin for your drums."

Kornjuin went away without a word.

Meanwhile, news came to Audenaerde that the gracious Emperor Charles was about to come to the town, with a most noble company. On this occasion the sheriffs gave Ulenspiegel a pair of spectacles that he might the better discern His Sacred Majesty's coming. Ulenspiegel was to blow three blasts on the trumpet as soon as he saw the Emperor marching upon Luppeghem, which is a quarter of a league away from the Borg-poort.

Thus the townsfolk would have time to ring their bells, to make ready fireworks, to put the meats in the oven, and to broach the hogsheads.

One day, towards noon, the wind was blowing from Brabant and the sky was clear: Ulenspiegel saw on the road leading to Luppeghem a great band of horsemen mounted on caracoling steeds, the long feathers in their caps streaming in the wind. Some carried banners. He who rode proudly at their head wore a bonnet of cloth of gold with great plumes. He was arrayed in brown velvet broidered with brocatel.

Ulenspiegel put on his spectacles and saw it was the Emperor Charles the Fifth who was coming to give the folk of Audenaerde permission to serve him their choicest wines and their choicest viands.

His whole band was moving leisurely, snuffing up the fresh air that awakens appetite, but Ulenspiegel thought that they made good cheer by custom and might very well fast for one day without perishing. So he looked on at them as they came and did not blow his trumpet.

They came on laughing and talking freely, whilst His Sacred Majesty looked into his stomach to see if there was enough room for the dinner of the Audenaerde

folk. He appeared surprised and displeased that no bell rang to announce his coming.

At this juncture a peasant entered the town running, to announce that he had seen a French band riding in the neighbourhood and marching upon the town to devour and pillage everything.

At this word the porter fastened the gate and sent a servant of the commune to warn the other porters of the town. But the *reiters* feasted without knowing anything.

His Majesty was still coming on, annoyed not to hear bells and cannon and arquebuses sounding and thundering and volleying. Straining his ears in vain, he heard nothing but the chime marking the half hour. He arrived before the gate, found it shut and beat on it with his fist to have it opened.

And the lords in his retinue, angry like him, muttered sour speeches. The porter who was on the summit of the ramparts cried out to them that if they did not put an end to this hubbub he would spray them with grapeshot to cool their impatience.

But His Majesty in a fury:

"Blind hog," said he, "dost thou not know thy Emperor?"

The porter answered:

That the least hoggish are not always the most gilded; that he knew, besides, that the French were good mockers by their nature, since the Emperor Charles, at this moment waging war in Italy, could not be at the gates of Audenaerde.

Thereupon Charles and the lords cried out the more, saying:

"If thou dost not open, we shall roast thee on the

point of a spear. And thou shalt eat thy keys first and foremost."

At the noise they were making, an old man-at-arms came out from the artillery room and showing his nose above the wall:

"Porter," said he, "you are all wrong, it is our Emperor yonder; I know him well, though he has aged since he took Maria Van der Gheynst from here to the Castle of Lallaing."

The porter fell down stiff as death with terror, and the man-at-arms seized his keys and went to open the gate.

The Emperor asked why he had been forced to wait so long: the man-at-arms having told him, His Majesty ordered him to shut the gate again, and to fetch him the *reiters* of Kornjuin, whom he commanded to march before him beating their tambourines and playing their fifes.

Soon one by one the bells awoke to sound full peal. Thus preceded, His Majesty came with an imperial din to the Great Marketplace. The burgomasters and sheriffs were all assembled there; the sheriff Ian Guigelaar came out at the noise. He went back into the council chamber saying:

"*Keyser Karel is alhier!* The Emperor Charles is here!"

Sorely affrighted to hear these tidings, the burgomasters, sheriffs, and councillors came out from the Townhall to go in a body to greet the Emperor, while their men ran throughout the whole town to have the fireworks got ready, to put the chickens to the fire, and to broach the casks.

Men, women, and children ran everywhere crying:

"*Keyser Karel is op't groot marckt!* The Emperor is in the Great Market!"

Ere long great was the crowd in the square.

The Emperor, in deep anger, asked the two burgomasters if they did not deserve to be hanged for thus failing in respect to their sovereign.

The burgomasters replied that they deserved hanging indeed, but that Ulenspiegel, the trumpeter of the tower, deserved it much more, seeing that upon the rumour of His Majesty's coming he had been stationed there, equipped with a good pair of barnacles, with express instructions that he should sound his trumpet three times as soon as he should see the imperial convoy approaching. But he had done nothing of this.

The Emperor, still angry, asked them to send for Ulenspiegel.

"Why," said he, "having such clear spectacles, didst thou not blow a point on the trumpet at my coming?"

So saying, he passed his hand over his eyes, because of the brightness of the sun, and looked at Ulenspiegel.

Ulenspiegel also passed his hand over his eyes, and replied that since he had seen His Sacred Majesty looking between his fingers, he had no longer desired to make use of the spectacles.

The Emperor told him he was to be hanged, the town porter said it was well done, and the burgomasters were so terrified at this sentence that they made no word of answer, neither to approve it nor to oppose it.

The executioner and his assistants were sent for. They came carrying a ladder and a new rope, seized Ulenspiegel by the collar, as he walked in front of Kornjuin's hundred *reiters*, keeping very quiet and saying his prayers. But they mocked him bitterly.

The people who were following said:

"It is a great cruelty to put to death a poor young man in this way for so small a fault."

And the weavers were there in great numbers and under arms, and they said:

"We shall not leave Ulenspiegel to be hanged: it is contrary to the law of Audenaerde."

By now they were come to the gallows field, Ulenspiegel was hoisted up on the ladder, and the executioner put the rope on him. The weavers flocked up around the gallows. The provost was there on horseback, resting the rod of justice on his horse's shoulder, the wand wherewith at the Emperor's word he should give the signal for the execution.

All the assembled people cried out:

"Mercy! mercy for Ulenspiegel!"

Ulenspiegel upon his ladder said:

"Pity! gracious Emperor!"

The Emperor lifted his hand and said:

"If this rascal asks me for something I cannot do, he shall have his life!"

"Speak, Ulenspiegel," cried the people.

The women wept and said:

"He can ask for nothing, poor fellow, for the Emperor can do all things."

And all said:

"Speak, Ulenspiegel!"

"Sacred Majesty," said Ulenspiegel, "I shall ask thee neither for money, nor for lands, nor for life, but only one thing, for which thou must not, if I dare to say it, have me whipped nor laid on the rack, before I depart to the land of spirits."

"I promise thee this," said the Emperor.

"Majesty," said Ulenspiegel, "I ask that before I be hanged, you shall come and kiss the mouth with which I speak no Flemish."

The Emperor, laughing like all the people, replied:

"I cannot do what thou dost ask, and thou shalt not hang, Ulenspiegel."

But he condemned the burgomasters and sheriffs to wear spectacles on the back of their heads for six months, in order, said he, that if the Audenaerde folk do not see in front, they may at least see behind.

And by imperial decree, these spectacles are still seen in the arms of the town.

And Ulenspiegel went away modestly, with a little bag of money the women had given him.

XLIII

Ulenspiegel being at Liége, in the fish market, he followed after a big young man who with a net bag under one arm filled with every kind of poultry was filling another with haddocks, trout, eels, and pike.

Ulenspiegel knew Lamme Goedzak.

"What are you doing here, Lamme?" said he.

"You know," said he, "how many Flanders folk have come to this kind country of Liége; for me, I follow my love here. And you?"

"I seek a master to serve for my bread," replied Ulenspiegel.

"That is very dry food," said Lamme. "It would be better for you to pass from dish to mouth a rosary of ortolans with a thrush for *Credo*."

"You are rich?" asked Ulenspiegel.

Lamme Goedzak answered:

"I have lost my father, my mother, and my young sister that used to beat me so soundly; I shall inherit their goods, and I live with a one-eyed servant woman, a great doctor in fricassees."

"Would you like me to carry your fish and your poultry?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"Aye," said Lamme.

And together they wandered about the market.

Suddenly Lamme said:

"Do you know why you are mad?"

"No," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Because you are carrying your fish and your poultry in your hand, instead of carrying them in your belly."

"You have said well, Lamme," said Ulenspiegel; "but since I have no longer even bread, the ortolans won't look at me now."

"You shall eat them, Ulenspiegel," said Lamme, "and you shall serve me if my cook will have you."

While they were wending their way, Lamme pointed out to Ulenspiegel a pretty, neat, and lovesome girl, in silk attire, who was hastening about the market here and there and looked at Lamme with her soft eyes.

An old man, her father, walked behind her, laden with two net bags, one of fish, the other of game.

"That one," said Lamme, pointing to her, "I am going to make her my wife."

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel, "I know her, she is Flemish from Zotteghem, she lives in the rue Vinave-d'Isle, and the neighbours say that her mother sweeps the street, in front of the house, instead of her, and that her father irons her shifts."

But Lamme made no answer and said gleefully:

"She looked at me."

They came together to Lamme's house, near the Pont-des-Arches, and knocked at the door. A one-eyed serving woman came and opened to them. Ulenspiegel saw she was old, lean and long, flat and fierce.

"La Sanginne," said Lamme to her, "will you have this one to help you in your work?"

"I will take him on trial," said she.

"Take him, then," said he, "and make him know and test the delights of your cookery."

La Sanginne then put three black puddings on the table, a quart of *cervoise* ale, and a big hunch of bread.

While Ulenspiegel ate, Lamme also munched a black pudding.

"Do you know," said he, "where our soul hath its habitation?"

"No, Lamme," said Ulenspiegel.

"In our stomach it dwelleth," said Lamme, "to delve therein without ceasing and ever renew in our bodies the force of life. And what are its best companions? They are all good and choice eatables and wine of the Meuse over and above."

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel, "black puddings are agreeable company for the lonely soul."

"He wants more of them, give him some, la Sanginne," said Lamme.

La Sanginne gave him more, this time white puddings.

While he was eating largely, Lamme, grown pensive, said:

"When I die, my belly will die with me, and there below in purgatory, I shall be left fasting, carrying my paunch about with me all flabby and empty."

"The black seem to me better," said Ulenspiegel.

"You have eaten six," replied la Sanginne, "and you shall have no more."

"You know," said Lamme, "that you will be well treated here and will eat like myself."

"I will remember that word," said Ulenspiegel.

Ulenspiegel, seeing that he ate the same as Lamme, was happy and content. The black puddings had given him so high a spirit that on that day he made all the caldrons, pans, and cooking pots shine and glitter like so many suns.

Living well in this house, he delighted to haunt kitchen and cellar, leaving the garret to the cats. One day, la Sanginne had two fowls to roast and bade Ulenspiegel turn the spit while she went to the market to fetch herbs for the seasoning.

The two fowls being roasted, Ulenspiegel ate one. La Sanginne, returning, said:

"There were two fowls, now I see only one."

"Open your other eye, you will see both of them," replied Ulenspiegel.

She went all in a rage to tell the business to Lamme Goedzak, who came down into the kitchen and said to Ulenspiegel:

"Why do you make game of my servant? There were two fowls."

"There were of a truth two, Lamme," said Ulenspiegel, "but when I came here you told me I should drink and eat as yourself. There were two fowls; I have eaten one, you will eat the other; my pleasure is past, yours is to come; are you not better off than I?"

"Yea," said Lamme, smiling, "but do everything la Sanginne bids you, and you will have but half tasks."

"I shall watch that, Lamme," replied Ulenspiegel.

And so, every time that la Sanginne bade him do anything, he only did the half of it; if she told him to draw two buckets of water from the well, he brought back only one; if she told him to go and fill a jug of cervoise from the cask, he poured half of it down his throat on the way and so on with the rest.

At length la Sanginne, grown tired of these ways, told Lamme that if this good-for-naught remained in the house, she would go away on the spot.

Lamme went down to Ulenspiegel and said to him:

"You must depart, my son, although you have come to look well in this house. Listen to that cock crowing, it is two o'clock of the afternoon, it is a presage of rain. I would fain not turn you out of doors in this ill weather that is about to come upon us; but consider, my son, that la Sanginne by her fricassees is the warden of my life; I cannot, without risking a speedy death, allow her to leave me. Go, then, my boy, with God's grace, and to enliven your way take these three florins and this string of saveloys."

And Ulenspiegel went away grieving, regretting Lamme and his fleshpots.

XLIV

November came to Damme and elsewhere, but the winter was tardy. No snow, no rain, nor cold weather; the sun shone from morning to evening without dimming: the children rolled about in the dust of the streets and the highways; at the hour of repose, after supper, the merchants, shopkeepers, goldsmiths, wheelwrights, and artisans came out upon their doorsteps to look on the sky that was always blue, the trees whose leaves were still not falling, the

storks standing up on the ridges of the roofs, and the swallows that had not yet gone away. The roses had flowered thrice, and for the fourth time were in bud; the nights were warm, the nightingale had not ceased to sing.

The folk of Damme said:

"Winter is dead, let us burn winter."

And they built a giant figure with a bear's face, a long beard of shavings, a thick shock head of flax. They clothed him in white garments and burned him with great ceremony.

Claes was steeped in melancholy, he blessed not the sky that was ever blue, nor the swallows that would not depart. For now nobody in Damme was burning charcoal save for cooking, and each having enough did not go to buy from Claes, who had disbursed all his savings to pay for his stock.

So, if standing on his doorstep, the coalman felt the tip of his nose grow chilly in some puff of sharpish wind:

"Ah!" he would say, "it is my bread coming to me!"

But the sharp wind would not continue to blow, and the sky stayed always blue, and the leaves would not fall. And Claes refused to sell his stock at half price to the miser Grypstuiver, the dean of the fishmongers. And soon bread began to lack in the cottage.

XLV

But King Philip was not hungry, and ate pastries by the side of his wife, ugly Mary, of the royal house of the Tudors. He did not love her for love, but hoped by begetting a child on this miserable creature to give the English nation a Spanish monarch.

He loathed this union which was a union of a paving stone and of a burning coal. Still, they were sufficiently united to have poor Protestants burned and drowned by hundreds.

When Philip was not away from London, or slipped out in disguise to wallow in some evil haunt, the bedtime hour brought the wedded pair together.

Then Queen Mary, attired in fine linen of Tournai and Irish lace, would lie down supine upon the nuptial couch, while Philip would stand before her rigid as a post, and look if he could not see in his wife some sign or symptom of motherhood; but seeing none he was wroth, said no word, and stared at his nails.

Then the barren ghoul spoke tenderly and with her eyes, which she sought to make soft, begged the frosty Philip for love. Tears, cries, entreaties, she spared nothing to win a lukewarm caress from him who loved her not at all.

Vainly, joining her hands, she dragged herself at his feet; in vain, like a woman out of her wits, she wept and laughed together to soften him; nor the laugh nor the tears melted the stone of that hard heart.

In vain, like an amorous snake, she coiled her thin arms about him and clasped against her flat breast the narrow cage in which dwelt the stunted soul of the bloody king; he budged no more than if he had been stock or stone.

She tried, poor ugly thing, to make herself alluring; she called him by all the sweet names that women wild with love give the lover of their choice; Philip still stared at his nails.

Sometimes he answered:

"Will you not have any children?"

At that word, Mary's head fell forward on her breast.

"Is it my fault," said she, "if I am barren? Take pity upon me, I live a widow's life."

"Why have you no children?" said Philip.

Then the Queen fell on the carpet like one smitten with death. And in her eyes were only tears, and she would have wept blood, if she had been able, the poor ghoul.

And in this wise God avenged upon their murderers the victims with which they had strewn the soil of England.

XLVI

The rumour ran among the people that the Emperor Charles was minded to take away from the monks the free heirship of all who died in their convents, which mightily displeased the Pope.

Ulenspiegel being then upon the banks of the Meuse thought that the Emperor thus reaped his profit on all sides, since he was the heir when the family did not inherit. He sate him down on the bank of the river and cast into it a well-baited line. Then munching an ancient piece of brown bread, he regretted that he had no wine of Romagna to wash it down withal, but he bethought him that a man cannot always have his comforts.

However, he tossed some of his bread into the water, saying that he who eats without sharing his meal with his neighbour is not worthy to have victual to eat.

Up came a gudgeon, that first came to nose at a

crumb, licked it all about and opened up his innocent mouth, believing, doubtless, that the bread would fall into it of its own accord. While he was thus gazing into the air, he was all at once gulped down by a treacherous pike that darted out on him like an arrow.

The pike did the same to a carp that was catching flies in their flight, heedless of any danger. Being thus nobly replete, he remained motionless and still, dilly-dallying, scorning the small fry that in any case made haste to flee from his presence with all their fins. While he was basking in this fashion, upon him came swift, voracious jaws agape, a fasting pike that with one bound hurled himself upon him. A fierce battle was joined between them: undying jaw strokes were given and taken; the water ran red with their blood. The pike that had dined could ill defend himself against the pike that was fasting; and the latter having hauled off, returned with a rush and flung himself like a bullet on his adversary, who, awaiting him with wide-open jaws, swallowed his head half way, and would fain have got rid of it again, but could not because of his backward slanting teeth. And both thrashed about miserably.

Thus interlocked together, they saw not a stout hook that, fastened to a silk twine, rose up from the bottom of the water, sank deep in under the fin of the pike that had dined, drew him out of the water with his adversary, and cast them both rudely on the grass together.

Ulenspiegel, as he killed them, said:

"Pikes, my dears, would you two be the Pope and the Emperor devouring each the other, and would

not I be the people who in God's hour seize you on the hook, both of you amid your battles?"

XLVII

Meanwhile Katheline, who had not left Borgerhout, never ceased from wandering through the outskirts of the place, still saying: "Hanske, my man, they have made a fire upon my head: make a hole in it that my soul may win out. Alas! it beats ever against it and with every blow it is a cruel pang."

And Nele tended her in her madness, and by her side thought sadly of her friend Ulenspiegel.

And at Damme Claes tied his faggots, sold his charcoal, and many times fell into melancholy, thinking that the banished Ulenspiegel could not for long and long come back to their cottage.

Soetkin stayed all day long at the window, looking if she would not see her son Ulenspiegel coming.

The latter, being arrived in the neighbourhood of Cologne, thought that for the moment he had a fancy for gardening.

He went and offered himself as servant to Jan of Zuursmoel, who being a captain of *landsknechts*, had narrowly escaped hanging in default of ransom and had an utter horror of hemp, which in the Fleming tongue was then called *kennip*.

One day, Jan of Zuursmoel, wishing to show Ulenspiegel his tasks, brought him to the end of his garden and there they saw a cantle of land, next to the garden, all planted over with green *kennip*.

Jan of Zuursmoel said to Ulenspiegel:

"Every time you see this ugly plant, you must en-

treat it shamefully, for this it is that serveth for rack and gallows."

"I will shamefully entreat it," replied Ulenspiegel.

Jan of Zuursmoel being one day at table with certain gourmand friends of his, the cook said to Ulenspiegel:

"Go to the cellar and get some *zennip*," which is mustard.

Ulenspiegel, cunningly taking it *kennip* instead of *zennip*, foully and shamefully entreated the pot of *zennip* in the cellar and came back to put it on the table, not without laughing.

"Why are you laughing?" asked Jan of Zuursmoel. "Do you think that our nostrils are made of brass? Eat of this *zennip*, since it is you that dressed it yourself."

"I like better things grilled with cinnamon," answered Ulenspiegel.

Jan of Zuursmoel got up to beat him.

"There is," said he, "foulness in this pot of mustard."

"*Baes*," said Ulenspiegel, "have you no mind of the day when I went at your heels to the far end of your garden? There, you bade me, showing the *zennip:* 'Everywhere you see that plant, entreat it foully, for this it is that serveth for rack and gallows.' I did entreat it so, *baes*, I did entreat it shamefully with great affronting; do not now go to murder me for my obedience."

"I said *kennip* and not *zennip*," shouted Jan of Zuursmoel in a fury.

"*Baes*, you said *zennip* and not *kennip*," retorted Ulenspiegel.

Thus they argued loud and long, Ulenspiegel speaking humbly, Jan of Zuursmoel screaming like an eagle

and mixing up zennip, kennip, kemp, zemp, zemp, kemp, zemp, like a skein of ravelled silk.

And the guests laughed like devils eating cutlets of Dominican friars and inquisitors' kidneys.

But Ulenspiegel must needs leave Jan of Zuursmoel.

XLVIII

Nele was still always miserable for the sake of herself and her witless mother.

Ulenspiegel hired himself to a tailor who said to him:

"When you sew, sew close, so that I can see nothing."

Ulenspiegel went and sat under a cask and there began to sew.

"That is not what I mean," cried the tailor.

"I am close in a cask; how do you think any one can see in it?" answered Ulenspiegel.

"Come," said the tailor, "take your seat there on the table and make your stitches close one to the other and make the coat like this *wolf*—" *wolf* was the name of a peasant's jerkin.

Ulenspiegel took the jerkin, cut it in pieces and sewed it so as to give it the semblance and shape of a wolf.

The tailor, seeing this, cried out:

"What have you made, in the devil's name?"

"A wolf," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Evil mocker," said the tailor, "I had told you a *wolf*, it is true, but you know that *wolf* is said of a peasant's jerkin."

Sometime after he said:

"Boy, cast these sleeves on to this doublet before you go to your bed."

Ulenspiegel hung up the doublet on a nail and spent the whole night throwing the sleeves at it.

The tailor came down to the noise.

"Good-for-naught," said he, "what new ill trick are you playing me now?"

"Is that an ill trick?" answered Ulenspiegel. "See those sleeves, I have thrown them all night long against the doublet, and they don't stick to it yet."

"That is natural," said the tailor. "And that is why I am throwing you out into the street: see if you will stick there better than the sleeves did."

XLIX

Meanwhile Nele, when Katheline was in the house of some kindly neighbour, and well looked after, Nele used to go far far afield, all alone, as far as Antwerp, all along by the Scheldt or elsewhere, ever seeking, both on the river banks and on the dusty highways, if she could not see her friend Ulenspiegel.

One fair-day, being at Hamburg, he saw merchants everywhere, and among them certain old Jews living on usury and old clothes.

Ulenspiegel, desiring to be a merchant, too, saw lying on the ground some lumps of horse dung and brought them to his lodging, which was a bastion of the rampart wall. There he dried them, and then bought red silk and green silk and made little bags with them, and put the horse dung in the bags and tied them with ribbon, as if they had been full of musk.

Then with some pieces of board he made himself a pedlar's tray, hung it about his neck by means of old cords and came into the market, carrying in front of

him his tray filled with these sachets. In the evening to light them up he had a little candle burning in their midst.

When any came and asked him what he had for sale, he would reply mysteriously:

"I will tell you, but let us not speak too loud."

"What is it then?" the customers would say.

"These," Ulenspiegel replied, "are prophetical seeds, fetched straight from Araby into Flanders, and prepared with mighty art by the master Abdul-Médil of the kin of the great Mahomet."

Certain customers would say one to another:

"He is a Turk."

But the others:

"This is a pilgrim coming out of Flanders," they would say; "do you not hear it by his speech?"

And the ragged, lousy, wretched poor folk came to Ulenspiegel and said to him:

"Give us of these prophetical seeds?"

"When you have florins to buy them," answered Ulenspiegel. And the poor, ragged, lousy, wretched went away sorrowful, saying:

"There is no content in this world but for the rich."

The tale of these seeds for sale was soon spread abroad in the market. The citizens said one to another:

"There is a Flanders man there that hath prophetical seeds blessed at Jerusalem upon the tomb of Our Lord Jesus, but they say he has no mind to sell them."

And all the good citizens came to Ulenspiegel and asked him for his seeds.

But Ulenspiegel, who meant to have great profits, answered that they were not as yet ripened sufficiently,

and he had an eye upon two rich Jews that went wandering about the market.

"I would fain know," said one of the citizens, "what will come of my ship that is on the sea."

"It will go as far as heaven, if the waves are high enough," said Ulenspiegel.

Another said, showing him his pretty daughter, all full of blushes:

"This one will doubtless turn out well?"

"Everything turns to what nature will have," replied Ulenspiegel, for he had just seen the girl give a key to a young man who, puffed up with content, said to Ulenspiegel:

"Master merchant, give me one of your prophesying bags, that I may see whether I shall sleep alone tonight."

"It is written," replied Ulenspiegel, "that he who soweth the rye of seduction reaps the ergot of cuckoldom."

The young man became wrathful.

"What are you talking about?" said he.

"The seeds say," replied Ulenspiegel, "that they wish thee a happy marriage and a wife that will not bring thee Vulcan's hat. Dost thou know that headgear?'

Then declaiming like a preacher:

"For she," said he, "that giveth earnest upon the marriage bargain leaves afterwards the whole merchandise to others for nothing."

Hereupon the girl, wishing to pretend assurance:

"Is all that to be seen in the prophesying sachets?"

"There is a key to be seen there also," said Ulenspiegel low in her ear.

But the young man had gone already with the key.

Suddenly Ulenspiegel perceived a thief sneaking from a pork butcher's stall a sausage an ell long and putting it under his cloak. But the merchant saw him not. The thief, full of glee, came to Ulenspiegel and said to him:

"What are you selling there, prophet of ill?"

"Sachets wherein you shall see that you will be hanged for loving sausage overly much," replied Ulenspiegel.

At that word the thief fled swiftly, while the robbed merchant cried out:

"Stop thief! stop thief!"

But he was too late.

While Ulenspiegel was speaking, the two rich Jews, who had listened with the sharpest attention, came up to him and said:

"What sellest thou there, Fleming?"

"Sachets," replied Ulenspiegel.

"What can one see," they asked, "by means of thy prophetical seeds?"

"Future events, when one sucks them," replied Ulenspiegel.

The two Jews consulted one another, and the elder said to the other:

"We could see thus when our Messiah will come; that would be a mighty consolement to us. Let us buy one of these sachets. How much is your price?" said they.

"Fifty florins," replied Ulenspiegel. "If ye are not willing to pay this for it, ye may as well be off. He that will not buy the field must leave the dung where it is."

Seeing Ulenspiegel so determined, they counted out his money, took away one of the sachets and hied them to their place of assembly, whither came all the Jews hastily flocking, having learned that one of the two old men had bought a secret device by which he could discover and announce the coming of the Messiah.

Apprised of the matter, they would all fain have sucked at the prophesying sachet without paying; but the elder of the two Jews, who had bought it and whose name was Jehu, claimed to do this himself.

"Son of Israel," said he, holding the sachet in his hand, "the Christians mock at us, we are driven out from among our fellowmen, and folk cry out after us as they cry out after thieves. The Philistines would fain abase us lower than the earth; they spit in our faces, for God hath cut our bowstrings and shaken the bridle before us. Must it still be long, Lord, God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, that evil cometh to us when we look for good, and the shadows fall when we hope for the light? Wilt thou soon appear upon the earth, divine Messiah? When shall the Christians hide themselves in the cves and the holes of the earth because of the terror they will have of thee and of thy glory magnifical when thou dost rise up to chastise them?"

And the Jews began to clamour.

"Come, Messias! Suck, Jehu!"

Jehu sucked, and spewing out, cried lamentably:

"I tell you verily this is nothing else but dung, and that pilgrim out of Flanders is a robber."

Then all the Jews, rushing up, tore open the sachet and saw what it contained, and went off in high fury

to the fair to find Ulenspiegel there, who forsooth had not awaited their coming.

L

A man of Damme, not being able to pay Claes for his coal, gave him his most valuable possession, which was an arbalest with twelve quarrels well pointed to serve as missiles.

In hours when work was slack Claes went shooting with the cross bow; more than one hare was killed by his prowess and turned into a fricassee all through harbouring an inordinate love of cabbages.

Then would Claes eat greedily, and Soetkin would say, looking out upon the empty high road:

"Thyl, my son, dost thou not smell the fragrance of the sauces? He is an-hungered without doubt at this hour." And all pensive, she would fain have kept him his share of the feast.

"If he is hungry," said Claes, "it is his own fault; let him come back, he shall fare as we do."

Claes kept pigeons; he liked, besides, to hear singing and chirruping about him, warblers, goldfinches, sparrows, and other birds that sing and chatter. And so he was swift and ready to shoot the buzzards and the royal sparhawks that were devourers of this poor folk.

Now once when he was measuring coal in the yard, Soetkin pointed out to him a great bird hovering high in air above the dove cote.

Claes seized his cross bow and said:

"May the Devil save his Hawkship!"

Having made ready his cross bow, he took his stand in the yard, following every movement of the bird, so as not to miss it. The light in the sky was between

day and night, Claes could only discern a black speck. He loosed the quarrel and saw a stork come tumbling down into the yard.

Claes was sorely grieved thereat; but Soetkin was grieved worse, and cried out:

"Cruel, thou hast slain God's own bird!"

Then she took up the stork, and saw that she was but wounded in a wing, went to fetch a balsam, and said while she was dressing the wound:

"Stork, my dear, 'tis not clever of you that we all love, to hover in the sky like the sparhawk we all hate. And so poor folks' arrows fly to the wrong address. Art thou hurt in thy poor wing, stork, that dost submit so patiently, knowing that our hands are the loving hands of friends?"

When the stork was healed, she had everything to eat that she wanted; but she liked best the fish Claes went and caught in the canal for her. And every time the bird of God saw him coming, she opened her huge beak.

She followed Claes about like a dog, but stayed in the kitchen for preference, warming her belly by the fire, and knocking with her beak on Soetkin's front as she got the dinner ready, as much as to ask her:

"Is there nothing for me?"

And it was merry to behold this solemn messenger of good luck wandering about the cottage on her long stilts.

LI

Now the bad days were come again; Claes was working alone and sadly on the land, for there was not work enough for two. Soetkin stayed in the cottage alone, dressing in every possible way the beans that were their

daily fare, in order to liven her man's appetite. And she went singing and laughing so that he should not suffer to see her sad. The stork stayed close beside her, mounted on one leg and beak buried in her feathers.

A man on horseback stopped before the cottage; he was all arrayed in black, very lean, and had an air of profound sadness.

"Is there any one within?" he asked.

"God bless Your Melancholy," answered Soetkin; "but am I, for one, a phantom that seeing me here you should ask if there is any one within?"

"Where is your father?" asked the horseman.

"If my father's name be Claes, he is out yonder," answered Soetkin, "and you see him sowing corn."

The horseman went away, and Soetkin, too, all downcast, for she must go for the sixth time to fetch bread from the baker's without paying for it. When she came back thence with empty hands, she was astonished to see Claes coming back to their house, triumphant and lordly, upon the horse of the man in black, who was going afoot beside him and holding the rein. Claes was proudly holding in one hand against his thigh a leathern wallet that seemed well stuffed.

Dismounting, he embraced the man, banged him merrily, then shaking the bag, he cried out:

"Long live my brother Josse, the good hermit! God keep him in joy, in fat, in mirth, in health! He is the Josse of benediction, the Josse of plenty, the Josse of rich fat soups! The stork did not play us false!" And he put the bag down upon the table.

Therewith said Soetkin lamentably:

"My man, we shall not eat to-day: the baker has denied me bread."

"Bread?" said Claes, opening the bag and pouring out a stream of gold on the table, "bread? Lo, here is bread, butter, meat, wine, beer! Here be hams, marrow bones, pies of herons, ortolans, fat hens, as for great lords! Here is beer in hogsheads and wine by the cask! Mad and mad will be the baker that will deny us bread, we shall buy no more in his shop."

"But, my man. . . . !" said Soetkin all a-daze.

"Now, then, hearken," said Claes, "and be light of heart. Katheline, instead of wearing out her term of banishment in the marquisate of Antwerp, went on foot, under Nele's guidance, as far as Meyborg. There Nele told my brother Josse that often we live in black want, in spite of my sore toil. According to what this good fellow messenger has told me but now"—and Claes pointed to the horseman in black—"Josse hath abandoned the Roman religion to adhere to the heresy of Luther."

The man in black replied:

"Those be the heretics that follow the cult of the Great Harlot. For the Pope hath betrayed his trust and is a seller of holy things."

"Ah!" said Soetkin, "speak not so loud, good sir, you will cause us to be burned all three."

"And so," said Claes, "Josse said to this good fellow messenger that since he was about to fight among the troops of Frederick of Saxony, and was taking him fifty well-found men at arms, he had no need, going into war, of so much money, to bequeath it in some ill hour to some rogue of a *landsknecht*. 'So,' said he, 'take it to my brother Claes, with my blessing, these seven hundred gold florins carolus: tell him to live in comfort and think upon his soul's salvation'."

"Aye," said the horseman, "it is time for it, for God will render unto man according to his works, and will entreat each one according as he hath deserved in his life."

"Good sir," said Claes, "it will not be forbidden me in the meantime to rejoice at this good tidings; deign to stay within here, we shall, to do it honour, eat goodly tripe, carbonadoes without stint, a neat ham which lately I beheld so plump and appetizing in the pork butcher's, that it made my teeth come out a foot long out of my jaws."

"Alas!" said the other, "madmen thus take their joy the while the eyes of God are upon their ways."

"Come now, messenger," said Claes, "Will you or will you not eat and drink with us?"

The man replied:

"It will be time for the faithful to give their souls up to earthly joys when great Babylon is fallen!'

Soetkin and Claes making the sign of the cross, he would have gone away:

Claes said to him:

"Since it is your pleasure thus to go away without being made much of, give my brother Josse the kiss of peace and watch over him in the battle."

"I will do so," said the man.

And he went away, while Soetkin went to bring wherewithal to feast propitious fortune. The stork that day had for supper two gudgeons and a cod's head.

The news spread swiftly through Damme that Claes the poor had become Claes the rich through the act of his brother Josse, and the dean said that Katheline had doubtless cast a spell on Josse, since Claes had received from him a sum of money, a very

great sum, beyond a doubt, and had not given the poorest robe to Our Lady.

Claes and Soetkin were happy, Claes working in the fields or selling his coal, and Soetkin showing herself a brave housekeeper at home.

But Soetkin, always sad, sought unceasingly with her eyes for Ulenspiegel along the highway.

LII

That day the Emperor Charles received from England a letter in which his son said to him:

SIR AND FATHER:

It displeases me to have to live in this land where the accursed heretics breed like fleas and caterpillars and locusts. Fire and sword would not be amiss to lop them from off the trunk of the life-giving tree our mother Holy Church. As if this grief were not enough for me, still it must needs be that they will not look on me as their king, but as their queen's husband, and having no authority apart from her. They make game of me, saying in malicious pamphlets, whose authors and printers none can discover, that the Pope pays me to trouble and harm the realm with impious hangings and burnings, and when I would raise some urgent levy from them, for oftentimes they leave me without money, out of mere malice, they reply in evil lampoons that I have but to ask money from Satan whose work I do. The men of the Parliament make excuses and hunch up their backs in fear lest I should bite, but they grant nothing.

All the while the walls of London are covered with lampoons representing me as a parricide ready to strike down Your Majesty to have your inheritance.

But you know, my lord and father, that in spite of all my legitimate ambition and pride, I wish Your Majesty a long and glorious reign.

They scatter also throughout the town a drawing all too cleverly engraved on copper, in which I am seen making cats play upon a harpsichord with their paws, shut up inside the instruments, with their tails protruding through round holes into which they are fastened with iron pins. A man, who is myself, is burning their tails with a red-hot iron, and so making them strike on the keys with their paws and yowl desperately. I am depicted as so ugly that I cannot even bear to look at myself in it. And they show me laughing. Now you must know, dear sir and father, if I happened to take this profane pleasure at any time, I doubtless endeavoured to amuse myself by making these cats mew, but I never laughed. They make it a crime in me, in their rebel's talk, what they call the newfangledness and cruelty of this harpsichord, although the beasts have no souls, and though men and especially all royal personages may use them even unto death for their diversion. But in this land of England they are so well mated with beasts that they treat them better than their servants; stables and kennels here are palaces, and there are lords even that sleep with their horses on the same litter.

Furthermore, my noble wife and queen is barren; they declare by way of brutal insult that I am the reason, and not she who is also jealous, sullen, and gluttonous of love beyond degree. Dear sir and father, every day I implore our Lord God to have me in his grace, hoping for another throne, were it among the Turks, while awaiting that to which I am called by the honour of being the son of your most glorious and greatly victorious Majesty.

(*Signed*) PHILIP.

To this letter the Emperor made answer:

SIR AND SON:

Your enemies are strong, I do not contest the fact, but endeavour to endure with patience the waiting for a more illustrious crown. I have already announced to divers the intention I have conceived of withdrawing from the Low Countries and my other dominions, for I am well aware that

old and gouty as I now become, I cannot well make head against Henry of France, second of the name, for Fortune loveth the young. Think also that as the master of England you wound by your power our enemy France.

I was foully beaten before Metz, and lost forty thousand men there. I was forced to flee before him of Saxony. If God doth not restore me by a touch of his good and divine will unto my full strength and vigour, I am minded, dear sir and son, to quit my realms and leave them to you.

Have therefore patience and meanwhile do your duty fully against the heretics, sparing none of them, men, women, girls, nor babes, for word has come to me, to my great grief, that madame the queen would fain ofttimes have shown them grace.

Your affectionate father,

(*Signed*) CHARLES.

LIII

Having tramped a long time, Ulenspiegel's feet were bleeding, and in the bishopric of Mayence he met with a pilgrims' cart that brought him to Rome.

When he came into the city and got down from his cart, he descried upon the threshold of an inn a pretty goodwife who smiled, seeing him look at her.

Auguring well from this good humour:

"Hostess," said he, "will you give a sanctuary to a pilgrim on pilgrimage, for I have come to my time and must be brought to bed with the remission of my sins."

"We grant sanctuary to all that pay us."

"I have a hundred ducats in my wallet," said Ulenspiegel, who had but one, "and I would be pleased to spend the first one with you in drinking a bottle of old wine of Rome."

"Wine is not dear in these holy places," answered she. "Come in and drink for a soldo."

They drank together so long and emptied so many flagons with small talk that the hostess was forced to bid her servant give the customers their drink, while she and Ulenspiegel withdrew into a back parlour all of marble and as cold as winter.

Leaning her head on his shoulder she asked him who he was. Ulenspiegel replied:

"I am Sire of Geeland, Count of Gavergeeten, Baron of Tuchtendell, and at Damme, which is my birthplace, I have five and twenty *bonniers* of moonshine."

"What land is that?" asked the hostess, drinking out of Ulenspiegel's tankard.

"It is," said he, "a soil wherein are sown the seeds of illusion, of wild hopes and airy promises. But thou wast not born in the moonlight land, sweet hostess of the amber skin, and eyes shining like pearls. 'Tis the sun's colour the embrowned gold of thy hair; it was Venus that without jealousy bestowed on thee thy plump shoulders, thy full breasts, thy round arms, thy dainty hands. Shall we sup together to-night?"

"Handsome pilgrim of Flanders," said she, "why do you come hither?"

"To talk with the Pope," said Ulenspiegel.

"Alas!" said she, joining her hands, "talk with the Pope! I that am of this land, I have never been able to do that."

"I shall do it," said Ulenspiegel.

"But," said she, "know you where he goes, what manner of man he is, what are his habits and his ways of living?"

"They told me on my way," said Ulenspiegel, that

he has to name Julius the Third, that he is wanton, gay, and dissolute, a good talker and quick in repartee. They told me, too, that he had conceived an extraordinary friendship for a little beggar fellow, black, dirty, and forbidding, who begged for alms with a monkey, and that on his arriving at the pontifical throne, he made him cardinal of the Mount, and that he is ill whenever a day goes by without seeing him."

"Drink," said she, "and do not speak so loud."

"They told me, too," said Ulenspiegel, "that he swore like a trooper: *Al dispetto di Dio, potta di Dio;* one day when at supper he did not find a cold peacock he had had kept for himself, saying, 'I, the Vicar of God, may very well swear over a peacock since my master lost his temper for an apple!' You see, my dear, that I know the Pope and what he is."

"Alas!" said she, "but don't speak of it to other people. And in any case you will never see him."

"I shall speak with him," said Ulenspiegel.

"If you do, I give you a hundred florins."

"They are mine already," said Ulenspiegel.

The next day, although he was leg-weary, he went about the town and discovered where the Pope would say mass that day, at St. John Lateran. Ulenspiegel went thither and stationed himself as near and as plain to the Pope as he could compass, and every time the Pope raised the chalice or the host, Ulenspiegel turned his back upon the altar.

Beside the Pope was a cardinal serving, brown of visage, cunning and portly, who, with an ape on his shoulder, gave the people the sacrament with many wanton gestures. He called the Pope's attention

to Ulenspiegel, and as soon as the mass was completed, His Holiness sent four famous soldiers such as are known in these warlike lands, to seize the pilgrim.

"What is your belief?" the Pope asked him.

"Most Holy Father," replied Ulenspiegel, "I hold the same belief as my hostess."

The Pope sent for the goodwife.

"What dost thou believe?" he said to her.

"What your Holiness believes," she answered.

"And I the same," said Ulenspiegel.

The Pope then asked him why he had turned his back on the Holy Sacrament.

"I felt myself unworthy to look upon it face to face," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Thou art a pilgrim," said the Pope.

"Yea," said he, "and from Flanders I come to beg the remission of my sins."

The Pope gave him his blessing, and Ulenspiegel departed with the hostess, who told him out one hundred florins. Thus ballasted he left Rome to return thence to the land of Flanders.

But he must needs pay seven ducats for his pardon inscribed on parchment.

LIV

In these days there came two Premonstratensian friars to Damme with indulgences for sale. They were attired, over their monkish array, in a fine shirt trimmed with lace.

Posting themselves at the church door when it was fair weather, and under the porch when it was foul and rainy, they put up their tariff, in which they

marked down for six liards, for a patard, a half livre of Paris, for seven, for twelve florins carolus, a hundred, two hundred, four hundred years of indulgence, and according to the price, demiplenary or full plenary, and forgiveness for the most heinous crimes, even that of desiring to violate Madame the Virgin. But that one cost seventeen florins.

They delivered to buyers who paid them certain little bits of parchment on which was written the number of years of indulgence. Above was found this inscription:

He that would not be
Stewed, roast, or fried
A thousand years in purgatory
Still in hell burning,
Let him buy indulgence,
Grace and compassion,
For a little silver,
God will repay him.

And there came buyers from ten leagues round-about. One of the good friars often preached to the people; he had a face well blossomed and carried his three chins and his paunch with no false modesty.

"Miserable man!" he would say, fixing his eyes on one or another of his hearers; "miserable man! lo, there thou art, in hell! The fire burns thee cruelly: they are boiling thee in the cauldron of oil in which they cook Astarte's *olie koekjes;* thou art but a black pudding on Lucifer's frying pan, a leg of mutton on Guilguiroth's, the great devil, for thou art first cut into joints. Look now on this great sinner, who contemned indulgences; see that dish of fricadelle;

'tis he, 'tis he, his impious body, his damned body boiled down to this. And what a sauce! sulphur, pitch, and tar! And all these poor sinners are thus eaten only to be reborn continually to anguish. And it is there that there is verily weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Have pity, God of compassion! Aye, there thou art in hell, poor damned one, suffering all these torments. Should one give a denier for thee, thou feelest all at once an easement in thy right hand; should another half denier be given, there are both thy hands out of the flame. But the rest of the body? A florin, and here falls the healing dew of the indulgence. O coolness delicious! And for ten days, a hundred days, a thousand years, according to what is paid: no more roast, no more *olie koekje*, nor fricassee! And if it be not for thee, sinner, are there not yonder in the hidden deeps of the fire poor souls thy parents, a beloved wife, some dear girl with whom thou once delightedst to sin?"

And so saying, the monk would give a nudge to the friar who stood beside him, with a silver basin. And the friar, lowering his eyes at this signal, would shake his basin impressively to call the money to it.

"Hast thou not," the monk would continue, "hast thou not in this dreadful fire a son, a daughter, some darling babe? They cry, they weep, they call on thee. Canst thou remain deaf to those lamentable voices? Thou couldst not; thy heart of ice will melt, but that will cost thee a carolus. And see: at the chime of the carolus upon this common metal . . . (the other monk still shook his basin) a void is made within the fire, and the poor soul mounts up to the lip of some volcano. Lo, there it is in the cool air,

in the free air! Where are the torments of the fire? The sea is near at hand, it plunges in, it swims on back, on front, above the waves and beneath the waves. Hearken how it crieth out for joy, look how it wallows in the water! The angels look on it and rejoice. They await it, but still it hath not enough, fain would it become a fish. It knoweth not that there on high are delicious baths full of perfumes in which float great lumps of sugar candy white and cold as ice. A shark cometh: the soul dreads him not. It climbs upon his back, but he feels it not; it would fain go with him into the depths of the sea. There it goeth to salute the angels of the waters, that eat *waterzoey* in coral kettles and fresh oysters on platters of mother of pearl. And how it is welcomed, feasted, made much of; the angels still call it from on high. At length, nobly refreshed, and happy, dost thou see it, how it flies up singing like a lark up to the highest heaven where God sitteth throned in glory? There it findeth all its earthly relatives and friends, save those that having slandered and missaid the indulgences of our Mother Holy Church, burn in the abyss of hell. And so for ever, ever, ever and always, even from age to age, throughout eternity of agony. But the other soul, that is close to God, refreshing itself in the delicious baths and eating the sugar candy. Buy indulgences, my brothers; they are to be had for crusadoes, for gold florins. Buy, buy, buy! this is the holy shop; there is here for the poor and for the rich, but unhappily there can be no credit, my brothers, for to buy and not pay ready money is a crime in the Lord's eyes."

The brother who was not preaching went on shaking

his dish. Florins, crusadoes, ducats, patards, sols, and deniers fell into it thick as hail.

Claes, seeing himself a rich man, paid a florin for ten thousand years' indulgence. The monks gave him a piece of parchment in exchange.

Soon, seeing that there was nobody left in Damme who had not bought indulgence except the very scum of poverty, they went away together to Heyst.

LV

Clad in his pilgrim's garb and duly and well absolved of his sins, Ulenspiegel left Rome, tramping ever straight on before him, and came to Bamberg, where the best vegetables in the world are.

He went into an inn where there was a jolly hostess, who said to him:

"Young master, would you have victual for your money?"

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel. "But for what sum does one eat here?"

The hostess answered:

"You eat at the nobles' table for six florins; at the citizens' table for four florins, at the house table for two."

"The most money is the best for me," replied Ulenspiegel.

So he went and sate down at the nobles' table. When he was well filled and had washed down his dinner with Rhine wine, he said to his hostess:

"Goodwife, I have eaten well for my money. Give me the six florins."

The hostess said to him:

"Are you making game of me? Pay your score."

"Dear *baesine*," replied Ulenspiegel, "you have not the countenance of a fraudulent debtor; I see in it, on the contrary, so great a good faith, so much loyalty and love of neighbours that you would liefer pay me eighteen florins than refuse me the six you owe me. Those lovely eyes! 'tis the sun blazing on me, making the madness of love spring up higher than couch grass in a deserted garden."

The hostess answered:

"I have nothing to do with your madness or your couch grass; pay and be off."

"To be off," said Ulenspiegel, "and never you see again! Far rather would I die on the spot. *Baesine*, gentle *baesine*, I am little used to eat for six florins, I, a poor young man wandering by hill and dale; I am stuffed and full, and presently my tongue will hang out like a dog's in the sun: be so good as to pay me, I have well and duly earned the six florins by my hard jaw work; give me them and I will caress you, kiss you, embrace you with so great heat of gratitude that twenty-seven lovers could not all together suffice for such a task."

"You are talking for money," said she.

"Would you have me eat you for nothing?" said he.

"No," said she, defending herself from him.

"Ah!" he sighed, pursuing her, "your skin is like cream, your hair like pheasant roasted golden on the spit, your lips like cherries! Is there any woman more dainty than you?"

"It becomes you well, nasty ruffian," said she, smiling, "to come still demanding six florins from me. Be happy that I have fed you gratis and asked you for nothing."

"If you only knew," said Ulenspiegel, "how much space there is still!"

"Go!" said the hostess, "before my husband comes."

"I will be a lenient creditor," replied Ulenspiegel; "give me just one florin for future thirst."

"Here," said she, "bad boy."

And she gave it to him.

"Will you kindly go away?" said she.

"To go kindly would be to go to you, my dear, but it is going unkindly to leave your beauteous eyes. If you would deign to keep me with you I should eat no more than but a florin every day."

"Must I take a yard stick?" said she.

"Take mine," replied Ulenspiegel.

She laughed, but he must needs be gone.

LVI

Lamme Goedzak, in these days, came once more to live in Damme, the country of Liége being far from tranquil on account of heresy. His wife followed him with a good will, because the Liége people, good mockers by nature, made game of her husband's easy meekness.

Lamme often visited Claes, who since he had his inheritance, haunted the tavern of the *Blauwe Torre* and had chosen out a table there for himself and his boon companions. At the next table there sat, meanly drinking his pint pot, Josse Grypstuiver, the miserly dean of the fishmongers, a scurvy fellow, niggard, living on red herrings, loving money more than his soul's salvation. Claes had put in his pouch the piece of parchment on which were marked his ten thousand years of indulgence.

One night when he was at the *Blauwe Torre* in the company of Lamme Goedzak, Jan van Roosebekke, and Mathys van Assche, Josse Grypstuiver being present, Claes made good play with the pot, and Jan Roosebekke said to him:

"'Tis a sin to drink so much!"

Claes replied:

"You only burn half a day for a quart too much. And I have ten thousand years of indulgence in my pouch. Who would like a hundred so as to be able to drown his belly without fear or favour?"

All cried out:

"What is your price for them?"

"A quart," replied Claes, "but I will give a hundred and fifty for a *muske conyn*."

Certain drinkers paid Claes, one a stoup, one a piece of ham, and he cut off a little strip of parchment for each of them. It was not Claes who ate and drank the price of the indulgence, but Lamme Goedzak, who ate until he was visibly a-swelling while Claes came and went through the tavern retailing his wares.

Grypstuiver, turning his sour face towards him:

"Have you a piece for ten days?" said he.

"No," said Claes, "it's too hard to cut."

And everyone laughed, and Grypstuiver swallowed his rage. Then Claes went off to his cottage, followed by Lamme, walking as if his legs were made of wool.

LVII

Towards the end of her third year of banishment Katheline came back to her own house at Damme. And she never ceased to say in witless fashion: "Fire

on my head, the soul is knocking, make a hole, it would fain come out." And she still fled away at the sight of oxen and of sheep. And she sat on the bench under the lime trees, behind her cottage, wagging her head and looking, without knowing them, at the folk of Damme, who said as they passed by in front of her, "There is the madwife."

At this time, strolling by highways and byways, Ulenspiegel saw on the high road an ass harnessed with leather studded with copper nails, and its head adorned with tufts and tassels of red wool.

Certain old women stood about the ass all talking at the same time and saying: "No one can take possession of it, it is the horrible mount of the great wizard the Baron de Raix, who was burned alive for having sacrificed eight children to the devil——" "Gossips, he ran away so quickly that they could not catch him. Satan is in him to protect him——" "For while being weary, he stayed on his way, the sergeants of the commune came to take him bodily, but he reared and brayed so terribly that they dared not come near him ——" "And it was not the braying of an ass but the roaring voice of a demon——" "So they left him to browse on thistles without putting him on his trial or burning him alive as a wizard——" "These folk have no kind of courage——"

In spite of all this fine talk, as soon as the donkey pricked up his ears or lashed his ribs with his tail, the women fled shrieking, to come in again chattering and jabbering, and to do the same thing again at the least movement of the donkey.

But Ulenspiegel, contemplating them and laughing: "Ah," said he, "endless curiosity and everlasting

babble flow like a river from the mouths of gossips and especially the old ones, for in the young, the flood is less common because of their amorous employments."

Considering next the ass:

"This wizard beast," said he, "is nimble and without doubt no sloucher; I can either ride or sell him."

He went off without a word, to fetch a peck of oats, made the ass eat them, leaped lightly on his back, and tightening up the rein, turned to the north, the east, and the west, and from afar blessed the old women. These, swooning for terror, knelt down, and that day at the evening hour in the village it was told how an angel with a pheasant plumed hat on his head had come, had blessed them all and taken away the wizard's ass, by special favour of God.

And Ulenspiegel went off bestriding his ass among rich fat meadows where the horses leaped in freedom, where cows and heifers grazed, lying idly in the sun. And he called him Jef.

The ass stopped and dined merrily on thistles. Sometimes he shivered with all his skin the while, and lashed his ribs with his tail to drive off the greedy horse flies that would fain dine like himself, but on his flesh.

Ulenspiegel, whose stomach cried hunger, was melancholy.

"You would be full happy," said he, "master ass, dining like this on fine fat thistles, if no one came to disturb you in your comfort and remind you that you are mortal, that is to say, born to endure every kind of hardship."

"Even like thee," he went on, gripping him with his legs, "even like thyself He of the Holy Slipper hath his gadfly, 'tis Master Luther; and his High Majesty King Charles hath his also, that is Messire François first of the name, the King with the long nose and the still longer sword. It is then permissible for me, a poor little fellow wandering like a Jew, to have my gadfly, too, master donkey. Alas, all my pockets have holes, and through the holes away go gadding all my lovely ducats, florins, and daelders, like a legion of mice scattering to flight before the jaws of a cat. I know not why money will have naught to do with me, me who so greatly desire money. Fortune is no woman, whatever they say, for she loveth but the scurvy miser loons that coffer her up, pouch her up, lock her up under twenty keys, and never allow her to show as much as the tip of her little golden nose at the window. That is the gadfly that devours me and stings me, and tickles me but not to make me laugh. You are not listening to me, master donkey, and you are thinking of nothing but your grazing. Ah! belly worshipper, filling thy belly, thy long ears are deaf to the cry of an empty stomach. Listen to me, I want you to."

And he lashed him bitterly. The ass began to bray.

"Let us come away now that you have sung your song," said Ulenspiegel.

But the donkey would not budge any more than a stone post, and seemed to have resolved to eat to the last one every thistle along the way. And there was no lack of them.

Ulenspiegel, perceiving this, he dismounted, cut a bunch of thistles, got up on his donkey again, held the

bunch under his muzzle, and led him by the nose as far as the territories of the Landgrave of Hesse.

"Master donkey," said he, as they went on their way, "you run nimbly behind my bunch of thistles, a thin diet and poor, and leave behind you the fine highway all thick beset with these dainty plants. Even so do men, smelling some after the bouquet of glory that Fortune holds under their noses, others after the nosegay of gain, others the nosegay of love. At the end of the road they perceive like you that they have pursued that which is but little, and have left behind them that which is somewhat, that is to say, health, work, rest, and comfort in their homes."

So conversing with his ass, Ulenspiegel came before the landgrave's palace.

Two captains of musketeers were playing dice on the stair.

One of them, red headed and of giant size, caught sight of Ulenspiegel modestly sitting upon Jef and watching their play.

"What do you want with us," said he, "hungry pilgrim-face?"

"I am exceedingly hungry, in very deed," said Ulenspiegel, "and am pilgrimaging against my will."

"If you are hungry," rejoined the captain, "eat with your neck the rope that swings from the nearest gallows destined for vagabonds."

"Messire captain," replied Ulenspiegel, "if you were to give me that fine gold cord you wear on your hat, I should go and hang myself with my teeth to that fat ham that swings yonder at the cook shop."

"Where do you come from?" asked the captain.

"From Flanders," replied Ulenspiegel.

"What would you?"

"Show His Highness the Landgrave a painting after my fashion."

"If you are a painter and out of Flanders," said the captain, "come within, and I will bring you to my master."

Being come before the landgrave, Ulenspiegel saluted him three times and more.

"May Your Highness," said he, "deign to excuse my impertinence in daring to come to lay at your noble feet a painting I made for you, wherein I had the honour to pourtray Madame the Virgin in imperial array."

"This painting," he went on, "may perhaps be to your liking, and in that case I vaunt myself sufficiently of my skill to hope to raise myself to that fine chair of crimson velvet wherein, during his life, the ever to be lamented painter of Your Magnanimity had place."

The landgrave having contemplated the picture, which was a beautiful one:

"Thou shalt be our painter," said he, "take thy seat in the chair."

And gaily he kissed him on both cheeks. Ulenspiegel sat down.

"Thou art full ragged," said the landgrave, scrutinizing him.

Ulenspiegel replied:

"In very truth, Monseigneur, Jef, the which is my ass, dined upon thistles, but I, for three days, I have lived only on want and fed only upon the savour of hope."

"Thou shalt sup presently on better meat," replied the landgrave, "but where is thy ass?"

Ulenspiegel answered:

"I left him on the Great Marketplace, over against the palace of Your Goodness; I should be glad indeed if Jef had shelter and litter and fodder for the night."

The landgrave gave instant command to one of his pages to treat Ulenspiegel's ass like one of his own.

Soon came the hour of the supper, that was as a revel and a feast. And the meats gave up a noble savour and the wines rained down their throats.

Ulenspiegel and the landgrave being both fire red like live coals, Ulenspiegel became gay, but the landgrave remained pensive.

"Our painter," said he, suddenly, "thou must paint my portrait, for it is a great satisfaction to a mortal prince to bequeath to his descendants the memory of his countenance."

"Sire Landgrave," said Ulenspiegel, "your pleasure is my will, but it seems to my poor self that pourtrayed alone by yourself Your Lordship will have no great joy in ages to come. You must be accompanied by your noble wife, Madame the Landgravine, and your ladies and lords, your most warlike captains and officers, in the midst of whom Monseigneur and Madame will shine like two suns surrounded by lanterns."

"True indeed, our painter," replied the landgrave, "and what should I have to pay thee for this great work?"

"One hundred florins, in advance or otherwise," answered Ulenspiegel.

"Here they are in advance," said the landgrave.

"Kind and good lord," replied Ulenspiegel, "you put oil in my lamp, it shall burn in your honour."

The next day he asked the landgrave to cause to

pass before him all those for whom he reserved the honour of figuring in the portraiture.

Came then the Duke of Lunebourg, the commander of the lansquenets in the landgrave's service. This was a big heavy man, carrying with difficulty his paunch swollen with victuals. He drew dear Ulenspiegel and whispered a word in his ear:

"If you do not, in making my portrait, take away half my fat, I shall have you hanged by my troopers."

The duke passed on.

And then a noble lady, the which had a hump on her back and a bosom as flat as the blade of an executioner's glaive:

"Messire painter," said she, "if you do not give me two humps for the one that you shall take away, and do not put them in front, I shall have you quartered as a poisoner."

The lady passed on.

Then came a young maid of honour, fair, fresh, and pretty, but who lacked three teeth under her upper lip.

"Messire painter," she said, "if you do not make me laugh and show thirty-two teeth, I shall have you cut to pieces by my lover, who is over there."

And pointing out the captain of musketeers who had before been playing dice on the palace stairway, she passed on.

The procession continued; Ulenspiegel remained alone with the landgrave.

"If thou hast the ill-luck," said the landgrave, "to err in one feature the pourtraying all these countenances, I shall have thy head cut off like a chicken's."

"Bereft of my head," thought Ulenspiegel, "quar-

tered, chopped in pieces, or hanged at least, it will be much more comfortable to pourtray nothing at all. I will bethink me for it."

"Where," he asked the landgrave, "is the hall that I am to decorate with all these paintings?"

"Follow me," said the landgrave.

And showing him a great room with spacious walls all bare and empty:

"This," he said, "is the hall."

"I should greatly like," said Ulenspiegel, "that they should set great curtains on these walls, so as to assure my paintings against the insults of flies and against dust."

"That shall be done," said the landgrave.

The curtains being put in place, Ulenspiegel asked for three apprentices, as he said, to make them prepare his colours.

For thirty days, Ulenspiegel and the apprentices did nothing but hold feast and revel, sparing neither the choice viands nor the old wines. The landgrave watched over all.

However, on the thirty-first day he came and put in his nose at the door of the room which Ulenspiegel had enjoined on him not to enter.

"Well, Thyl, where are thy portraits?"

"Far away," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Could not one see them?"

"Not yet."

The thirty-sixth day, he put his nose in at the door again.

"Well, Thyl?" he asked.

"Ah! sire Landgrave, they are travelling towards the end."

The sixtieth day, the landgrave became angry, and entering the room:

"Thou art immediately to show me the pictures," said he.

"Yea, great lord," replied Ulenspiegel, "but deign not to draw aside this curtain until you have summoned hither the lords and captains and ladies of your court."

"I consent to this," said the landgrave.

They all came at his command.

Ulenspiegel stood before the curtain closely drawn.

"Monseigneur Landgrave," said he, "Madame Landgravine, and you, Monseigneur de Lunebourg, and you other beauteous dames and valiant captains, I have pourtrayed as best I could your pretty or warlike faces behind this curtain. It will be easy to recognize each one of you there. You are curious to see yourselves, it is natural, but pray have patience and permit me to say a word or two to you. Beauteous ladies and valiant captains, who are all of noble blood, you can see and admire my painting; but if among you there is one of low origin, he will see nothing save the blank wall. And now deign to open your noble eyes."

Ulenspiegel pulled the curtain back.

"Noble men alone see aught, alone they see aught there, the noble ladies, so shall men say ere long: 'blind in painting as a base fellow, clear seeing as a noble gentleman'!"

All opened their eyes to the widest, pretending to see, mutually pointing themselves out to one another, showing and recognizing each other, but seeing nothing in reality but the white wall, which made them grieved.

All at once the fool who was there bounded three feet into the air and shaking his bells:

"Let me be looked on as base," said he, "a base fellow full of basest baseness, but I will say and cry and proclaim with trumpets and flourish of trumpets that I see there a bare wall, a blank wall, a naked wall. So help me God and all His saints!"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"When fools begin to talk it is time for wise men to be off."

He was making to leave the palace when the landgrave staying him:

"Fool full of folly," said he, "that goest about the world praising things fine and good and mocking at things stupid with wide mouth, thou that hast dared before so many noble dames and most high and mighty lords to make a vulgar mock of pride of blasonry and lordship, thou wilt be hanged one day for thy over-free speech."

"If the rope be a golden rope," replied Ulenspiegel, "it will break with terror to see me coming."

"There," said the landgrave, giving him fifteen florins, "there is the first piece of it."

"All thanks, Monseigneur," answered Ulenspiegel, "every inn by the way shall have a strand of it, a strand all of gold that maketh Crœsuses of all these thieving innkeepers."

And away he went on his ass, his bonnet high, his plume streaming in the wind, merry and jolly.

LVIII

The leaves were yellowing on the trees and the autumn wind was beginning to blow. Katheline sometimes had her reason for an hour or two or three. And

Claes then said that the spirit of God had visited her in His great compassion. At these moments she had power by passes and by words to cast a spell upon Nele, who saw more than a hundred leagues away all that happened in city places, in the streets, or within the houses.

On this day then, Katheline, being in her wits, was eating *olie koekjes* well washed down with *dobbel-cuyt* in company with Claes, Soetkin, and Nele.

Said Claes:

"To-day is the day of the abdication of His Sacred Majesty the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Nele, my dear, could you see as far as Brussels in Brabant?"

"I could, if Katheline is willing," answered Nele.

Then Katheline made the girl sit upon a bench, and by her words and passes, acting like a spell, Nele sank down all deep in slumber.

Katheline said to her:

"Go into the little house in the Park, which is the favourite abode of the Emperor Charles the Fifth."

"I am," said Nele, speaking low and as though she was being stifled, "I am in a little chamber painted green with oil colours. There there is a man bordering upon four and fifty years, bald and gray, with a fair beard on a jutting chin, with an evil look in his gray eyes, full of cunning, of cruelty, and feigned good nature. And this man he is called Sacred Majesty. He is in catarrh and coughs sorely. Beside him is another, young, with an ugly mask like an ape hydrocephalous; that one I saw at Antwerp, it is King Philip. His Sacred Majesty at this moment is reproaching him for having slept abroad last night; doubtless, he saith, to go and find some vile creature in a filthy den in the low

quarters of the city. He says his hair stinks of the tavern, which is no pleasure for a king that hath only to choose sweet bodies, skins of satin refreshed in baths of perfumes, and hands of great ladies amorous, which is far better, saith he, than a wild sow, come hardly washed from the arms of a drunken trooper. There is, saith he, never a maiden, wife, or widow who would resist him, among the most noble and beauteous, that illumine their loves with perfumed tapers, not by the greasy glimmer of stinking tallow-dips.

"The king replied that he will obey His Sacred Majesty in all things.

"Then His Sacred Majesty coughs and drinks some mouthfuls of hypocras.

"'You will presently,' says he, addressing Philip, 'see the States General, prelates, nobles, and burgesses: Orange the Silent, Egmont the Vain, de Hornes the Unpopular, Brederode the Lion; and also all those of the Fleece of Gold of whom I make you sovereign. You will see there a hundred wearers of baubles, who would all cut their noses off to have the privilege of hanging them from a gold chain on their breasts, in token of higher nobility.'

"Then, changing his tone and full of sadness, His Sacred Majesty saith to King Philip:

"'Thou knowest, my son, that I am about to abdicate in thy favour, to give the world a great spectacle and to speak in front of a huge crowd, though hiccupping and coughing—for all my life I have eaten over much, my son—and thy heart must be hard indeed, if having heard me, thou dost not shed a few tears.'

"'I shall weep, father,' answers King Philip.

"Then His Sacred Majesty speaks to a valet called Dubois:

"'Dubois,' says he, 'give me a piece of Madeira sugar, I have a hiccup. If only it will not seize me when I shall be speaking to all these people. Will that goose I had yesterday never be done with! Should I drink a tankard of Orleans wine? No, it is too harsh! Should I eat a few anchovies? They are very oily. Dubois, give me some Romagna wine.'

"Dubois gives His Majesty what he asketh, then puts upon him a gown of crimson velvet, wraps him in a gold cloak, girds on his sword, puts into his hands the sceptre and the globe, and the crown upon his head.

"Then His Sacred Majesty leaves the house in the Park, riding on a low mule and followed by King Philip and many high personages. In this fashion they go into a great building that they call a palace, and there they find in a chamber a tall slender man, richly clad, whom they call Orange.

"His Sacred Majesty speaks to this man and says to him: 'Do I look well, cousin William?'

"But the man makes no answer, not a word.

"His Sacred Majesty then says to him, half laughing, half angry:

"'You will be dumb always, then, cousin, even to tell the truth to old broken-down things? Ought I to reign still or to abdicate, Silent One?'

"'Sacred Majesty,' replied the slender man, 'when winter cometh the most vigorous oaks let their leaves fall.'

"Three of the clock strikes.

"'Silent One,' says he, 'lend me thy shoulder, that I may lean on it.'

"And he enters with him and with his retinue into a great hall, takes his seat under a canopy and on a dais covered with silk or crimson carpets. There are three seats on it: His Sacred Majesty takes the middle one, more ornate than the others, and surmounted with an imperial crown; King Philip sits on the second, and the third is for a woman, who is doubtless a queen. To the right and to the left, seated upon tapestried benches and cushioned, are men clad in red and wearing a little gold sheep on their necks. Behind them are placed many persons who are doubtless princes and lords. Over against them and at the foot of the dais are seated, upon benches that have no cushions, men clad in cloth. I hear them say that they are thus modestly seated and clad only because they are themselves paying all their proper charges. All rose up when His Sacred Majesty came in, but he soon sate him down and signed to all to sit down likewise.

"An old man next speaks long about the gout, then the woman, who seemeth to be a queen, hands His Sacred Majesty a roll of parchment in which are written things which His Sacred Majesty reads out, coughing, and in a voice low and indistinct, and speaking of himself says:

"'I have made many voyages in Spain, in Italy, in the Low Countries, in England and in Africa, all for the glory of God, the lustre of my arms, and the welfare of my peoples.'

"Then having spoken long, he says that he is broken and weary, and fain to deliver the crown of Spain, the counties, duchies, marquisates of these lands into his son's hands.

"Then he weeps, and all weep with him.

"King Philip now rises, and falling upon his knees:

"'Sacred Majesty,' he says, 'is it for me to accept this crown at your hands when you are so capable of wearing it still!'

"Then His Sacred Majesty whispered in his ear to speak comfortably to the men seated upon the cushioned benches.

"King Philip, turning towards them, says to them in a harsh tone and without rising:

"'I understand French passing well, but not sufficiently to speak to you in that tongue. Ye will hear what the Bishop of Arras, Master Grandvelle, shall say to you on my behalf.'

"'Thou sayest ill, my son,' says His Sacred Majesty.

"And indeed the assembly murmurs, seeing the young king so arrogant and so haughty. The woman, who is the queen, speaks also to make her eulogy, then comes the turn of an aged man of learning who, when he has made an end, receives a sign from the hand of His Sacred Majesty by way of thanks. These ceremonies and harangues being over, His Sacred Majesty declares his subjects released from their oath of fidelity, signs the acts drawn up to that end, and rising up from his throne, sets his son therein. And everyone in the hall weeps. Then they go back to the house in the Park.

"There, being once more in the green chamber, alone and all doors fast shut, His Sacred Majesty laughs loud and long, and speaking to King Philip who laughs not:

"'Did you see,' he says, speaking, hiccuping, and laughing all together, 'how little is needed to move these good souls? What a deluge of tears! And that fat Maes who, when he finished his long discourse, wept

like a calf. You yourself seemed touched, but not enough. These are the true spectacles the common folk must have. My son, we men love our mistresses the more the more they cost us. It is the same with peoples. The more we make them pay, the more they love us. In Germany I tolerated the reformed faith that I punished severely in the Low Countries. If the princes of Germany had been catholic, I would have been Lutheran and confiscated their goods. They believe in the reality of my zeal for the Roman faith and regret to see me leave them. There have perished at my hands, in the Low Countries and for heresy, fifty thousand of their most hardy men and prettiest maids. I am departing, they lament. Without counting confiscations, I have made them pay more than the Indies and Peru: they are heartbroken at losing me. I have torn up the peace of Cadzand, broken Ghent, suppressed everything that could come in my way; liberties, franchises, privileges, everything is at the discretion of the prince's officers: these good souls think they are still free because I allow them to shoot with the cross bow and carry the banners of their guilds in procession. They felt my hand as master: put in a cage, they find themselves comfortable there, they sing in it and weep for me. My son, be to them as I have been: benign in words, harsh in deeds; lick as long as there is no need to bite. Swear, swear always to their liberties, franchises, and privileges, but if there be any peril to yourself, destroy them all. They are iron if one touch them with a faltering hand, glass if you brush them with a strong arm. Smite heresy not because of its divergence from the Roman religion, but because in these Low Countries it would destroy our authority;

those that attack the Pope, who weareth a triple crown, have speedily done with princes that have but one. Make it treason, as I did liberty of conscience, entailing the confiscation of goods, and you will inherit them as I did all my life, and when you depart, to abdicate or to die, they will say:—'Oh! the good prince!' and they will weep.

"And I hear nothing more," went on Nele, "for His Sacred Majesty has lain down on a bed and is asleep, and King Philip, arrogant and proud, looks upon him with no love."

Having said so much, Nele was awakened by Katheline. And Claes, pensive, looked at the flame on the hearth lightening up the chimney place.

LIX

Ulenspiegel, leaving the landgrave of Hesse, mounted his ass and crossing the town square, met certain wrathful countenances of lords and ladies, but he took no heed of them.

Soon he arrived on the lands of the Duke of Lunebourg, and there fell in with a band of *Smaedelyke broeders*, jolly Flemings from Sluys who laid aside some money every Saturday so that once a year they could go for a tour in Germany.

They were going on their way singing, in an open cart drawn by a stout horse of Vuerne-Ambacht, that brought them gambolling by the highways and marshy lands of the duchy of Lunebourg. Among them were some that played the fife, the rebeck, the viol, and the bagpipe with a mighty din. Beside the cart there walked at frequent intervals a *dikzak* playing on the

rommel-pot and going afoot in the hope of melting off some of his great belly.

As they were down to their last florin they saw Ulenspiegel come up to them, laden with chiming coin, and went into an inn and paid for his draught. Ulenspiegel gladly accepted. Seeing the while the *Smaedelyke broeders* were winking as they looked at him and smiling while they poured out his wine for him, he had wind of some trick, went outside, and posted himself at the door to hear their talk. He heard the *dikzak* saying of him:

"This is the painter of the landgrave who gave him more than a thousand florins for a picture. Let us feast him full with beer and wine, he will pay us back twofold."

"Amen," said the others.

Ulenspiegel went to fasten his ass all saddled a thousand paces away at a farmer's, gave two patards to a girl to take charge of it, came back into the chamber of the inn and sat down at the *Smaedelyke broeders'* table, without uttering a word. They poured out wine for him and paid. Ulenspiegel rattled the landgrave's florins in his satchel, saying that he had just sold his ass to a countryman for seventeen silver *daelders*.

They travelled on, eating and drinking, playing the fife, the bagpipe, and *rommel-pot*, and picking up by the way the goodwives they thought comely. In this way they begot foundling children, and beyond all, Ulenspiegel, whose gossip later bore a son which she named *Eulenspiegelken*, which signifies, in high German, little mirror and owl, and that because she did not understand clearly the meaning of her casual man's name, and also perhaps in memory of the hour when

the child was made. And this is the Eulenspiegelken wrongly said to have been born at Krittingen, in the land of Saxony.

Drawn by their stout horse they went along a highway at the side of which was a village and an inn with the sign *In den ketele*: "In the Kettle." Thence issued a goodly savour of fricassee.

The *dikzak* who played the *rommel-pot* went to the *baes* and said to him, speaking of Ulenspiegel:

"That is the landgrave's painter; he will pay for all."

The *baes*, perusing Ulenspiegel's appearance, which was excellent, and hearing the chink of florins and daelders, set upon the table wherewith to eat and drink; Ulenspiegel did not shrink from it. And ever and always jingled the crowns in his wallet. Many a time, too, he had stuck his hand on his hat saying it covered his chief treasure. The revels having lasted two days and one night, the *Smaedelyke broeders* said to Ulenspiegel:

"Let us be off from here and pay the bill."

Ulenspiegel answered:

"When the rat is in the cheese, doth he ask to leave it?"

"Nay," said they.

"And when a man eats well and drinks well, does he seek out the dust of the roads and the water from springs full of leeches?"

"Nay, indeed," said they.

"Well, then," said Ulenspiegel, "let us stay here as long as my florins and daelders serve us as funnels to pour into our throats the drinks that bring us to laughter."

And he bade the host bring still more wine and more sausage.

While they drank and ate, Ulenspiegel said:

"'Tis I who pay, I am landgrave for the nonce. If my wallet were empty, what would you do, comrades? You might take my soft felt headgear and you might find it full of carolus, in the crown as well as round the brim."

"Let us feel," cried they all with one accord. And sighing they felt in it between their fingers large coins of the size and dimensions of gold carolus. But one among them handled it so lovingly that Ulenspiegel took it back, saying:

"Impetuous dairy man, you must learn to await the milking hour."

"Give me the half of your hat," said the *Smaedelyke broeders*.

"Nay," answered Ulenspiegel, "I don't want you to have a madman's brain, one half in the shade and the other in the sun."

Then giving his headgear over to the *baes:*

"You," said he, "do you keep it in any case, for it is hot. For my part, I am going out to ease me."

He went, and the host took charge of the hat.

Presently he left the inn, went to the peasant's cottage, got up upon his ass, and went off full speed along the road that leads to Embden.

The *Smaedelyke broeders*, not seeing him come back, said one to another:

"Has he gone? Who will pay the charges?"

The *baes*, seized with fear, cut open Ulenspiegel's hat with a knife. But instead of the carolus, he found nothing in it between the felt and the lining but worthless copper counters.

Raging then against the *Smaedelyke broeders* he said to them:

"Brothers of roguery, ye shall not stir out of here save leaving behind all your clothes except only your shirts."

And they had every man to strip off his clothes to pay his shot.

In this fashion they went in their shirts over hill and dale, for they would by no means sell their horse nor their cart.

And all that beheld them in so pitiable a plight, gave them freely bread to eat, beer, and sometimes meat; for everywhere they told the tale how they had been despoiled by robbers.

And among the lot they had but one pair of breeches.

And thus they came back to Sluys in their shirts, dancing in their cart and playing the *rommel-pot.*

LX

Meanwhile Ulenspiegel bestrode the back of Jef through the lands and the marshes of the Duke of Lunebourg. The Flemings call this duke *Water-Signorke* because it is always damp in his country.

Jef obeyed Ulenspiegel like a dog, drank *bruinbier*, danced better than a Hungarian master of arts in posturing, pretended to be dead and lay down on his back at the least signal.

Ulenspiegel knew that the Duke of Lunebourg, annoyed and angry at Ulenspiegel's making a mock of him at Darmstadt before the landgrave of Hesse, had forbidden him to set foot on his territories on pain of the halter. Suddenly he saw His Ducal Highness in person,

and as he knew it was a hasty and violent Highness, he was seized with fright. Speaking to his ass:

"Jef," said he, "here is Monseigneur of Lunebourg coming. I feel a sore itch of rope on my neck; but may it not be the hangman that will scratch me for it. Jef, I would gladly be scratched, but not hanged. Think that we are brothers in distress and long ears; think, too, what a good friend you would lose if you lost me."

And Ulenspiegel wiped his eyes, and Jef began to bray.

Continuing his discourse:

"We live together in mirth," said Ulenspiegel to him, "or in moan, according to circumstances; do you remember, Jef? . . ." The ass continued to bray, for he was hungry.

"And you will never be able to forget me," said his master, "for what friendship is strong but that which laughs with the same joy and weeps with the same distress! Jef, you must get down on your back."

The gentle ass obeyed, and was seen by the duke with all four hoofs in the air. Ulenspiegel quickly took seat on his belly. The duke came to him.

"What dost thou here?" said he, "knowest thou not that in my last edict I forbade thee under pain of the rope to set thy dusty foot on my territory?"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"Gracious lord, have compassion upon me!"

Then showing his ass:

"You know full well," said he, "that by law and by justice, he is always free that dwelleth between his own four posts."

The duke answered:

"Be off from out my territories, else thou shalt die."

"Monseigneur," replied Ulenspiegel, "I should be off from them so swiftly mounted on a florin or two!"

"Rogue," said the duke, "wilt thou, not satisfied with thy disobedience, ask money of me to boot?"

"Needs must indeed, Monseigneur, I cannot take it from you. . . ."

The duke gave him a florin.

Then said Ulenspiegel, speaking to his ass:

"Up, Jef, and salute Monseigneur."

The ass got up and began to bray again. Then both of them took themselves off.

LXI

Soetkin and Nele were seated at one of the windows of the cottage and looked into the street.

Soetkin said to Nele:

"Dearest, see you not my boy Ulenspiegel coming?"

"No," said Nele, "we shall never see him again, the naughty vagabond."

"Nele," said Soetkin, "you must not be angry with him but sorry for him, for he is away from his home, poor fellow."

"I know full well," said Nele, "he hath another house far from here, richer than his own, where some beauteous dame doubtless gives him lodging."

"That would be good luck indeed for him," said Soetkin; "mayhap there he feedeth upon ortolans."

"Why do they not give him stones to eat: speedily would he be here then, the glutton!" said Nele.

Then Soetkin laughed and said:

"Whence doth it arise then, dearest, all this big anger?"

But Claes, who, all pensive, too, was binding faggots in a corner.

"Do you not see," said he, "that she is infatuate for him?"

"Lo you," said Soetkin, "the crafty cunning thing that never murmured word of it! Is it so, dearest, that you long for him?"

"Never believe it," said Nele.

"You will have there," said Claes, "a stout husband with a big mouth, a hollow belly, and a long tongue, turning florins into liards and never a half-penny for his work, always loafing about and measuring the highways with the ell wand of vagabondage."

But Nele replied, all red and cross:

"Why did you not make something different of him?"

"There," said Soetkin, "now she is weeping; hold your tongue, husband."

LXII

Ulenspiegel upon a day came to Nuremberg and gave himself out for a great physician, the conqueror of sickness, a most illustrious purger, renowned queller of fevers, celebrated scavenger of plagues, and scourge invincible of the itch and mange.

There were in the hospital so many sick that they could not know where to put them. The master hospitaller hearing of Ulenspiegel's coming, came to see him and inquired if it was true that he could heal all diseases.

"Except the last sickness," replied Ulenspiegel; "but promise me two hundred florins for the cure of all the others, and I will not accept a liard till all

your sick confess themselves cured and leave the hospital."

On the morrow he came to the said hospital with a confident look and carrying his phiz solemnly and doctorally. Once within the wards, he took each sick man separately and said:

"Swear," quoth he, "not to confide to any what I am about to tell thee in thine ear. What is thy malady?"

The sick man would tell him, and swear by his almighty God to hold his tongue.

"Know," said Ulenspiegel, "that I mean to reduce one of you to powder by means of fire, that of this dust or powder I shall concoct a marvellous mixture and give it to all the sick to drink. The one that cannot walk shall be burned. To-morrow I shall come here and standing in the street with the master hospitaller, I shall summon you all crying, 'Let him that is not sick take up his duds and come!'"

In the morning, Ulenspiegel came and called out as he had said. All the sick, the lame, the rheumy, the coughing, the fever stricken, would fain come out together. All were in the street, even some that for ten years had not left their bed.

The master hospitaller asked them if they were cured and could walk.

"Aye," replied they, imagining that one of them was burning in the courtyard.

Ulenspiegel then said to the master hospitaller:

"Pay me, since they are all outside, and declare themselves cured."

The master paid him two hundred florins. And Ulenspiegel departed.

But on the second day the master beheld his sick folk coming back in a worse state than before, save one who, being cured in the open air, was found drunk and singing through the streets: "Noel to the great physician Ulenspiegel!"

LXIII

The two hundred florins having gone their light ways Ulenspiegel came to Vienne where he hired himself to a wheelwright who continually scolded his workmen because they did not blow the bellows of his forge strongly enough:

"Keep time," he would be crying always, "follow with the bellows."'

One day when the *baes* went into the garden Ulenspiegel took down the bellows, carried it off on his shoulders, and followed his master. The latter being astonished to see him so strangely burthened, Ulenspiegel said to him:

"*Baes*, you ordered me to follow with the bellows, where am I to put this one while I go and fetch the other."

"Dear lad," said the *baes*, "I did not say that; go and put the bellows back in its place."

However, he studied how to pay him out for this trick. Thenceforward he rose every day at midnight, awoke his men and made them work.

Then men said to him:

"*Baes*, why do you wake us up in the middle of the night?"

"'Tis a custom of mine," replied the *baes*, "not to allow my workmen to stay more than half the night in a bed for the first seven days."

The following night he awaked his men at midnight again. Ulenspiegel, who slept in the garret, took his bed on his back and thus laden came down into the forge.

The *baes* said to him:

"Are you mad? Why do you not leave your bed in its place?"

"'Tis a custom I have," answered Ulenspiegel, "to spend for the first seven days half the night on top of my bed and the other half under it."

"Well, for me, it is a second custom I have to throw into the street my impudent workmen with leave to pass the first week above the pavement and the second below it."

"In your cellar, *baes*, if you please, beside the casks of *bruinbier*," replied Ulenspiegel.

LXIV

Having left the wheelwright and gone back to Flanders, he must hire himself as apprentice to a shoemaker who liked better to stay in the streets than to wield the awl in his workshop. Ulenspiegel, seeing him for the hundredth time ready to go abroad, asked him how he must cut the leather for vamps.

"Cut it," replied the *baes*, "for big feet and average feet, so that all that lead big cattle and little cattle may get into them handily."

"So shall it be, *baes*," answered Ulenspiegel.

When the shoemaker had gone out, Ulenspiegel cut out vamps only good to make shoes for fillies, asses, hiefers, sows, and ewes.

Coming back to his workshop, the *baes*, seeing his leather in pieces:

"What have you done there, good-for-nothing botcher?" said he.

"What you bade me," Ulenspiegel made answer.

"I bade you," replied the *baes*, "cut me shoes in which might be put handily everything that leads oxen, swine, and sheep, and you make me shoes for the feet of the beasts."

Ulenspiegel replied:

"*Baes*, what leads the boar but the sow, the donkey but the ass, the bull but the heifer, the ram but the ewe, in the season when all the beasts are in love?"

Then he went away, and must needs remain outside.

LXV

At this time 'twas April, the air had been soft and sweet, then it froze hard and the sky was gray as on All Souls' Day. The third year of Ulenspiegel's banishment had long since run out and Nele awaited her friend from day to day. "Alas!" said she, "it will snow on the pear trees, on the flowering jasmine, on all the poor plants unfolded confidingly in the genial warmth of an untimely springtide. Already the little flakes are falling from the sky upon the roadways. And it snoweth, too, upon my poor heart.

"Where are the bright rays playing on bright faces, on the roofs they made still redder than their wont, on the window panes they caused to flame? Where are they, warming earth and sky, bird and insect? Alas! now night and day I am chilled to the bone with

sadness and my long waiting. Where art thou, Ulenspiegel, my dear?"

LXVI

Ulenspiegel, drawing near Renaix in Flanders, was hungry and thirsty, but he would by no means complain, and endeavoured to make folk laugh so they might give him bread. But he laughed not over well, and they passed him by and gave him nothing.

It was cold: turn and turn about it snowed, rained, and hailed on the back of the wanderer. If he passed through the villages, the water came in his mouth only to see a dog gnawing a bone in the angle of a wall. Fain and fain would he have earned a florin, but had no idea how the florin could fall into his pouch.

Looking up, he saw the pigeons that from the roof of the dove cote dropped white pieces on the highway, but they were not florins. He searched on the ground along the causeways, but florins do not bloom among the paving stones.

Looking to the right hand he saw a rascal cloud that moved onward into the sky, like a great watering pot, but he knew that if aught were to fall from this cloud it would not be a plump of florins. Looking to the left hand he saw a great idle horse-chestnut tree, living and doing nothing: "Ah!" he said to himself, "why are there no florin trees? They would be splendid trees, indeed!"

Suddenly the big cloud burst asunder, and the hailstones fell thick like pebbles on Ulenspiegel's back. "Alas," said he, "I feel it sure enough, stones are never thrown but at wandering dogs." Then starting to

run: "It is not my fault," said he to himself, "if I have not a palace nor even a tent to shelter my poor thin body. Ah! the cruel hailstones: they are hard as cannon shot. No, it is not my fault if I trail my wretched tatters about the world, it is only that such was my good pleasure. Why am I not emperor? These hailstones would fain force themselves into my ears like ill words." And he was still running:— "Poor nose," he added, "you will soon be pierced through and through like fretwork, and mayst serve as a pepperpot at the feasts of the great folk of this world on whom it never hails." Then wiping his cheeks:—"These," said he, "would do well for ladles for cooks that are too hot at their ovens. Ah! far-off memory of the sauces of long ago. I am hungry. Empty belly, complain not; sad entrails, grumble no more. Where dost thou hide, propitious fortune? take me to the place where the pasture is."

While he talked thus with himself, the sky cleared and grew bright with a strong sun, the hail ceased, and Ulenspiegel said: "Good morrow, sun, my one friend, that comest to dry me!"

But he still kept on running, being cold. Suddenly from afar he saw coming along the road a black-and-white dog running straight before him, tongue hanging out and the eyes bolting from his head.

"This brute," said Ulenspiegel, "has the madness in his belly!" He hastily picked up a big stone and climbed upon a tree; as he reached the first bough, the dog passed and Ulenspiegel launched the stone upon his skull. The dog stopped, and wretchedly and stiffly tried to get up the tree and bite Ulenspiegel, but he could not, and fell back to die.

Ulenspiegel was nowise glad at this, and still less when, coming down from the tree, he perceived that the dog's mouth was not dry and parched as is usual when these animals are smitten with the hydrophobia. Then studying his skin, he saw it was fine and good to sell, stripped him of it, washed it, hung it on his staff, let it dry a little in the sun, and then put it away in his satchel.

Hunger and thirst tormented him more and more, and he went into many farmhouses, not daring to offer his skin for sale, for fear that it might have belonged to one of the farmers' dogs. He asked for bread, and was refused it. Night came on. His limbs were weary, he went into a little inn. There he beheld an ancient *baesine* caressing a wheezy old dog whose skin was like a dead man's.

"Whence comest thou, traveller?" asked the aged *baesine*.

Ulenspiegel made answer:

"I come from Rome, where I healed the Pope's dog of a sorry rheum that grieved him sore."

"Then thou hast seen the Pope?" said she to him, drawing him a glass of beer.

"Alas!" said Ulenspiegel, emptying the glass, "I have but been permitted to kiss his holy foot and his holy slipper."

All this while the *baesine's* old dog was coughing, but without spitting.

"When didst thou do this?" asked the old woman.

"The month before the last," answered Ulenspiegel, "I arrived, being looked for, and knocked at the door. 'Who is there?' asked the chamberlain arch-cardinal, arch-privy, arch-extraordinary to His Most

Holy Holiness.' ''Tis I,' I answered, 'Monseigneur Cardinal, come from Flanders expressly to kiss the Pope's foot and heal his dog of his rheum.' 'Ah! 'tis thou, Ulenspiegel?' said the Pope, speaking from the other side of a little door. 'I would rejoice to see thee, but that is a thing for the moment impossible. I am forbidden by the Holy Decretals to display my face to strangers when the holy razor is being passed over it.' 'Alas!' said I, 'I am an unfortunate man, I that am come from a land so far to kiss Your Holiness his foot and cure his dog of the rheum. Must I indeed return without being satisfied? 'Nay,' said the Holy Father; and then I heard him call. 'Arch-chamberlain, roll my chair as far as the door, and open the little wicket at the foot of the door.' The which was done. And I beheld thrust through the wicket a foot shod with a golden slipper, and I heard a voice, speaking like a peal of thunder, saying: 'This is the redoubtable foot of the Prince of Princes, King of Kings, Emperor of Emperors. Kiss it, Christian man, kiss the holy slipper.' And I kissed the holy slipper, and my nose was sweetly filled with the celestial perfume that was exhaled from that foot. Then the wicket was shut again, and the same formidable voice bade me to wait. The wicket opened once more, and from it there issued, with all due respect, an animal bereft of its hair, blear-eyed, coughing, swollen like a wine skin and forced to walk with its legs straddling by reason of the hugeness of its belly.

"The Holy Father deigned to address me again: 'Ulenspiegel,' said he, 'thou dost look upon my dog; he was seized with a rheum and other maladies through gnawing the bones of heretics that had been broken

for them. Cure him, my son; thou wilt have much good thereby.'"

"Drink," said the old woman.

"Pour out," answered Ulenspiegel. Continuing his tale: "I purged the dog," said he, "by the aid of a wonder-working draught concocted by myself. He made water through this for three days and three nights without ceasing, and was cured."

"*Jesus God en Maria!*" said the old woman; "let me kiss thee, glorious pilgrim, who hast seen the Pope and mayst also cure my dog."

But Ulenspiegel, recking little of the old woman's kisses, said to her: "Those who have touched with their lips the holy slipper may not within a space of two years receive the kisses of any woman. First give me for supper some goodly carbonadoes, a black pudding or so, and a sufficiency of beer, and I shall make your dog's voice so clear that he will be able to chant the *aves* in *e la* in the rood-loft of the great church."

"May it be true what thou sayest," whined the old woman, "and I shall give thee a florin."

"I shall accomplish it," said Ulenspiegel, "but only after supper."

She served him all he had asked for. He ate and drank his fill, and he would even have embraced the old woman for gratitude of his jaw, had it not been for what he had said to her.

While he was eating, the old dog put his paws on his knee to have a bone. Ulenspiegel gave him several; then he said to his hostess:

"If a man had eaten in your inn and not paid, what would you do?"

"I would have his best garment off that robber," answered the old woman.

"'Tis well," replied Ulenspiegel; then he took the dog under his arm and went into the stable. There he shut him up along with a bone, took the dead dog's skin out of his satchel, and coming back to the old woman, he asked her if she had said she would have his best garment off the man who would refuse to pay for his meal.

"Well, then, your dog dined with me and did not pay: so I have, following your own rede, taken his best and his only coat."

And he showed her the skin of the dead dog.

"Ah!" said the old woman, weeping, "it is cruel of thee, master doctor. Poor old dog! he was my child to me, a poor widow. Why didst thou take from me the only friend I had in the world? I have no more now to do but to die."

"I will bring him to life again," said Ulenspiegel.

"Bring him to life!" said she. "And he will fawn on me again, and he will look at me again, and he will lick me again, and he will wag his poor old stump of a tail again when he looks at me! Do this, master doctor, and thou shalt have dined here gratis, a most costly dinner, and I shall give thee a florin still over and above the bargain."

"I will bring him to life again," said Ulenspiegel; "but I must have hot water, syrup to glue the seams together, a needle and thread and sauce from the carbonadoes; and I would be alone during the operation."

The old woman gave him what he asked for; he took up the skin of the dead dog and went off to the stable.

There he smeared the old dog's muzzle with sauce, and the brute submitted to it with delight; he drew a great stripe of syrup under his belly, put syrup on his paws and sauce on his tail.

Then crying out loudly three times, he said: "*Staet op! staet op! ik't bevel, vuilen hond!*"

And then lightly putting the dead dog's skin in his satchel he fetched the living dog a great kick and so pitched him into the inn chamber.

The old woman, seeing her dog alive and licking himself, was eager to embrace him; but Ulenspiegel did not permit this.

"You may not," said he, "caress this dog until he has washed off with his tongue all the syrup with which he is anointed; only then will the seams in the skin be closed up. Count out to me now my ten florins."

"I said one," answered the old woman.

"One for the operation, nine for the resurrection," replied Ulenspiegel.

She counted them out to him. Ulenspiegel went off, flinging into the inn chamber the skin of the dead dog and saying:

"There, woman, keep his old skin: it will serve you to patch up the new one when it will have holes in it."

LXVII

On that Sunday at Bruges was held the procession of the Blessed Blood. Claes said to his wife and to Nele to go to see it and that mayhap they might find Ulenspiegel in the town. As for himself, said he, he would keep the cottage if the pilgrim should perchance return thither.

The two women went off together; Claes, remaining at Damme, sate on the doorstep and found the town very empty and deserted. He heard nothing except the crystalline chime of some village bell, while from Bruges there came to him by fits and starts the music of the carillons and a great din of falconets and fireworks let off in honour of the Blessed Blood.

Claes, looking pensively for Ulenspiegel along the roads, saw nothing, only the sky pure and blue and cloudless, a few dogs lying tongue out in the sun, bold sparrows bathing and twittering in the dust, a cat spying after them, and the sunlight entering every house like a friend and making the brass kettles and pewter tankards on every dresser glisten and shine.

But Claes was downcast amid all this glee, and looking for his son he sought to see him behind the gray mist along the meadows, to hear him in the glad rustling of the leaves and the gay concert of the birds in the trees. Suddenly he saw on the road from Maldeghem a man of great stature, and knew it was not Ulenspiegel. He saw him pause at the edge of a field of carrots and eat eagerly.

"There's a man mightily an-hungered," said Claes.

Having lost sight of him for a moment, he saw him reappear at the corner of the street of the Heron, and he recognized the messenger from Josse who had brought him the seven hundred gold carolus. He went to him in the highway and said:

"Come to my house."

The man replied:

"Blessed are they that are kind to the wandering travelling man."

On the outer sill of the cottage window there was crumbled bread that Soetkin kept for the birds of the neighbourhood. Here they came in the winter to find their food. The man caught up these crumbs and ate them.

"You are hungry and thirsty," said Claes.

The man replied:

"Since I was stripped by robbers a week past, I have lived only on carrots from the fields and roots in the woods."

"It is then," said Claes, "time to indulge in feasting. And here," said he, opening the cupboard, "here is a full bowlful of peas, eggs, black puddings, hams, sausage of Ghent, *waterzoey:* hotchpotch of fish. Below, in the cellar, sleeps Louvain wine, made in the manner of the wines of Burgundy, red and clear as a ruby; it asks but the awakening of glasses. Come, now, let us put a faggot on the fire. Do you hear the black puddings sizzling on the grid? 'Tis the song of good feeding."

Claes, turning them over, said to the man:

"Have you not seen my boy Ūlenspiegel?"

"Nay," he answered.

"Do you bring me any tidings of my brother Josse?" said Claes, putting upon the table grilled puddings, an omelette of fat ham, cheese, and great tankards, and red clear wine of Louvain sparkling in the flasks.

The man replied:

"Thy brother Josse died upon the rack at Sippenaken, near Aix. And that was for having borne arms, being a heretic, against the Emperor."

Claes was as one beside himself, and said, trembling in every limb, for his wrath was extreme:

"Evil murderers! Josse! my poor brother!"

The man said then in no gentle tone:

"Our joys and our woes are not of this world."

And he began to eat. Then he said:

"I gave thy brother help in his prison, passing myself off for a countryman from Nieswiller, a relation of his. I have come hither because he said to me: 'If thou dost not die for the faith as I do, go to my brother Claes; enjoin upon him to live in the Lord's peace, doing the works of mercy, rearing his son in secret in the law of Christ. The money I gave him was taken from the poor and ignorant people; let him use it to bring Thyl up in the knowledge of God and the word."

Having said this, the messenger gave Claes the kiss of peace.

And Claes, lamenting:

"Died on the rack," said he, "my poor brother!"

And he could not recover himself out of his great sorrow. All the same, as he saw that the man was thirsty and held out his glass, he poured wine for him, but he ate and drank joylessly.

Soetkin and Nele were away during seven days; during this time the messenger from Josse lived under Claes's roof.

Every night they heard Katheline crying terribly in the cottage:

"The fire, the fire! Make a hole: the soul would fain escape!"

And Claes would go to her, and calm her with soothing speech, then come back into his own house.

At the end of seven days the man departed and

would accept no more from Claes but two carolus to feed and shelter him upon his way.

LXVIII

Nele and Soetkin being come back from Bruges, Claes, in his kitchen, seated on the floor after the fashion of tailors, was putting buttons on an old pair of breeches. Nele was close by him tarring on against the stork Titus Bibulus Schnouffius who, dashing at the bird and retreating by turns, was yelping in the shrillest voice. The stork standing on one foot, looking at him gravely and pensively, withdrew her long neck into the feathers on her breast. Titus Bibulus Schnouffius, seeing her so pacific, yelped more and more terribly. But all of a sudden the bird, tired and sick of this music, lashed out her bill like an arrow on the back of the dog, who fled yelling:

"Help, help!"

Claes laughed, Nele, too, and Soetkin never ceased looking into the street, seeking if she could not see Ulenspiegel coming.

Suddenly she said:

"Here is the provost and four constables. It cannot surely be us they want. There are two of them turning behind the cottage."

Claes lifted his nose from his task.

"And two that are stopping in front," went on Soetkin.

Claes got up.

"Who are they going to arrest in this street?" said she. "Jesus God! my husband, they are coming in here."

Claes leaped from the kitchen into the garden, followed by Nele.

He said to her:

"Save the carolus, they are behind the chimney-back."

Nele understood, then seeing that he was making through the hedge, that the constables seized him by the collar, that he was fighting to get loose from them, she cried and wept:

"He is innocent! he is innocent! do not hurt Claes, my father! Ulenspiegel, where art thou? Thou wouldst kill both of them!"

And she threw herself upon one of the constables and tore his face with her nails. Then crying out "They will kill him!" she fell down on the sward of the garden and rolled about on it, distraught.

Katheline had come at the noise, and standing straight and motionless, was contemplating the sight, saying as she shook her head from side to side: "The fire! the fire! Make a hole! the soul would fain escape!"

Soetkin saw nothing, and speaking to the constables that had come into the cottage:

"Sirs, whom seek ye in our poor dwelling? If it is my son, he is far away. Are your legs long ones?"

Saying so, she was full of mirth.

At this moment Nele, crying out for help, Soetkin ran into the garden, saw her husband seized by the collar and struggling on the highway close to the hedge.

"Strike!" she said. "Kill! Where art thou, Ulenspiegel?"

And she would have gone to help her husband, but one of the constables seized her round the body, not without peril.

Claes struggled and struck so hard that he might well

have escaped, if the two constables to whom Soetkin had spoken had not come to the help of the two that were holding him.

They brought him with both his hands tied into the kitchen where Soetkin and Nele were weeping and sobbing.

"Messire provost," said Soetkin, "what hath my poor man done then, that you should bind him thus with ropes?"

"Heretic," said one of the constables.

"Heretic?" returned Soetkin, "thou a heretic, thou? These devils have lied."

Claes answered:

"I place myself in God's keeping."

He went out; Nele and Soetkin followed him weeping and believing that they also were to be brought before the judge. Men and women came to them; when they knew that Claes was going thus bound because he was suspect of heresy, they were so sore afraid that they went back into their homes in haste, and shut all the doors behind them. Only a few girls dared go to Claes and say to him:

"Whither goest thou thus bound, coal man?"

"To the grace of God, my girls," he replied.

They brought him to the prison of the commune; Soetkin and Nele sat down upon the threshold. Towards evening, Soetkin bade Nele leave her and go to see if Ulenspiegel was not coming back.

LXIX

Soon the news ran abroad through the villages round about that a man had been cast into prison for heresy

and that the inquisitor Titelman, the dean of Renaix, nicknamed the Inquisitor Pitiless, would conduct the interrogatories. Ulenspiegel was then living at Koolkerke, in the most private favours of a pretty farmer, an amiable widow that denied him nothing that was hers. There he was very well off, spoiled and caressed until the day when a treacherous rival, the sheriff of the commune, lay in wait for him one morning as he came out of the tavern and would fain have rubbed him down with an oaken towel. But Ulenspiegel, to cool his anger, cast him in a pond whence the sheriff crept out as best he could, green as a toad and steeped full as a sponge.

Ulenspiegel for this high feat, must leave Koolkerke and set off with all speed towards Damme, fearing the sheriff's vengeance.

The evening was falling cool, Ulenspiegel ran swiftly; fain would he have been at home already, in his mind's eye he saw Nele sewing, Soetkin preparing supper, Claes binding faggots, Schnouffius gnawing on a bone and the stork knocking with her bill on the housewife's front to have some scraps of food.

A pedlar afoot said to him as he passed:

"Whither away in such hurry?"

"To Damme, to my own home," replied Ulenspiegel.

The pedlar answered:

"The town is not safe now by reason of the folk of the reformed faith that are being arrested there."

And he went on his way.

Arrived before the inn of the *Roode-Schildt*, Ulenspiegel went in to drink a glass of *dobbel-cuyt*. The *baes* said to him:

"Are not you the son of Claes?"

"I am," answered Ulenspiegel.

"Make haste, then," said the *baes*, "for the ill hour has struck for your father."

Ulenspiegel asked what he meant.

The *baes* replied that he would know all too soon.

And Ulenspiegel continued to run.

As he was at the entrance to Damme, the dogs that were on the doorsteps jumped out at his legs yelping and barking. The goodwives came out at the noise and said to him, all talking at once:

"Whence come you?" "Have you news of your father?" "Where is your mother?" "Is she with him in prison, too?" "Alas! if only they do not burn him!"

Ulenspiegel ran the harder.

He met Nele, who said to him:

"Thyl, do not go to your house: the town governors have put a guard in it on behalf of His Majesty."

Ulenspiegel stopped.

"Nele," said he, "is it true that my father Claes is in prison?"

"Yea," said Nele, "and Soetkin weeps on the threshold."

Then the heart of the prodigal son was swollen with anguish and he said to Nele:

"I am going to see them."

"That is not what you should do," said she, "but you should obey Claes instead, who said to me before he was taken: 'save the carolus, they are behind the chimney-back.' They are what you must save first and foremost, for it is the inheritance of Soetkin, the poor woman."

Ulenspiegel, listening no whit, ran to the gaol.

There he saw Soetkin seated on the threshold; she embraced him with tears, and they wept together.

The people assembling, because of these two, in a crowd in front of the gaol, the constables came and told Ulenspiegel and Soetkin that they were to be off out of that and at the speediest possible.

Mother and son went away to Nele's cottage, next door to their own home, before which they saw one of the lansquenet troopers summoned from Bruges through fear of the troubles that might arise during the trial and during the execution. For the folk of Damme loved Claes greatly.

The trooper was sitting on the pavement, before the door, busy sucking the last drop of brandy out of a flask. Finding nothing more in it, he flung it some paces away, and drawing his dagger, he amused himself in digging up the paving stones.

Soetkin, all tears, entered Katheline's house.

And Katheline shaking her head: "The fire! Make a hole, the soul would fain escape," said she.

LXX

The bell that is called Borgstorm—the storm of the burg—having summoned the judges to the tribunal, they met in the *Vierschare*, at the stroke of four, about the linden tree of judgment.

Claes was brought before them and saw seated beneath the canopy the bailiff of Damme, and beside him and opposite him the mayor, the aldermen, and the clerk.

The people flocked up at the sound of the bell in great multitude. Many said:

"The judges are not there to do the works of justice, but of imperial serfdom."

The clerk announced that the tribunal having first met in the *Vierschare*, around the linden tree, had decided that, considering the denunciations and testimonies before it, there had been good ground for seizing the body of Claes, coal vendor, native of Damme, husband of Soetkin, the daughter of Joostens. They would now, he added, proceed to the hearing of the witnesses.

Hans Barbier, a neighbour of Claes, was the first heard. Having taken the oath, he said: "Upon my soul's salvation, I affirm and asseverate that Claes, present before this court, has been known to me for almost seventeen years, that he has always lived honestly and decently, and according to the laws and rules of our holy mother the Church, has never spoken opprobriously of her, nor to my knowledge harboured any heretic, nor hidden Luther's book, nor spoken of the said book, nor done anything that could bring him into suspicion of having transgressed the laws and regulations of the empire. So help me God and all His saints."

Jan Van Roosebekke was next heard, and said "that during the absence of Soetkin, Claes's wife, he had often thought he heard in the accused man's house the voices of two men, and that often at night, after the curfew, he had seen in a small chamber beneath the roof a light, and two men, one of them was Claes, conversing together. As for saying whether the other man was heretic or no, he could not, having only seen him at a distance. As for what concerns Claes," he added, "I will say, speaking in all truth, that since I have

known him, he always kept his Easter regularly, communicated on the principal feast days, went to mass every Sunday, except that of the Blessed Blood and those following. And I know nothing further but this. So help me God and all His saints."

Questioned if he had not seen Claes in the tavern of the *Blauwe Torre* selling indulgences and mocking at purgatory, Jan Van Roosebekke replied that in fact Claes had sold indulgences, but without contempt or mockery, and that he, Jan Van Roosebekke, had bought even as also was fain to do Josse Grypstuiver, the dean of the fishmongers, who was there present among the crowd.

Thereafter the bailiff said he would proclaim the actions and conduct for the which Claes was brought before the court of the *Vierschare*.

"The informer," said he, "having, as it happened, remained at Damme, so as not to go to Bruges to spend his money in riot and revelry, as is too often done at these holy times, was soberly taking the air on his own doorstep. Being there he saw a man walking in the street of the Heron. Claes, perceiving this man, went to him and saluted him. The man was arrayed in black cloth. He went into Claes's house, and the door of the cottage was left ajar. Curious to know what this man might be, the informer went into the porch, heard Claes speaking in the kitchen with the stranger, of a certain Josse, his brother, who having been taken prisoner among the reformed troops, had been for this put to death on the rack not far from Aix. The stranger said to Claes that the money he had received from his brother being money gained through the ignorance of poor folk, he was to employ it in bringing up

his son in the reformed religion. He had enjoined Claes also to leave the bosom of our Mother Holy Church, and uttered other impious words to which Claes made answer only with these words: 'Cruel murderers! my poor brother!' And the accused thus blasphemed against our Holy Father the Pope and his Royal Majesty, accusing them of cruelty because they most justly punished heresy as a crime, being treason divine and human. When the man had made an end of eating, the informer heard Claes cry aloud: 'Poor Josse, may God have thee in His glory, they were cruel to thee!' Thus he even accused God of impiety, deeming that He may receive heretics into His heaven. And Claes ceased not to say 'My poor brother!' The stranger, then entering into frenzy like a preacher in his preaching, cried: 'She shall fall, great Babylon the Romish whore, and she shall become the habitation of demons and the haunt of every obscene bird!' Claes said: 'Cruel murderers! My poor brother!' The stranger, continuing his discourse, said: 'For the angel will take up that stone which is as great as a millstone. And it shall be cast into the sea, and he will say: 'Thus great Babylon shall be cast out, and she shall no more be found.' 'Messire,' said Claes, 'your mouth is filled with anger, but tell me when shall come the reign when they that are meek and lowly of heart shall be able to live in peace upon the earth?' 'Never,' replied the stranger, 'so long as Antichrist, which is the Pope and the enemy of truth, reigneth.' 'Ah,' said Claes, 'you speak of our Holy Father without respect. Assuredly he knoweth naught of the cruel torments with which the poor reformers are punished.' The stranger made answer: 'He is not ignorant of

these, for it is he that issueth the edicts, hath them enforced by the Emperor, now by the king, who hath the profit of confiscations, inherits from the dead, and readily brings suit for heresy against the rich.' Claes replied: 'These things are told in the country of Flanders, I must needs believe them; man's flesh is weak, even when it is royal flesh. My poor Josse!' And Claes by this signified that it was through base desire of lucre that His Majesty punished heresiarchs. The stranger, wishing to harangue further, Claes replied: 'Be so good, messire, as to hold no more such discourses with me, for if they were overheard, they would stir up some grievous suit against me.'

"Claes arose to go to the cellar and came up thence with a jug of beer. 'I will shut the door,' said he then, and the informer heard no more, for he must needs lightly leave the house. The door that had been shut was nevertheless opened again at nightfall. The stranger came out, but went back speedily and knocked at it saying: 'Claes, I am cold, I have nowhere to lodge: give me shelter, no one has seen me come in, the town is deserted and empty.' Claes received him in his house, lighted a lantern, and was seen preceding the heretic, mounting the stairs and bringing the stranger underneath the roof to a little chamber whose window looked towards the country. . . ."

"Who, then," cried Claes, "who can have recounted all if not thou, vile fishmonger, whom I saw on that Sunday upon thy threshold, stiff as a post, hypocritically watching the swallows flying through the air?"

And with his finger he pointed to Josse Grypstuiver, the dean of the fishmongers, who showed his ugly face amid the crowd of the people.

The fishmonger smiled cruelly, seeing Claes betray himself in this fashion. All the people, men, women, and girls, said one to the other:

"The poor fellow, his words will past doubt cause his death."

But the clerk continued his announcement:

"The heretic and Claes," said he, "conversed together for long that night, and also during other nights, during which the stranger could be seen making many gestures of threatening or blessing, and lifting his arms to heaven as the manner is of his fellows in heresy. Claes seemed to approve of his words.

"Certes, during these days, evenings and nights, they talked opprobriously of the mass, of confession, of indulgences, and of His Royal Majesty. . . ."

"No man hath heard it," said Claes, "and I cannot be accused thus without proofs!"

The clerk continued:

"Another thing was heard. When the stranger came out from thy house, on the seventh day at the tenth hour, the night being fallen already, thou didst walk in the way with him as far as close to the boundary of the field of Katheline. There he asked what thou hadst done with the wicked idols"—and at that the bailiff crossed himself—"of Madame Virgin, Master Saint Nicholas, and Master Saint Martin. Thou didst answer that thou hadst broken them to pieces and cast them into the well. And they were in fact found in thy well last night, and the fragments are in the torture-chamber."

At this word Claes appeared overwhelmed. The bailiff asked him if he had nothing to say in answer: Claes made a sign with his head to say no.

The bailiff asked him if he did not wish to retract the evil thought that had made him break up the images and the impious error that by reason whereof he had uttered words opprobrious to His Divine Majesty and His Royal Majesty.

Claes answered that his body was His Royal Majesty's but that his conscience was Christ's, whose law he meant to follow. The bailiff asked him if this law was that of our Mother Holy Church. Claes made answer:

"It is contained in the holy Gospel."

Called upon to answer the question whether the Pope is the representative of God upon earth:

"No," said he.

Asked if he believed it was forbidden to worship the images of Madame the Virgin and Messieurs the Saints, he replied that it was idolatry. Questioned on the point as to whether auricular confession be a good and salutary thing, he replied:

"Christ said: 'Confess yourselves one to another'."

He was valiant and stout in his answers, though he seemed sorely troubled and affrighted at the bottom of his heart.

Eight o'clock having struck, and the night falling, the members of the court withdrew, deferring till the morrow their final judgment.

LXXI

In Katheline's cottage Soetkin wept distraught with anguish. And she said over and over again:

"My husband! my poor husband!"

Ulenspiegel and Nele embraced her with utmost

tenderness. Then taking them into her arms she wept in silence. And then she signed to them to leave her alone. Nele said to Ulenspiegel:

"Let us leave her there, it is her own wish: let us save the carolus."

They went away together; Katheline kept moving round Soetkin, saying:

"Make a hole: the soul would fain escape!"

And Soetkin, with fixed eyes, looked at her without seeing her.

The cottages of Claes and Katheline touched, that of Claes set back with a little garden in front, Katheline's had a patch of ground planted with beans giving upon the street. This patch was surrounded with a green hedge in which Ulenspiegel to get to Nele's and Nele to get to Ulenspiegel's, had made a big hole in their childish days.

Ulenspiegel and Nele came into this garden patch, and from there saw the trooper who with head wagging spat into the air, but the spittle fell back on his doublet. A wicker flask lay by his side:

"Nele," said Ulenspiegel, in a whisper, "this drunken trooper has not drunk out his thirst; he must drink more still. We shall then be his master. Let us take his flask."

At the sound of their voices, the lansquenet turned his heavy head in their direction, hunted for his flask, and not finding it, he went on spitting into the air and tried to see his spittle falling back in the moonlight.

"He is full of brandy to the teeth," said Ulenspiegel; "do you hear how he can hardly spit?"

However, the trooper, having spit and stared in the air a long while, put out his arm again to get his hand

on the flask. He found it, put his mouth to its neck, threw his head back, turned the flagon upside down, tapped on it to make it give up all its juice and sucked at it like a babe at its mother's breast. Finding nothing in it, he resigned himself, put the flask down beside him, swore a little in high German, spat again, waggled his head to right and left, and went to sleep muttering inarticulate and unintelligible paternosters.

Ulenspiegel, knowing that this sleep would not last, and that it must be thickened further, slipped through the hole in the hedge, took the trooper's flask, and gave it to Nele, who filled it with brandy.

The trooper did not cease to snore; Ulenspiegel passed again through the hole in the hedge and put the full flask between his legs, came back into Katheline's bean patch and waited behind the hedge with Nele.

Because of the chill of the newly drawn liquor the trooper awoke a little, and with his first movement sought what was making him cold under the doublet.

Judging with drunken intuition that this might well be a full flask, he put his hand to it. Ulenspiegel and Nele saw him, in the light of the moon, shake the flask to hear the lap of the liquor, taste it, laugh, marvel that it should be so full, drink a mouthful, then a good gulp, put it down on the ground, take it up again and drink once more.

Then he sang:

> When Seigneur Maan comes up the way
> To bid good e'en to lady Zee,

To high Germans, dame Zee, which is the sea, is the wife of Seigneur Maan, which is the moon and the master of women. And so he sang:

When Seigneur Maan comes up the way
To bid good e'en to lady Zee,
The lady Zee will straight purvey
A cup of wine spiced daintily,
When Seigneur Maan comes up the way.

With him she then will sup that day
And give of kisses a relay:
And when he's cleared the supper tray
Within her bed to slumber lay
When Seigneur Maan comes up the way.

Just so, my dear, provide for me,
Good food and wine spiced daintily
Just so, my dear, provide for me
When Seigneur Maan comes up the way.

Then drinking and singing a quatrain turn and turn about, he went to sleep. And he could not hear Nele saying: "They are in a pot behind the chimney back"; nor see Ulenspiegel go through the stable into Claes's kitchen, lift the slab of the chimney back, find the pot and the carolus, come back into Katheline's garden, hide the carolus there beside the well wall, knowing full well that if they were searched for it would be inside and not outside.

Then they returned to Soetkin and found the sad wife weeping and saying:

"My husband! My poor husband!"

Nele and Ulenspiegel watched by her until morning.

LXXII

On the morrow, the Borgstorm summoned with loud peals the judges to the court of the *Vierschare*.

When they were seated on the four benches, about the tree of justice, they interrogated Claes afresh and asked him if he wished to recant his errors.

Claes raised his hand towards heaven:

"Christ, my Lord, seeth me from on high," said he, "I looked upon his sun when my boy Ulenspiegel was born. Where is he now, the runagate? Soetkin, my gentle goodwife, wilt thou be brave against ill fortune?"

Then looking at the linden tree, he said, cursing it:

"Storm winds and drought! make all the trees of the land of our father die as they stand rather than see freedom of conscience condemned to death under their shade. Where art thou, my son Ulenspiegel? I was hard to thee. Messieurs, have pity upon me and judge me as Our Compassionate Lord would judge me."

All that heard him wept, save the judges.

Then he asked if there was no pardon for him, saying:

"I toiled all my days, earning but little; I was good to the poor and comfortable to all men. I left the Romish Church to obey the spirit of God that spoke to me. I ask for no other boon than to commute the penalty of the fire into that of perpetual banishment for life from the land of Flanders, a penalty already full grievous."

All that were present cried aloud:

"Pity, sirs! Mercy!"

But Josse Grypstuiver did not cry with them.

The bailiff signed to the people there to be silent and said that the edicts contained an express prohibition against asking mercy for heretics; but that if Claes would abjure his error, he should be executed by the rope instead of by fire.

And among the people ran the word:

"Fire or rope, it is death."

And the women wept, and the men growled sullen and low.

Then said Claes:

"I will not abjure. Do with my body as your mercy pleases."

The dean of Renaix, Titelman, cried out:

"It is intolerable to see such heretic vermin lift up its head before its judges; to burn their bodies is but a fleeting pain; we must save their souls and force them by the torment to deny their errors, that they may not give the people the dangerous spectacle of heretics dying in final impenitence."

At this word the women wept more and more and the men said:

"Where confession is made, there is penalty; but no torture."

The court decided that, torture not being laid down in the Ordinances, there was no ground for making Claes undergo it. Once more called upon to abjure he replied:

"I cannot."

He was, in accordance with the edicts, declared guilty of simony, because of the sale of the indulgences, a heretic, harbourer of heretics, and as such, condemned to be burned alive until death ensued before the doors of the Townhall.

His body would be left for two days' space fastened to the stake to serve as an example and warning, and thereafter interred in that place where the bodies of executed criminals are wont to be buried.

The court awarded to the informer, Josse Grypstuiver, who was not named, fifty florins on the first hundred florins of the inheritance, and a tenth part of the remainder.

Having heard this sentence, Claes said to the dean of the fishmongers:

"Thou shalt come to an ill death and a bad end, thou man of evil, who for wretched pelf dost make a widow of a happy wife, and an unhappy orphan of a lighthearted son."

The judges had allowed Claes to speak, for they also, all but Titelman, held in scorn and loathing the informing of the dean of the fishmongers.

The latter appeared all livid with shame and rage.

And Claes was taken back to gaol.

LXXIII

On the morrow, which was the day before Claes was to die, the sentence was made known to Nele, to Ulenspiegel, and to Soetkin.

They asked the judges for permission to enter the prison, which was granted, but not to Nele.

When they went in, they saw Claes fastened to the wall with a long chain. A little wood fire was burning in the fireplace because of the dampness. For it is ordained by law and justice, in Flanders, to be indulgent with those that are to die, and to give them bread, meat or cheese, and wine. But the greedy gaolers often violate the law, and many of them eat the greater part and the best of the poor prisoners' food.

Claes embraced Ulenspiegel and Soetkin weeping, but he was the first to dry his eyes, because such was his will, being a man and head of a family.

Soetkin wept and Ulenspiegel said:

"I will break these cruel irons."

Soetkin wept, saying:

"I will go to King Philip, he will grant pardon."

Claes replied:

"The king inherits the goods of the martyrs." Then he added: "Beloved wife and son, I am about to go sadly and dolorously out of this world. If I have some fear of suffering for my body, I am sore troubled also thinking that, when I am no more, ye will both be poor and in need, for the king will take all your goods."

Ulenspiegel answered, speaking in a whisper:

"Nele saved all yesterday with me."

"I am full glad of it," replied Claes; "the informer will not laugh over my spoils."

"Rather let him die first," said Soetkin, her eye full of hate and without weeping.

But Claes, thinking of the carolus, said:

"Thou wast cunning, Thylken my dear boy; she will not be hungry then in her old age, Soetkin my widow."

And Claes embraced her, pressing her body tightly to his breast, and she wept more, thinking that soon she must lose his sweet protection.

Claes looked at Ulenspiegel and said:

"Son, thou didst often sin as thou didst run upon the highways, as do wicked lads; thou must do so no more, my child, nor leave the afflicted widow alone in her house, for thou owest her protection and defence, thou the male."

"Father, this I shall do," said Ulenspiegel.

"O my poor husband!" said Soetkin, embracing him. "What great crime have we committed? We lived by us two peaceably, an honest simple life, loving one another well, Lord God, thou knowest it. We arose betimes to labour, and at night, giving thee thanks, we ate our daily bread. I will go to the king and rend him with my nails. Lord God, we were not guilty folk!"

But the gaoler came in and they must needs depart.

Soetkin begged to remain. Claes felt her poor face burn his own, and Soetkin's tears, falling in floods, wetting his cheeks, and all her poor body shivering and trembling in his arms. He begged that she might stay with him.

The gaoler said again that they must go, and took Soetkin from out of Claes's arms.

Claes said to Ulenspiegel:

"Watch over her."

Ulenspiegel said he would do this. Then he went away with Soetkin, the son supporting the mother.

LXXIV

On the morrow, which was the day of execution, the neighbours came and in pity shut up Ulenspiegel, Soetkin, and Nele, in Katheline's house.

But they had not thought that they could hear from afar the cries of the victim, and through the windows see the flame of the fire.

Katheline went roaming about the town, nodding her head and saying:

"Make a hole, the soul would fain come forth!"

At nine o'clock Claes was brought out from the prison, in his shirt, his hands bound behind his back. In accordance with the sentence, the pyre was prepared in the street of Notre Dame around a stake set up before the doors of the Townhall. The executioner and his assistants had not yet made an end of piling up the wood.

Claes, in the midst of his gaolers, waited patiently till this task was finished, while the provost, on horse-

back, and the liveried men of the bailiwick, and the nine lansquenets summoned from Bruges, could barely keep within bounds of respect the people growling and unruly.

All said, it was sheer cruelty to murder thus in his old age, unjustly, a poor fellow so kind hearted, compassionate, and stout hearted in toil.

Suddenly they all knelt down and prayed. The bells of Notre Dame were tolling for the dead.

Katheline also was in the crowd of the common people, in the first row, and all beside herself. Looking at Claes and the pyre, she said, nodding her head:

"The fire! the fire! Make a hole; the soul would fain escape!"

Soetkin and Nele, hearing the bells tolling, both crossed themselves. But Ulenspiegel did not, saying that he would no longer worship God after the fashion of murderers. And he ran about the cottage, seeking to break down doors and to leap out through windows; but all were guarded.

Suddenly Soetkin cried out, hiding her face in her apron:

"The smoke!"

The three afflicted ones saw indeed in the sky a great whirl of smoke, all black. It was the smoke of the pyre on which was Claes bound to a stake, and which the executioner had just set fire to in three places in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Claes looked about him, and not perceiving Soetkin and Ulenspiegel in the crowd, he was glad, thinking they would not behold him suffering.

No other sound was to be heard but the voice of Claes praying, the wood crackling, men growling, women

weeping, Katheline saying:—"Take away the fire, make a hole: the soul would fain escape."—and the bells of Notre Dame tolling for the dead.

Suddenly Soetkin became white as snow, shuddered in all her body without weeping, and pointed with her finger to the sky. A long narrow flame had just spouted up from the pyre and rose at moments above the roofs of the low houses. It was cruelly tormenting to Claes, for according to the whims of the wind it gnawed at his legs, touched his beard and made it frizzle and smoke, licked at his hair and burned it.

Ulenspiegel held Soetkin in his arms and would have dragged her away from the window. They heard a piercing cry, it came from Claes whose body was burning on one side only. But he held his tongue and wept, and his breast was all wet with his tears.

Then Soetkin and Ulenspiegel heard a great noise of voices. This was the citizens, women and children, crying out:

"Claes was not condemned to burn by a slow fire, but by a great one. Executioner, make the pyre burn up!"

The executioner did so, but the fire did not catch quickly enough.

"Strangle him," they cried.

And they cast stones at the provost.

"The flame! The great flame!" cried Soetkin.

In very deed, a red flame climbed up the sky in the midst of the smoke.

"He is about to die," said the widow. "Lord God, have pity upon the soul of the innocent. Where is the king, that I may rip out his heart with my nails?"

The bells of Notre Dame were tolling for the dead.

Soetkin heard Claes again utter a loud cry, but she saw not his body writhing from the torment of the flame, nor his face twisting, nor his head that he turned every way and beat against the wood of the stake. The people continued to cry out and to hiss; women and boys threw stones, and all heard Claes saying, from the midst of the flame and the smoke:

"Soetkin! Thyl!"

And his head fell forward on his breast like a head of lead.

And a lamentable shrill and piercing cry was heard coming from out of Katheline's cottage. Then none heard aught else, save the poor witless woman nodding her head and saying: "The soul would fain escape!"

Claes was dead. The pyre having burned out sank down at the foot of the stake. And the poor body, all blackened, stayed on it hanging by the neck.

And the bells of Notre Dame tolled for the dead.

LXXV

Soetkin was in Katheline's standing against the wall, her head hanging low and her hands joined together. She was holding Ulenspiegel in her embrace, neither speaking nor weeping.

Ulenspiegel also remained silent; he was terrified to feel the fire of fever with which his mother's body burned.

The neighbours, being back from the place of execution, said that Claes had ended his sufferings.

"He is in glory," said the widow.

"Pray," said Nele to Ulenspiegel: and she gave him her rosary; but he would by no means make use of it, because, said he, the beads had been blessed by the Pope.

Night having fallen, Ulenspiegel said to the widow: "Mother, we must put you in bed: I shall watch beside you."

But Soetkin: "I have no need," said she, "that you should watch; sleep is good for young men."

Nele made ready a bed for each in the kitchen, then she went away.

They stayed together as long as the remains of a fire of roots burned in the chimney place.

Soetkin went to bed, Ulenspiegel likewise, and heard her weeping beneath the coverlets.

Outside, in the silence of night, the wind made the trees by the canal complain with a sound as of the sea, and, harbinger of autumn, flung dust in whirlwinds against the cottage windows.

Ulenspiegel saw as it might be a man coming and going; he heard as it might be a sound of feet in the kitchen. Looking, he saw no man; hearkening, he heard nothing now but the wind soughing in the chimney and Soetkin weeping under her bedclothes.

Then he heard steps again, and behind him, at his head, a sigh. . . . "Who is there?" he said.

None answered, but three knocks were given on the table. Ulenspiegel grew afraid, and trembling: "Who is there?" he said again. He received no answer but three knocks on the table and he felt two arms clasp and strain him, and a body lean upon his face, a body whose skin was wrinkled and that had a great hole in its breast and a smell of burning:

"Father," said Ulenspiegel, "is it thy poor body that weighs thus upon me?"

He got no answer, and although the shade was beside him, he heard a cry without: "Thyl! Thyl!" Suddenly

Soetkin rose and came to Ulenspiegel's bed, "Dost thou hear naught?" said she.

"Aye," said he, "the father calling on me."

"I," said Soetkin, "I felt a cold body beside me in my bed; and the mattresses moved, and the curtains were shaken and I heard a voice saying: Soetkin; a voice low as a breath, and a step light as the sound of a gnat's wings." Then speaking to Claes's spirit:— "Husband," she said, "if thou desirest aught in heaven where God keeps thee in his glory, thou must tell us what it is, that we may carry out thy will."

Suddenly a blast blew the door open impetuously, filling the chamber with dust, and Ulenspiegel and Soetkin heard the far-off croakings of ravens.

They went out together and came to the pyre.

The night was black, save when the clouds, driven away by the sharp north wind and galloping like stags across the sky, left the face of the moon clear and shining.

A constable of the commune was patrolling, keeping guard on the pyre. Ulenspiegel and Soetkin heard the sound of his steps upon the hard ground and the voice of a raven, doubtless calling others, for from afar croakings answered him.

Ulenspiegel and Soetkin having drawn near to the dead fire, the raven alit upon Claes's shoulder; they heard the blows of his beak upon the body, and soon other ravens arrived.

Ulenspiegel would have leaped upon the pyre and struck at the ravens: the constable said to him:

"Wizard, seekest thou hands of glory? Know that the hands of men burned do not render invisible, but only the hands of men hanged as thou shalt be one day."

"Messire Constable," answered Ulenspiegel, "I am

no wizard, but the orphaned son of him who is there fastened, and this woman is his widow. We were but minded to kiss him once again and to have a little of his ashes in memory of him. Give us leave for this, messire, who art no trooper from a foreign country, but a very son of this land."

"Be it as thou wouldst," replied the constable.

The orphan and the widow, going over the burnt wood, came to the body; both kissed with tears the face of Claes.

Ulenspiegel took from the place of the heart, where the flames had made a great hole, a little of the dead man's ashes. Then kneeling, Soetkin and he prayed. When the dawn appeared pallid in the heavens, they were both there still; but the constable drove them away for fear of being punished because of his good-will.

Returning, Soetkin took a piece of red silk and a piece of black silk; with these she made a sachet, and then put the ashes in it, and to the sachet sewed two ribbands, so that Ulenspiegel could always wear it on his neck. When she was putting the sachet in its place on him, she said to him:

"Let these ashes, that are the heart of my man, this red that is his blood, this black that is our mourning, be ever on thy breast, like the fire of vengeance upon the murderers."

"I would have it even so," said Ulenspiegel.

And the widow embraced the orphan, and the sun arose.

LXXVI

On the morrow came the constables and criers of the commune to Claes's house to set all its plenishing in the

street and proceed to the sale by law appointed. Soetkin from Katheline's saw them bring down the brass and iron cradle which from father to son had always been in the house of Claes where the poor dead man had been born, where Ulenspiegel also had been born. Then they brought down the bed where Soetkin had conceived her son and where she had spent such good nights on her husband's shoulder. Then came, too, the cupboard where she put away her bread, the press in which, in good times, meats were kept, pans, kettles, and cooking pots no longer shining and scoured as in the good days of happiness, but sullied with the dust of neglect. And they recalled to her the family feasts when the neighbours used to come drawn to the good savours.

Then came, too, a cask and a little cask of *simpel* and *dobbel-cuyt*, and, in a basket, flasks of wine, of which there were at least thirty; and all was set down upon the street, down to the last nail the poor widow heard them dragging noisily out of the walls.

Sitting, she looked on without uttering cry or complaint, and all heartbroken, beholding these humble riches carried off. The crier having lighted a candle, the things were sold by auction. The candle was near its end when the dean of the fishmongers had bought all for a miserable price to sell again; and he seemed to be as pleased as a weasel sucking the brain of a hen.

Ulenspiegel said in his heart: "Thou shalt not laugh long, murderer."

The sale ended, meanwhile, and the constables who were searching everywhere did not find the carolus. The fishmonger exclaimed:

"Ye search ill: I know that Claes had seven hundred six months ago."

Ulenspiegel said in his heart: "Thou shalt not be the heir to them, murderer."

Suddenly Soetkin turning towards him:

"The informer!" said she, showing him the fishmonger.

"I know that," said he.

"Would you suffer him," said she, "to inherit from the father's blood?"

"Rather would I endure a whole day on the torture bench," replied Ulenspiegel.

Quoth Soetkin:

"I, too, but do not give me away for pity, whatever torment you may see me enduring."

"Alas! you are a woman," said Ulenspiegel.

"Poor lad," said she, "I brought you into the world, and know how to suffer. But you, if I saw you. . . ." Then growing pale: "I will pray Madame the Virgin, who saw her son upon the cross."

And she wept, caressing Ulenspiegel.

And thus was made between them a pact of hate and force.

LXXVII

The fishmonger need pay only one half of the price of his purchase, the other half serving to pay him the reward of his informing, until they should have recovered the seven hundred carolus that had impelled him to his villainy.

Soetkin spent the nights in weeping and the day in the tasks of housekeeping. Often Ulenspiegel heard her talking all alone and saying:

"If he inherits, I shall kill myself."

Knowing that she would indeed do as she said, Nele

and he did all they could to get Soetkin to retire to Walcheren, where she had kinsfolk. Soetkin would by no means do this, saying she had no need to run away from the worms that would soon eat her widowed bones.

In the meanwhile, the fishmonger had gone afresh to the bailiff and had told him that the defunct had inherited seven hundred carolus but a few months before, that he was a niggardly man and living on little, and therefore had not spent all that large amount, which was doubtless hidden away in some corner.

The bailiff asked him what harm had Ulenspiegel and Soetkin done him that having robbed one of a father and the other of her husband, he still racked his wits to harass them cruelly.

The fishmonger replied that being a leading burgess of Damme, he desired to have the laws of the empire respected and thus to deserve His Majesty's clemency.

Having said so much, he deposited in the bailiff's hands a written charge, and brought forward witnesses who, speaking in all truth and sincerity, must certify reluctantly that the fishmonger was no liar.

The members of the Chamber of Aldermen, having heard the testimony of the witnesses, declared the indications of guilt sufficient to warrant the application of torture. They sent, therefore, to have the house thoroughly searched once again by sergeants who had full powers to fetch the mother and the son to the town gaol, where they were detained until the executioner should come from Bruges, whither they sent to summon him immediately.

When Ulenspiegel and Soetkin passed along the street, their hands tied behind them, the fishmonger

was posted on the threshold of his house, to look at them.

And the citizens of Damme, men and women, were on the thresholds of their houses also. Mathyssen, a near neighbour of the fishmonger, heard Ulenspiegel say to the informer:

"God will curse thee, tormentor of widows!"

And Soetkin saying to him:

"Thou wilt come to an ill end, persecutor of orphans!"

The folk of Damme having thus learned that it was upon a second denunciation by Grypstuiver that the widow and the orphan were thus being haled off to prison, hooted the fishmonger, and that night flung stones through his windows. And his door was covered with filth.

And he no longer dared to leave his own house.

LXXVIII

Towards ten o'clock in the forenoon Ulenspiegel and Soetkin were brought into the torture chamber.

There were the bailiff, the clerk and the sheriffs, the executioner from Bruges, his assistant and a barber surgeon.

The bailiff asked Soetkin if she was not holding back goods that belonged to the Emperor. She replied that having nothing, she could hold back nothing.

"And thou?" asked the bailiff, speaking to Ulenspiegel.

"Seven months since," said he, "we inherited seven hundred carolus; some of these we ate. As for the others, I cannot tell where they are; I think indeed that

the traveller on foot that stayed in our house, for our undoing, took the rest away, for I have seen nothing since then."

The bailiff asked again if both persisted in declaring themselves innocent.

They answered that they were holding back nothing that belonged to the Emperor.

The bailiff then said gravely and sadly:

"The charges against you being serious and the accusation well sustained, you must needs, if you do not confess, undergo the question."

"Spare the widow," said Ulenspiegel. "The fishmonger has bought up everything."

"Poor lad," said Soetkin, "men cannot endure pain as women can."

Seeing Ulenspiegel pale as the dead because of her, she said again:

"I have hate and force."

"Spare the widow," said Ulenspiegel.

"Take me in his stead," said Soetkin.

The bailiff asked the executioner if he had in readiness the implements and all things needful to discover the truth.

The executioner replied:

"They are all here."

The judges, having consulted, decided that, in order to come at the truth, they should begin with the woman.

"For," said one of the sheriffs, "there is no son so cruel or hard hearted as to see his mother suffer without making confession of the crime and so to deliver her; the same will do any mother, were she a tigress at heart, for her offspring."

Speaking to the executioner, the bailiff said:

"Make the woman sit in the chair and put the baguettes on her hands and her feet."

The executioner obeyed.

"Oh, do not do that, Messieurs Judges!" cried Ulenspiegel. "Bind me in her place, break my fingers and my toes, but spare the widow."

"The fishmonger," said Soetkin. "I have hate and force."

Ulenspiegel seemed livid pale, trembling, beside himself, and held his peace.

The baguettes were little rods of boxwood, placed between each finger and toe, touching the bone, and joined together with strings by an instrument so craftily designed that the executioner could, at the behest of the judge, squeeze all the fingers together, strip the bones of their flesh, grind them terribly, or give the victim only a slight pain.

He put the baguettes on Soetkin's hands and feet.

"Tighten," said the bailiff.

He did so cruelly.

Then the bailiff, addressing himself to Soetkin:

"Discover to me," said he, "the place where the carolus are hidden."

"I do not know it," she replied, groaning.

"Harder," said he.

Ulenspiegel twisted his arms that were bound behind his back to be rid of the rope and so come to Soetkin's aid.

"Do not tighten them, messieurs judges," said he, "do not tighten them, these be but woman's bones, thin and brittle. A bird could break them with its beak. Do not tighten them, sirs—master executioner, I do not speak to you, for you must needs be obedient

to these gentlemen's orders. O do not bid him tighten them; have pity!"

"The fishmonger," said Soetkin.

And Ulenspiegel held his peace.

However, seeing that the executioner was locking the baguettes tighter still, he cried out again:

"Pity, sirs!" he said. "Ye are breaking the widow's fingers that she needeth to work withal. Alas! her feet! Will she never walk again now? Pity, sirs!"

"Thou shalt come to an ill end, fishmonger," cried Soetkin.

And the bones crackled and the blood from her feet fell in little drops.

Ulenspiegel looked at all this, and trembling with anguish and with rage, he said:

"A woman's bones, do not break them, sirs!"

"The fishmonger," groaned Soetkin.

And her voice was low and stifled like the voice of a ghost.

Ulenspiegel trembled and cried out:

"Master judges, her hands are bleeding and her feet, too. The widow's bones are broken, broken!"

The barber surgeon touched them with his finger, and Soetkin uttered a loud scream.

"Confess for her," said the bailiff to Ulenspiegel.

But Soetkin looked at him with eyes like the eyes of the dead, wide open and staring. And he knew he could not speak, and he wept and said nothing.

But the bailiff said next:

"Since this woman is gifted with a man's fortitude, we must try her courage before the torments of her son."

Soetkin heard nothing, for she had lost her senses by reason of the great agony she had suffered.

They brought her back to consciousness with much vinegar. Then Ulenspiegel was stripped naked before the widow's eyes. The executioner shaved his head and his whole body, so as to spy that he had no wicked spell on him. Then he perceived on his back the little black mark he carried from his birth. He thrust a long needle into it several times; but as the blood came, he decided that there was no sorcery in the mark. At the bailiff's order, the hands of Ulenspiegel were tied with two cords running over a pulley fixed to the roof so that the executioner at the judges' pleasure could hoist him up and let him drop with a brutal jerk; which he did nine times, having first hung a weight of twenty-five pounds on each foot.

At the ninth time, the skin of his wrists and ankles tore, and the bones of his legs began to come out of their sockets.

"Confess," said the bailiff.

"No," replied Ulenspiegel.

Soetkin looked at her son and could find no strength either to cry out or to speak; only she stretched forth her arms, fluttering her bleeding hands and showing thus that they must make an end of this torment.

The executioner ran Ulenspiegel up and down yet again. And the skin of his wrists and ankles was torn still more; and the bones of his legs came out of their sockets further still; but he uttered no cry.

Soetkin wept and fluttered her bleeding hands.

"Confess the concealment," said the bailiff, "and you shall have pardon for it."

"The fishmonger hath need of pardon," answered Ulenspiegel.

"Wilt thou mock thy judges?" said one of the sheriffs.

"Mock? Alas!" replied Ulenspiegel, "I but feign to mock, believe me."

Soetkin then saw the executioner, who, at the bailiff's order, was blowing up a brazier of red coals, and an assistant who was lighting two candles. She would fain have risen up on her murdered feet, but fell back to a sitting posture, and exclaiming:

"Take away that fire!" she cried. "Ah! master judges, spare his poor youth. Take away the fire!"

"The fishmonger!" cried Ulenspiegel, seeing her weakening.

"Raise Ulenspiegel a foot above the ground," said the bailiff; "set the brazier underneath his feet and a candle under either armpit."

The executioner obeyed. What hair was left in his armpits crackled and smoked in the flame.

Ulenspiegel cried out, and Soetkin, weeping, said:

"Take the fire away!"

The bailiff said:

"Confess the concealment and thou shalt be set at liberty. Confess for him, woman."

And Ulenspiegel said: "Who will throw the fishmonger into the fire that burneth for ever?"

Soetkin made sign with her head that she had nothing to say. Ulenspiegel ground and gnashed his teeth, and Soetkin looked at him with haggard eyes and all in tears.

Nevertheless, when the executioner, having blown out the candles, set the burning brazier under Ulenspiegel's feet, she cried:

"Master judges, have pity upon him: he knows not what he saith."

"Why doth he not know what he saith?" asked the bailiff, craftily.

"Do not question her, master judges; ye see full well that she is out of her wits with torment. The fishmonger lied," said Ulenspiegel.

"Wilt thou say the same as he, woman?" asked the bailiff.

Soetkin made sign with her head to say yes.

"Burn the fishmonger!" cried Ulenspiegel.

Soetkin held her peace, raising her clenched fist into the air as though to curse.

Yet seeing the brazier burn up more fiercely under her son's feet, she cried:

"O Lord God! Madame Mary that art in heaven, put an end to this torment! Have pity! Take the brazier away!"

"The fishmonger!" groaned Ulenspiegel again.

And he vomited blood in great gushes through nose and mouth, and letting his head fall, hung suspended above the coals.

Then Soetkin cried:

"He is dead, my poor orphan! They have killed him! Ah! him, too. Take away this brazier, master judges! Let me take him into my arms to die also, I, too, to die with him. Ye know I cannot flee on my broken feet."

"Give the widow her son," said the bailiff.

Then the judges deliberated together.

The executioner unbound Ulenspiegel, and laid him all naked and covered with blood upon Soetkin's knees, while the barber surgeon put back his bones in their sockets.

All the while Soetkin embraced Ulenspiegel, and said, weeping:

"Son, poor martyr! If the judges will, I shall heal

thee, I; but awaken, Thyl, my son! Master judges, if ye have killed him on me, I shall go to His Majesty; for ye have done contrary to all laws and justice, and ye shall see what one poor woman can do against wicked men. But, sirs, leave us free together. We have nothing but our two selves in the world, poor wretches on whom the hand of God has been heavy."

Having deliberated, the judges gave out the following sentence:

"Inasmuch as you, Soetkin, lawful widow of Claes, and you, Thyl, son of Claes, and called Ulenspiegel, having been accused of fraudulently withholding the goods that by confiscation were the property of His Majesty the King, maugre all privileges contrary to this, despite severe torture and adequate ordeal, have confessed to nothing:

"The court, considering the absence of sufficient proofs, and in you, woman, the piteous condition of your members, and in you, man, the harsh torment you have undergone, declares you both at liberty, and accords you permission to take up your abode in the house of him or her who may please to give you lodging, in spite of your poverty.

"Thus decreed at Damme, the three and twentieth day of October in the year of Our Lord 1558."

"Thanks be to you, master judges," said Soetkin.

"The fishmonger!" groaned Ulenspiegel.

And mother and son were taken to the house of Katheline in a cart.

LXXIX

In this year, which was the fifty-eighth of the century, Katheline went into Soetkin's house, and said:

"Last night, having anointed myself with a balsam, I was carried to the tower of Notre Dame, and I beheld the spirits of the element passing on to the angels the prayers of men who flying towards the farthest heavens, bore them to the throne. And the sky was all over sprinkled with radiant stars. Suddenly there rose up from a fire pile a shape that seemed all black and climbed up to set himself beside me on the tower. I recognized Claes as he was in life, clad in his coalman's attire. 'What dost thou,' said he, 'on the tower of Notre Dame?' 'But thyself,' I replied, 'whither goest thou, flying through the air like a bird?' 'I go,' he said, 'to the judgment, dost thou not hear the angel's trump?' I was quite close to him, and felt that his spiritual body was not solid like the bodies of living men; but so tenuous that moving forward against him, I entered into it as into a hot vapour. At my feet, in all the land of Flanders, there shone a few lights, and I said to myself: 'Those who rise early and work late are the blessed of God.'

"And all the while I heard the angel's trumpet sounding through the night. And I saw then another shade that mounted, coming out of Spain; this one was old and decrepit, had a chin like a slipper and preserve of quince on its lips. It wore on its back a cloak of crimson velvet lined with ermine, on its head a crown imperial, in one hand an anchovy which it was munching, in the other a tankard full of beer.

"It came, doubtless for weariness, and sate down on the tower of Notre Dame. Kneeling down, I said to it: 'Crowned Majesty, I revere you, but I know you not. Whence come you and what do you in the world?' 'I come,' it said, 'from Saint Just in Estramadura, and I

was the Emperor Charles the Fifth.' 'But,' said I, 'whither go you as now on this cold night, through these clouds laden with hail?' 'I go,' it said, 'to the judgment.' Just as the Emperor was fain to finish his anchovy and to drink his beer from his tankard, the angel's trumpet sounded, and he flew up into the air growling and grumbling at being thus interrupted in his meal. I followed His Sacred Majesty. He went through space, hiccoughing with fatigue, wheezing with asthma, and sometimes vomiting, for death had come on him during a spell of indigestion. We mounted continually, like arrows sped from a bow of cornelwood. The stars glided beside us, tracing lines of fire in the sky; we saw them break loose and fall. And still the trumpet of the angel kept a-sounding. What a mighty and sonorous blare! At every flourish, as it beat against the mists of the air, they opened up as though some hurricane blast had blown upon them from near at hand. And so was our path marked out for us. Having been borne away for a thousand leagues and more, we beheld Christ in his glory, seated on a throne of stars, and on his right hand was the angel that inscribes the deeds of men upon a brazen register, and on his left hand Mary his mother, entreating him without ceasing for sinners.

"Claes and the Emperor Charles knelt down before the throne.

"The angel cast the crown from off Charles's head: 'There is but one emperor here,' said he, 'that is Christ.'

"His Sacred Majesty seemed angry; nevertheless, speaking humbly: 'Might I not,' said he, 'keep this anchovy and this tankard of beer, for this long journey made me hungry.'

"'As thou wast all thy life long,' rejoined the angel; 'but eat and drink none the less.'

"The Emperor drained the tankard of beer and munched at the anchovy.

"Then Christ spake and said:

"'Dost thou offer a cleansed soul for judgment?'

"'I hope as much, my sweet Lord, for I confessed myself,' replied the Emperor Charles.

"'And thou, Claes?' said Christ, 'thou dost not tremble as doth this emperor.'

"'My Lord Jesus,' answered Claes, 'there is no soul that is clean; I am not, therefore, afraid of Thee who art the supreme good and the supreme justice, but withal I fear for my sins that were many.'

"'Speak, carrion,' said the angel, addressing the Emperor.

"'I, Lord,' replied Charles in an embarrassed voice, 'being anointed by the finger of Thy priests, I was consecrated King of Castile, Emperor of Germany, and King of the Romans. I had ever at heart the preservation of the power that cometh from Thee, and to that end I wrought by the rope, by the steel, by the pit, and by the fire against all them of the reform.'"

"But the angel:

"'Belly-aching liar,' said he, 'thou wouldst fain deceive us. Thou didst tolerate the reformers in Germany, because thou wast afeard of them, and had them beheaded, burned, hanged, and buried alive in the Low Countries, where thou hadst no fear save not to inherit enough from these toiling bees so rich in plenteous honey. A hundred thousand souls perished by thy doing, not because thou didst love Christ, monseigneur, but because thou wast a despot, tyrant,

devourer of countries, loving but thyself, and after thyself, meats, fishes, wines, and beers, for thou wast as great a glutton as any dog, and thirsty as a sponge.'

"'And thou, Claes, speak,' said Christ.

"But the angel, standing up:

"'This one hath naught to say. He was good, hard-working like the poor Flanders folk, willing to toil and willing to laugh, keeping the faith he owed his princes and believing that his princes would keep the faith they owed to him. He had money, he was accused, and as he had harboured one of the reformed, he was burned alive.'

"'Ah,' said Mary, 'poor martyr, but there are in heaven cool springs, fountains of milk, and choice wine that will refresh thee, and I will myself lead thee to them, coalman!'

"The trumpet of the angel sounded again, and I saw arising from the depths of the abyss a man naked and beautiful, with a crown of iron. And on the round of the crown were inscribed these words: 'Dark until the day of doom!'

"He drew near to the throne and said to Christ:

"'I am thy slave until I am thy master.'

"'Satan,' said Mary, 'a day shall come when there will be no more slaves or masters, and when Christ who is love, Satan who is pride, will signify: Might and Knowledge.'

"'Woman,' said Satan, 'thou art fair and kind.'

"Then speaking to Christ, and pointing to the Emperor:

"'What is to be done with this one?' said he.

"Christ replied:

"'Thou shalt put the crowned worm in a chamber

where thou shalt collect all the implements of torment used during his reign. Each time a wretched, innocent man endureth the torment of the water, which bloweth men up like bladders; of the candles, that burneth the soles of the feet and the armpits; the strappado, which breaketh the limbs; the riving asunder by four galleys; every time a free soul gives up its last breath on the fire, he must undergo all these deaths in turn, all these tortures, that he may learn what evil may be wrought by an unjust man that hath at command millions of his fellow men: let him rot in gaols, die upon scaffolds, groan in exile far from his own country; let him be dishonoured, shamefully entreated, scourged; let him be rich and harried by the treasury; let informers bring accusations against him, and confiscations ruin him. Thou shalt make of him an ass, that he may be meek, ill treated, and ill fed; a poor man, that he may ask for alms and be greeted with insults; a worker that he may toil too much and eat too little; then when he shall have suffered sorely in his man's body and soul, thou shalt turn him into a dog, that he may be friendly, and be beaten; a slave in the Indies, that he may be sold by auction; a soldier, that he may fight for another man and be slain without knowing wherefore. And when, at the end of three hundred years, he will thus have gone through every form of suffering, every distress, thou shalt make a free man of him, and if in this condition he is good as was Claes, thou shalt give his body eternal repose, in a spot shaded at noon, visited by the sun in the morning, under a goodly tree, and covered by a cool verdant sward. And his friends will come to shed their tears of grief upon his tomb, and sow violets, the blossoms of remembrance.'

"'Pardon, my son,' said Mary, 'he knew not what he did, for power hardeneth the heart.'

"'There is no pardon,' said Christ.

"'Ah!' said His Sacred Majesty, 'if only I had a glass of Andalusian wine!'

"'Come,' said Satan, 'past is the time of wine, of meats and fowls.'

"And he bore away to the uttermost deeps of hell the soul of the poor emperor, still munching his fragment of anchovy.

"Satan for pity left it to him. Then I saw Madame the Virgin leading Claes to the highest height of heaven, there where was naught but stars hanging like clusters of grapes to the vaulted roof. And there angels laved him and he became handsome and young. Then they gave him *rystpap* to eat, in silver spoons. And heaven closed again."

"He is in glory," said the widow.

"The ashes beat against my heart," said Ulenspiegel.

LXXX

During the next three and twenty days Katheline grew white, and thin, drying up as though she were devoured by a fire within more consuming than the fire of madness.

She said no longer: "The fire! Make a hole: the soul would fain escape," but ever in ecstasy and delight she would say to Nele: "Spouse am I: spouse thou art to be. Handsome; long hair; hot love; knees cold and cold arms!"

And Soetkin looked on her grieving, for she thought this some new madness.

Katheline continued:

"Thrice three make nine, the sacred number. He that in the night hath eyes shining as a cat's alone seeth the mystery."

One night Soetkin, hearing her, made a movement of doubting.

But Katheline:

"Four and three," said she, "misfortune under Saturn; under Venus, the marriage number. Cold arms! Cold knees! Heart of fire!"

Soetkin made answer:

"It is not well to speak of wicked heathen idols."

Hearing which Katheline made the sign of the cross and said:

"Blessed be the gray horseman. Nele must have a husband, a handsome husband carrying a sword, a black husband with a shining face."

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel, "a fricassee of husbands for which I shall make the sauce with my knife."

Nele looked at her friend with eyes all moist for the pleasure of seeing him so jealous.

"I want no husband," said she.

Katheline replied:

"When he that is clad in gray shall come, ever booted and spurred in another fashion."

Soetkin said:

"Pray to God for the poor madwife."

"Ulenspiegel," said Katheline, "go fetch us four quarts of *dobbel-cuyt* whilst I go to prepare the *heete-koeken*"; which are pancakes in the land of France.

Soetkin asked why she made feast on Saturday like the Jews.

Katheline answered:

"Because the dough is ready."

Ulenspiegel was standing holding in his hand the great pewter pot, which held the exact measure.

"Mother, what must I do?"

"Go," said Katheline.

Soetkin would not answer, not being mistress in the house: she said to Ulenspiegel, "Go, my son."

Ulenspiegel ran up to the *Scaeck*, whence he brought back the four quarts of *dobbel-cuyt*.

Soon the perfume of the *heete-koeken* spread throughout the kitchen, and all were hungry, even the sorrow-stricken widow.

Ulenspiegel ate heartily. Katheline had given him a great tankard saying that being the only male, and head in the house, he must drink more than the others and sing afterwards.

Saying this, she had a crafty look; but Ulenspiegel drank and did not sing. Nele wept, looking at Soetkin all pale and huddled down; only Katheline was gay.

After the meal Soetkin and Ulenspiegel went up to the garret to go to bed; Katheline and Nele remained in the kitchen where the beds were prepared.

Towards two in the morning, Ulenspiegel had long been asleep by reason of the heavy drink; Soetkin, with eyes open even as she had every night, was praying to Madame the Virgin to send her sleep, but Madame did not give ear.

Suddenly she heard the cry of a sea eagle and from the kitchen a like cry in answer; then from afar in the country, other cries resounded, and always she deemed that there was an answer from the kitchen.

Thinking that these were night birds, she paid no heed to them. She heard the neighing of horses and

the clatter of iron-shod hoofs striking on the causeway; she opened the window of the garret and saw indeed two horses, saddled, pawing the ground, and browsing on the grass of the roadside. Then she heard the voice of a woman crying out, a man's voice threatening, blows struck, fresh cries, the banging of a door, and an agonized foot climbing the steps of the stair.

Ulenspiegel snored and heard nothing at all; the garret door opened; Nele came in all but naked, out of breath, panting, weeping, and sobbing, against the door she thrust a table, chairs, an old stove, all she could find in the shape of furniture. The last stars were nearly extinguished, the cocks were beginning to crow.

Ulenspiegel, at the noise that Nele had made, had turned in his bed, but still continued to sleep.

Nele then, flinging herself on Soetkin's neck: "Soetkin," she said, "I am afraid, light the candle."

Soetkin did so; and Nele still groaned the while.

The candle being lit, Soetkin looked at Nele and saw the girl's chemise torn at the shoulder and on her forehead, her cheek, and her neck bloody scratches such as might be made by fingernails.

"Nele," said Soetkin, embracing her, "whence come you wounded in this fashion?"

The girl, still trembling and moaning, said: "Do not have us burned, Soetkin."

In the meantime, Ulenspiegel awaked and was blinking in the candlelight. Soetkin said: "Who is below there?"

Nele replied:

"Hold thy peace, it is the husband she wants to give me."

Soetkin and Nele all at once heard Katheline cry out, and their limbs gave way under both of them.

"He is beating her, he is beating her on my account," said Nele.

"Who is in the house?" cried Ulenspiegel, leaping out of his bed. Then rubbing his eyes, he went searching about the chamber until he had got his hands on a weighty poker lying in a corner.

"No one," said Nele, "nobody at all; do not go down, Ulenspiegel!"

But he, paying no heed to anything, ran to the door, flinging aside chairs, tables, and stove. Katheline ceased not to cry out below; Nele and Soetkin clung to Ulenspiegel on the landing, one with her arms about his body, the other holding by his legs, saying: "Do not go down, Ulenspiegel, they are devils."

"Aye," he replied, "devil-husband of Nele, I will join him in wedlock with my poker. Betrothal of iron and flesh! Let me go down.'"

But still they would not let go, for they were strong by reason of their holding on the balusters. He dragged them down the steps of the staircase, and they were afraid at thus drawing nearer to the devils. But they could do nothing against him. Descending by leaps and bounds like a great snowball from the top of a mountain, he went into the kitchen, saw Katheline worn out and wan in the light of the dawn, and heard her saying: "Hanske, why dost thou leave me alone? It is not my fault if Nele is bad."

Ulenspiegel, without staying to listen to her, opened the stable door. Finding no one within, he dashed out into the garden and from thence into the highway; far off he saw two horses galloping and losing themselves

in the mist. He ran to catch them up, but could not, for they went like the storm winds sweeping up the withered leaves.

Vexed and wild with anger and despair, he came back again, saying between his teeth: "They have violated her! they have violated her!" And with an ill flame burning in his eyes he looked on Nele, who, all shuddering, standing before the widow and Katheline, said: "No Thyl, no, my beloved, no!"

Saying so, she looked into his eyes so seriously and so candidly that Ulenspiegel well perceived that she spoke the truth. Then questioning her:

"Whence came these cries?" said he; "where were those men going? Why is thy chemise torn at the shoulder and the back? Why hast thou on thy cheek and forehead the marks of fingernails?"

"Listen," said she, "but do not have us burned, Ulenspiegel. Katheline, may God preserve her from hell! has now for three and twenty days a devil for lover, clad in black, booted and spurred. His face shines with the fire seen in summertime upon the waves of the sea when it is hot."

"Why art thou gone, Hanske, my darling?" said Katheline. "Nele is bad."

But Nele, going on with her tale, said: "He cries like a sea eagle to announce his presence. My mother sees him in the kitchen every Saturday. She says that his kisses are cold and his body like snow. He beats her when she does not do all that he would have her do. He once brought her some florins, but he took all the others from her."

During this tale, Soetkin, clasping her hands, prayed for Katheline. Katheline said, rejoicing:

"Mine is my body no longer, mine no longer is my spirit, but his. Hanske, my darling, bring me to the sabbath again. There is only Nele that never hath mind to come; Nele is bad."

"At daybreak he was wont to depart," continued the girl; "and on the morrow my mother would tell me a hundred marvels. . . . But there is no need to look on me with such cruel eyes, Ulenspiegel. Yesterday she told me that a fine seigneur, clothed in gray and called Hilbert, desired to have me in marriage and would come here to show himself to me. I answered that I had no mind for any husband, neither ugly nor handsome. By her maternal authority she forced me to remain up to wait their coming; for she loses none of her wits when it is a matter of her amours. We were half undressed, ready to go to bed; I was sleeping upon yonder chair. When they came within I did not wake. Suddenly I felt someone embracing me and kissing me on the neck. And by the light of the shining moon I beheld a face as bright as the crests of the waves of the sea in July, when it is like to thunder, and I heard one saying to me in a whispering voice: 'I am Hilbert, thy husband; be mine and I shall make thee rich.' The face of him that spake had a smell as of fish. I repulsed him; he would have taken me by force, but I had the strength of ten men like him. Even so he tore my chemise, wounded my face, and went on saying, 'Be mine, I shall make thee rich.' 'Aye,' I said, 'like my mother, from whom thou wilt take her last liard.' Then he redoubled his violence, but could avail naught against me. Then as he was uglier than a corpse, I gave him my nails in his eyes so hard that he screamed for the pain and I could break loose and come hither to Soetkin."

Katheline kept repeating:

"Nele is bad. Why hast thou gone so quickly, Hanske, my darling?"

"Where wast thou, ill mother," said Soetkin, "while they would have taken away thy child's honour?"

"Nele is bad," said Katheline. "I was with my black lord, when the gray devil came to us, his face all bloody, and said: 'Come away, lad: the house is a bad house; the men in it would beat us to the death, and the women have knives at their fingertips.' Then they ran to their horses and disappeared in the mist. Nele is bad!"

LXXXI

On the morrow, while they were drinking hot milk, Soetkin said to Katheline:

"Thou seest that sorrow is driving me already out of this world, wouldst thou drive me to flee from it through thy damned witchcrafts?"

But Katheline kept saying:

"Nele is bad. Come back, Hanske, my darling."

On the next Wednesday the devils came back together. Since the Saturday Nele slept at the house of the widow Van den Houte, saying that she could not stay at Katheline's by reason of the presence of Ulenspiegel, a young bachelor.

Katheline received her black lord and his friend in the *keet*, which is the wash house and the bakery appurtenant to the main dwelling. And then they held feast and revel with old wines and smoked ox tongues, that were always there awaiting them. The black devil said to Katheline:

"We have need," said he, "for an important task

that is to be done, of a heavy sum of money; give us what thou canst."

Katheline, being unwilling to give more than a florin, they threatened to kill her. But they let her off with two gold carolus and seven deniers.

"Come no more on the Saturday," she told them. "Ulenspiegel knows that day and will await you with weapons to kill you, and I should die after you."

"We shall come next Tuesday," said they.

On that day Ulenspiegel and Nele slept without fear of the devils, for they believed that they came only on Saturday.

Katheline rose and went into the *keet*, to see if her friends had come.

She was sorely impatient, because since she had seen Hanske again, her madness had greatly lessened, for folk said it was love-madness.

Not seeing them, she was brokenhearted; when she heard the sea eagle cry from the direction of Sluys, in the country, she went towards the cry. Going in the meadow at the foot of a dyke of faggots and green sod, she heard from the other side of the dyke the two devils talking together. One said:

"I shall have the half of it."

The other replied:

"Thou shalt have none of it; what is Katheline's is mine."

Then they cursed and blasphemed like madmen, disputing between them who should have to himself alone the money and the loves of Katheline and Nele together. Transfixed with fear, daring neither to speak nor budge, Katheline presently heard them fighting, then one of them saying:

"This steel is cold." Then a rattling breath and the fall of a heavy body.

Affrighted, she walked back to her cottage. At two o'clock in the night she heard again, but now in her garden, the cry of the sea eagle. She went to open and saw before the door her lover devil alone. She asked him:

"What hast thou done with the other?"

"He will not come again," he answered.

Then embracing her he caressed her. And he seemed to her colder than usual. And Katheline's spirit was well awaked. When he went away, he asked her for twenty florins, all she had: she gave him seventeen.

On the morrow, being curious, she went along by the dyke; but she saw nothing, save at a spot as big as a man's coffin blood upon the turf that was less solid under foot. But that night rain washed away the blood.

The next Wednesday she heard the cry of the sea eagle once more in her garden.

LXXXII

Each time he needed money to pay their share of expenses at Katheline's Ulenspiegel went by night to lift the stone from the hole dug beside the well, and took out a carolus.

One night the three women were spinning; Ulenspiegel was carving with his knife a box that the bailiff had entrusted to him, and on which he was skilfully graving a goodly chase, with a pack of Hainaut dogs, mastiffs from Crete, the which are most savage beasts; Brabant dogs going in pairs and called ear biters, and

other dogs, straight-legged, crook-legged, short-legged, and greyhounds.

Katheline being present, Nele asked Soetkin if she had hidden her treasure well. The widow answered without any misgivings that it could not be better than in the side of the well wall.

Towards the midnight, being Thursday, Soetkin was awakened by Bibulus Schnouffius, barking very sharply, but not for long. Deeming that it was some false alarm, she went to sleep again.

Friday morning, early, Soetkin and Ulenspiegel, having risen, did not see Katheline as usual in the kitchen, nor the fire lit, nor the milk boiling on the fire. They were dumbfounded and looked to see if she was not perchance in the garden. They saw her there, though it was misty rain, dishevelled, in her body linen all soaked and chilled, but not daring to enter.

Ulenspiegel, going to her, said:

"What dost thou there, half naked, when it rains?"

"Ah," she said, "aye, aye, a great portent!"

And she showed the dog with his throat cut and lying stiff.

Ulenspiegel thought at once of the treasure; he ran to it. The hole was empty and the earth strewed far about.

Leaping on Katheline and beating her:

"Where are the carolus?" he said.

"Aye, aye, a great portent!" replied Katheline.

Nele, defending her mother, cried out:

"Mercy and pity, Ulenspiegel!"

He ceased to strike. Soetkin then showed herself and asked what was the matter.

Ulenspiegel showed her the dog killed and the hole empty. Soetkin went white and said:

"Thou dost smite me cruelly, Lord God. My poor feet!"

And she said that because of the agony she had in them and the torment borne in vain for the gold carolus. Nele, seeing Soetkin so gentle, fell in despair and wept; Katheline, waving a piece of parchment, said:

"Aye, a great portent. Last night he came, kindly and goodly. No longer was there on his face that livid glow that gave me so much affright. He spoke to me with a great tenderness. I was ravished with joy, my heart melted within me. He said to me, 'Now I am rich, and will before long bring thee a thousand florins.' 'Aye,' said I, 'I am more glad for thy sake than for mine, Hanske, my darling.' 'But hast thou not here,' he asked, 'some other person thou lovest and whom I might make rich?' 'Nay,' I replied, 'those that be here have no need of thee.' 'Thou art proud,' said he, 'are then Soetkin and Ulenspiegel rich?' 'They live with no help from their neighbours,' I replied. 'In spite of the confiscation?' said he. To which I answered that you had endured the torture rather than allow your money to be taken. 'I was not without knowledge of that,' said he. And he began, laughing quiet and low, to jeer at the bailiff and the sheriffs, for that they had not been able to make you confess. Then I laughed equally. 'They had not been so silly,' said he, 'as to hide their treasure in their house.' I laughed. 'Nor in the cellar, here.' 'No, no,' said I. 'Nor in the garden?' I made no reply. 'Ah,' said he, 'it would be too much of an imprudence.' 'Not much,' said I, 'for neither the

water nor the wall will speak.' And he continued to laugh.

"Last night he went away sooner than usual, after giving me a powder with which, said he, I could go to the finest of sabbaths. I brought him, in my linen, to the garden gate, and I was all overcome with sleep. I went, as he had said, to the sabbath, and came back only at daybreak, when I found myself here, and saw the dog dead and the hole empty. That is a very heavy blow for me, who loved him so tenderly and gave him my soul. But you shall have all I have, and I shall work with my feet and my hands to maintain you."

"I am the corn under the millstone: God and a robber devil strike me at the same time," said Soetkin.

"Robber, do not say so," rejoined Katheline; "he is a devil, a devil. And for proof, I will show you the parchment he left in the yard; there is written upon it: 'Never forget to do my service. In thrice two weeks and five days I shall return thee the twofold of the treasure. Have no doubt, else thou shalt die.' And he will keep his word, I am convinced and sure."

"Poor witless one!" said Soetkin.

And that was her last word of reproach.

LXXXIII

The two weeks having thrice passed by and the five days as well, the lover devil never came back. And still Katheline lived without despairing of it.

Soetkin, never working now, remained continually in front of the fire, coughing and bent. Nele gave her the best and most fragrant herbs: but no remedy had power upon her. Ulenspiegel never left the

cottage, fearing that Soetkin might die while he was abroad.

Then it came that the widow could neither eat nor drink without vomiting. The barber surgeon came and bled her; the blood being taken from her, she was so weak that she could not leave her stool. At length, withered up with sorrow and pain, she said one evening:

"Claes, my husband! Thyl, my son! I thank thee, God who takest me away!"

And she died on a sigh.

Katheline not daring to watch by her, Ulenspiegel and Nele did it together, and all night long they prayed for the dead woman.

At dawn there entered by the open window a swallow.

Nele said:

"The bird of souls, 'tis a good omen: Soetkin is in heaven."

The swallow flew round the chamber thrice and went off with a cry.

Then there entered a second swallow, bigger and blacker than the other. It circled around Ulenspiegel, and he said:

"Father and Mother, the ashes beat against my breast, I shall do what ye ask."

And the second went away crying shrill like the first. The day showed brighter; Ulenspiegel saw thousands of swallows skimming the meadows, and the sun arose.

And Soetkin was buried in the field of the poor.

LXXXIV

After Soetkin's death, Ulenspiegel, dreamy, sorrowful, or angry, wandered about the kitchen, hearing

nothing, taking what food or drink was given him, without choosing. And he often rose at night.

In vain did Nele with her soft voice exhort him to hope. Vainly did Katheline tell him that she knew Soetkin was in paradise with Claes. To all Ulenspiegel replied:

"The ashes are beating."

And he was as a man distraught, and Nele wept to see him in this plight.

Meanwhile, the fishmonger remained in his house alone like a parricide, and dared not go forth save by night; for men and women, passing near him, hooted him and called him murderer, and children fled before him, for they had been told that he was the executioner. He wandered alone and solitary, not daring to go into any of the three taverns of Damme; for he was pointed at in them, and if he merely remained standing for a minute inside, the drinkers went away.

Hence it came that the *baesen* wished not to see him again, and if he presented himself, shut their door to him. Then the fishmonger would offer a humble remonstrance: they would reply that it was their right and not their obligation to sell.

Tired of the struggle, the fishmonger used to go to drink *in 't Roode Valck*, at the Red Falcon, a little wine shop away from the town on the edge of the Sluys Canal. There they served him; for they were grubbing folk to whom any money was welcome. But the *baes* of the *Roode Valck* never spoke a word to him nor did his wife. There were two children and a dog in the house: when the fishmonger would have caressed the children, they ran away; and when he called the dog, the dog tried to bite him.

One evening Ulenspiegel stood on the threshold: Mathyssens the cooper, seeing him so pensive and dreaming, said to him:

"You should work with your hands and forget this sad blow."

Ulenspiegel answered:

"The ashes of Claes beat against my breast."

"Ah," said Mathyssens, "he leads a sadder life than thou, the wretched fishmonger. No man speaks to him, and everyone flees from him, so that he is driven to go among the poor ragamuffins at the *Roode Valck* to drink his quart of *bruinbier* by himself. 'Tis a sore punishment."

"The ashes beat!" said Ulenspiegel again.

That same evening, while the clock on Notre Dame was striking the ninth hour, Ulenspiegel went towards the *Roode Valck*, and seeing that the fishmonger was not there, he went wandering under the trees on the edge of the canal. The moon was shining bright and clear.

He saw the murderer coming.

As he passed before him, he could see him near at hand, and heard him say, speaking aloud like those who live alone:

"Where have they hidden these carolus?"

"Where the devil has found them," answered Ulenspiegel striking him full in the face with his fist.

"Alas!" said the fishmonger, "I know thee who thou art, thou art the son. Have pity, I am old and weak. What I did, it was not for hate, but to serve His Majesty. Deign to pardon me. I wilt give thee back the furniture I purchased, thou wilt not have to pay me one single patard for it. Is not that enough?

I paid seven gold florins for them. Thou shalt have all and a demi-florin to boot, for I am not rich, it must not be imagined."

And he would have gone on his knees before him.

Ulenspiegel, seeing him so ugly, so trembling, and so cowardly and mean, flung him into the canal.

And he went away.

LXXXV

On the doomfires smoked the fat of the victims. Ulenspiegel, thinking of Claes and Soetkin, wept in solitude.

One night he went to find Katheline and ask her for a remedy and for vengeance.

She was alone with Nele sewing beside the lamp. At the noise he made on coming within, Katheline dully lifted up her head like a woman awakened out of a heavy slumber.

He said to her:

"The ashes of Claes beat upon my breast; I would fain save the land of Flanders. I asked the Great God of heaven and earth, but He gave me no answer."

Katheline said:

"The Great God could not hear you: first you must address yourself to the spirits of the elemental world, which being of double nature, celestial and terrestrial, receive the complaints of poor humankind, and transmit them to the angels, which after bear them to the throne."

"Help me," said he, "in my design; I will pay thee with my blood if need be."

Replied Katheline:

"I will help thee, if a girl that loveth thee would

bring thee with her to the sabbath of the Spirits of the Springtide, which is the Easter of the Sap."

"I will bring him;" said Nele.

Katheline poured into a crystal goblet a grayish coloured mixture of which she gave them both to drink; with this mixture she rubbed their temples, their nostrils, palms of the hand and wrists, made them swallow a pinch of a white powder, and bade them look at the other, that their two souls might become as but one.

Ulenspiegel looked at Nele, and the kind soft eyes of the girl lit up a great fire within him; then by reason of the mixture he felt as it might have been a thousand crabs tearing at him.

Then they took off their clothes, and they were beautiful thus in the lamplight, he in his proud strength, she in her delicious grace; but they could not see one another, for already they were as though in sleep. Then Katheline laid Nele's neck upon Ulenspiegel's arm, and taking his hand put it upon the maiden's heart.

And they remained thus naked and lying one beside the other.

It seemed to them twain that their bodies touching each other were of fire soft as the sun in the month of roses.

They rose up, as they told later, mounted upon the window sill, launched themselves thence into void space, and felt the air bear them up as the water bears the ships.

Then they perceived nothing any more, neither the earth where poor men were sleeping, nor the heavens where but now the clouds were rolling beneath their

feet. And they set their feet on Sirius, the Cold Star. Then from there they were cast upon the pole.

There they saw, not without fear, a naked giant, the Giant Winter, with tawny hair, seated upon ice mounds and against a wall of ice. In shallow pools bears and seals were moving hither and thither, a bellowing flock, all about him. In a hoarse voice, he called up hail and snow and cold floods and gray clouds and red and foul-smelling fogs, and the winds, among which the bitter north wind hath the strongest blast. And all raged together at once in this deadly place.

Smiling upon these horrors, the giant was lying upon a bed of flowers faded by his hand, upon leaves withered at his breath. Then leaning over and scratching the earth with his nails, biting it with his teeth, he delved a hole to seek for the heart of the earth; to devour it, and also to put black coal in the place where shady forests were, straw where the corn was, sand in the room of the fertile earth. But the heart of the earth being of fire, he dared not touch it and recoiled abashed and afraid.

He was throned like a king, draining his cup of oil, in the midst of his bears and his seals, and of the skeleton bones of all those whom he had killed upon the sea, upon land, and in the cottages of poor folk. He listened with delight to the roaring of the bears, the bellowing of the seals, and the dry rattling of the bones of the skeletons of men and beasts under the claws of vultures and ravens seeking a last rag of flesh on them, and the sound of ice lumps dashed one against the other by the gloomy water.

And the voice of the giant was like the roar of hurricanes, the clamour of wintry storms, and the wind howling in chimneys.

"I am acold and am afeard," said Ulenspiegel.

"He hath no power against spirits," answered Nele.

Suddenly there was a great stir among the seals, which dashed in haste into the water, the bears, which laying their ears flat with fright, roared lamentably, and the ravens, which lost themselves in the clouds with agonized croakings.

And lo, Nele and Ulenspiegel heard the dull thudding blows of a ram upon the wall of ice that served as a support to the Giant Winter. And the wall split and cracked and shook to and fro on its foundations.

But the Giant Winter heard nothing, and he went on howling and shouting in glee, filling and draining his cup of oil; and he went on searching for the heart of the earth to freeze it, and not daring to lay hold of it.

Meantime, the blows reëchoed louder and harder, and the wall cracked more and more, and the rain of icicles flying in splintered pieces ceased not to fall about him.

And the bears roared lamentably and without ceasing, and the seals complained in the leaden gloomy water.

The wall crumbled and fell, and it became light in the sky; a man descended therefrom, naked and beautiful, leaning one hand upon a golden axe. And this man was Lucifer, King Springtide.

When the giant beheld him, he flung far away his cup of oil, and implored him not to slay him.

And at the warm breath of King Springtide, the Giant Winter lost all strength. Then the king took chains of diamonds, bound him with these, and tied him to the pole.

Then staying, he uttered a cry, but a tender, amorous

cry. And from the sky came down a blonde woman, naked and beautiful. Placing herself beside the king, she said to him:

"Thou art my vanquisher, mighty man."

He made answer:

"If thou art an-hungered, eat; if thou art athirst, drink; if thou art afraid, come close to me: I am thy male and thy mate."

"I am," said she, "hungry and athirst only for thee."

The king shouted yet again seven times terribly. And there was a mighty din of thunder and lightning, and behind him there took shape a canopy of suns and of stars. And the twain sat them down upon thrones.

Then the king and the woman, without a movement of their noble faces, and without a gesture impairing their might and their calm majesty, cried aloud.

At these cries there was an undulating movement in the earth, the hard stone and the ice floes. And Nele and Ulenspiegel heard a noise such as might be made by gigantic birds seeking to break the shell of enormous eggs with blows of their beak.

And in this huge movement of the earth which rose and fell like the waves of the sea there were shapes like the shape of an egg.

Suddenly from everywhere came forth trees with their dry branches dovetailed and interlocked together, while their boles moved, swaying like drunken men. Then they drew apart, leaving between them a huge void space. From the stirring soil came forth the genii of the earth; from the deeps of the forest the woodland spirits; from the sea near by the genii of the water.

Ulenspiegel and Nele saw there the dwarfs that are the wardens of treasure, hunchbacked, hairy, clumsy-foot, ugly and grinning, princes of the stones, men of the woods living like trees, and, by way of mouth and stomach, having a tuft of roots at the lower part of their face, thus to suck up their food from the bosom of the earth; the emperors of mines, who cannot speak, have neither heart nor entrails, and move like bright automatons. There, too, were dwarfs of flesh and bone, with lizard tails, toads' heads, and lantern for headgear, who leap by night upon the shoulders of drunken men afoot or timid travellers, leap down again and waving their lantern, lead into pools and bogholes the poor devils who imagine that this lantern is the candle burning in their homes.

There, too, were the flower-maidens, flowers of feminine strength and haleness, naked and not blushing, proud of their beauty, having for their only cloak their hair.

Their eyes shone with the wet lustre of mother of pearl in water; the flesh of their bodies was firm, white, and gilded by the light; from their red mouths partly open came a breath more sweet and fragrant than jasmine.

These are they that wander by eventide in parks and gardens, or in the deeps of the woods, in shady bridle ways, amorous and seeking some human soul to enjoy it. So soon as passeth before them a young man and a young maid, they seek to slay the maid, but when they cannot, they breathe into the sweetling, still reluctant, desires of love so that she may yield herself to the lover; for then the flower-maiden hath half of the kisses.

Ulenspiegel and Nele saw also coming down from the high heavens the guardian spirits of the stars, the genii of the winds, of the breeze and the rain, winged young men that make the earth fertile.

Then in every quarter of the sky appeared the birds of souls, the dear swallows. When they were come, the light appeared stronger. Flower-maids, princes of the stones, emperors of the mines, men of the woods, spirits of the water, of fire, and of the earth all cried out in unison: "Light! Sap! Glory to King Springtide!"

Although the sound of their unanimous outcry was greater than that of the raging sea, the thunder, and the unleashed tempest, it sounded as solemn music in the ears of Nele and of Ulenspiegel, who, silent and motionless, remained huddled together behind the rugged trunk of an oak tree.

But they were still more affrighted when the spirits, thousands upon thousands, took their places upon seats that were immense spiders, toads with elephants, trunks, interlacing serpents, crocodiles standing up on their tails and holding a band of spirits in their jaws, serpents carrying more than thirty dwarfs, both men and women, seated astraddle on their undulating bodies, and full a hundred thousand insects bigger than Goliaths, armed with swords, spears, jagged scythes, forks with seven tines, and every other kind of dreadful murdering implements. They fought together with tremendous din, the strong devouring the weak, growing fat upon them, and showing thus that Death is made from Life and that Life is made from Death.

And from among this crowd of spirits, swarming, shifting, dense, confused, there arose a noise like low

thunder and a hundred weavers' looms, fullers and locksmiths all working together.

Suddenly appeared the spirits of the sap, short, squat, round about the loins as big as the great Heidelberg tun, with thighs as big as hogsheads, and muscles so marvellously strong and powerful that one would have said their bodies were made up of large eggs and small eggs joined to one another and covered with a red, oily skin, shining like their sparse beard and their red hair; and they carried enormous tankards filled with a strange liquor.

When the other spirits beheld them coming, a great tremor of joy ran among them; trees and plants moved and shook, and the earth opened up in cracks to drink.

And the spirits of the sap poured out the wine: and all things incontinently budded, were green, flourished; the sward was full of whispering insects, and the sky of birds and butterflies; the spirits poured on and on, and those below received the wine as best they might: the flower-maids, opening their mouths or leaping up upon their red cupbearers, and kissing them to have more; some, clasping their hands in sign of entreaty; others who, in ecstasy, let it rain over them; but all greedy or parched, flying, standing, running or motionless, seeking to have the wine, and more intensely alive with every drop they attained to receiving. And there were no oldsters there, but ugly or goodly, all were full of prime strength and keenest youth.

And they laughed, shouted, sang, pursuing one another upon the trees like squirrels, in the air like birds, every male seeking his female and under the skies of God falling to the holy deed of kind.

And the spirits of the sap brought to the king and the

queen the great cup full of their wine. And the king and the queen drank and embraced one another.

Then the king, holding the queen in his arm, cast upon the trees, the flowers and the spirits, the dregs of his cup and cried aloud:

"Glory to Life! Glory to the free Air! Glory to Force!"

And all shouted:

"Glory to Nature! Glory to Force!"

And Ulenspiegel took Nele into his arms. Thus enlaced, a dance began: a round circling dance like a dance of leaves that a whirlwind swings together, where all was in motion, trees, plants, insects, butterflies, heaven and earth, king and queen, flower-maidens, emperors of mines, princes of stones, spirits of the waters, hunchback dwarfs, men of the woods, lantern bearers, guardian spirits of the stars, and the hundred thousand horrific insects mingling their spears, their saw-edged scythes, their seven-pronged forks; a giddy dance, swaying about in space and filling it, a dance in which the sun, the moon, the planets, the stars, the wind, the clouds, all took part.

And the oak to which Nele and Ulenspiegel were clinging rolled with the whirl, and Ulenspiegel said to Nele:

"Dear one, we are about to die."

A spirit heard them and saw that they were mortals:

"Mankind," he bawled, "mankind in this place!"

And he wrenched them from the tree and flung them in the crowd.

And Ulenspiegel and Nele fell soft and limp on the backs of the spirits, which bandied them about from one to another, saying:

"Hail to mankind! Welcome be the earth worms! Who would have the lad and lass? They come to visit us, the puny things."

And Ulenspiegel and Nele flew from one to another, crying:

"Mercy!"

But the spirits paid no heed, and both went fluttering, legs in air, head down, turning and circling like feathers in the winter winds, while the spirits said:

"Glory to the manlings male and female, let them dance like us!"

The flower-maidens, wishing to sever Nele from Ulenspiegel, smote her and would have killed her, had not King Springtide, staying the dance with a gesture, cried out:

"Let these two lice be brought before me!"

And they were separated one from the other; and each flower-maiden said, endeavouring to take Ulenspiegel from her rivals:

"Thyl, wouldst thou not die for me?"

"I will do so in a moment," said Ulenspiegel.

And the dwarf wood sprites that were carrying Nele said:

"Why art thou not a spirit like us, that we might take thee to us!"

Nele answered:

"Have patience."

Thus they arrived before the king's throne; and they trembled sore seeing his golden axe and his iron crown.

And he said to them:

"What are ye come hither to do, ye puny things?"

They made no answer.

"I know thee, witches' shoot," added the King, "and thee too, sprout of the coalman; but having by the power of spells achieved the deed of penetrating to this laboratory of Nature, why have ye now your beaks locked like capons stuffed with crumb?"

Nele trembled, looking at the terrible demon; but Ulenspiegel, recovering his manly hardihood, replied:

"The ashes of Claes beat upon my heart. Divine Highness, death goeth throughout the land of Flanders, mowing down, in the Pope's name, the strongest men, the sweetest women; her privileges are destroyed, her charters abolished, famine gnaweth her, her weavers and cloth merchants leave her to go to the foreigner seeking freedom for their work. She will die soon if no one comes to her help. Highness, I am but a poor mean fellow come into the world like any other, who have lived as I could, imperfect, limited, ignorant, not virtuous, in no wise chaste or deserving of any favour human or divine. But Soetkin died of the effects of the torture and her grief, but Claes burned in a terrible fire, and I was minded to avenge them, and did so once; I was minded also to see this poor soil happier, this poor soil in which their bones are sown, and I asked God for the death of the persecutors, but he did not hearken to me nor heed me. Weary and sick of complaints, I evoked thee by the potency of Katheline's spell, and we come, I and my trembling she-comrade, to thy feet, to ask you, Divine Highnesses, to save this poor earth."

The king and his spouse replied together:

"Through war and through fire
Through death, through the sword.
Seek the Seven.

"In death and blood
In ruin and tears,
Find the Seven.

"Foul, cruel, bad, deformed,
Mere Scourge of the poor earth.
Burn the Seven.

"Wait, hear and see!
Say, wretch, art thou not glad?
Find the Seven."

And all the spirits fell to chanting in unison:

"In death and blood,
In ruin and tears
Find the Seven.

"Wait, hear and see!
Say, wretch, art thou not glad?
Find the Seven."

"But," said Ulenspiegel, "Highness, and ye, spirits, I understand not your talk. Ye make a mock of me, sans doubt."

But without heeding him they said:

"When the North
Shall kiss the West
Ruin shall end;
Find thou the Seven
The Girdle find!"

And that with so tremendous a chorus and so terrifically loud, strong, and sonorous that the earth trembled and the heavens shivered. And the birds whistling, the owls bubbling, the sparrows twittering in

affright, the sea eagles complaining, all flew round aghast. And the beasts of the earth, lions, serpents, bears, stags, bucks, wolves, dogs, and cats roared, hissed, belled, howled, barked, and mewed terribly.

And the spirits chanted:

"Wait, hear and see,
Love thou the Seven
The Girdle love."

And the cocks crowed, and all the spirits vanished save one malicious emperor of mines who seizing Ulenspiegel and Nele each by an arm, hurled them brutally out into the void.

They found themselves lying beside each other, as though for sleep, and they shivered in the keen wind of the morning.

And Ulenspiegel saw the delicious body of Nele all gilded in the sun that was then rising.

Book II

BOOK II

I

ON THAT morning, which was in September, Ulenspiegel took his stick, three florins that Katheline gave him, a piece of pig's liver, and a slice of bread, and set out from Damme, going in the direction of Antwerp, seeking the Seven. Nele was sleeping.

As he journeyed, he was followed by a dog that came sniffing about him because of the liver, and leaped up on his legs. Ulenspiegel would have driven him away, and seeing that the dog was determined to follow him, addressed this discourse to him:

"Doggie, my dear, thou art but ill advised to leave the home where good messes await thee, delicious scraps, and bones full of marrow, to follow upon the road of adventure a vagabond fellow who mayhap will not always have even roots to give thee for thy food. Be guided by me, dog of no prudence, and go back to thine own *baes*. Avoid the rains, snows, hails, drizzles, mists, hoarfrosts, and other lean fare that fall upon the wanderer's back. Stay in the corner of the hearth, keeping thyself snug and warm, rolled up into a ball before the gay fire; leave me to walk in the mud, the dust, the cold, and the heat, roasted to-day, to-morrow frozen, feasted on Friday, famished on Sunday. Thou wilt do a sensible thing if thou dost return whence thou comest, dogling of small experience."

The animal did not appear to hear Ulenspiegel at all. Wagging his tail and leaping all he could, he went barking for appetite's sake. Ulenspiegel thought it was for friendliness, but he never thought of the liver he carried in his satchel.

He walked on; the dog followed him. Having thus gone more than a league, they saw in the road a cart drawn by an ass hanging its head. Upon a bank on the roadside there sat, between two clumps of thistles, a big man holding in one hand a knuckle bone of mutton, which he was gnawing, and in the other a flask whose juice he was draining. When he was not in the act of eating or of drinking, he whimpered and wept.

Ulenspiegel having stopped, the dog stopped likewise. Smelling the mutton and the liver, he climbed up the bank. There, sitting on his hindquarters beside the man, he pawed his doublet, that he might share the feast, but the man, repulsing him with an elbow and holding the knuckle bone high in air, groaned lamentably. The dog imitated him for greedy longing. The ass, cross to find himself harnessed to the cart, and so unable to reach the thistles, began to bray.

"What wouldst thou have, Jan?" asked the man of his ass.

"Nothing," answered Ulenspiegel, "except that he would fain breakfast on these thistles that flourish beside you as they grow on the roodscreen of Tessenderloo beside and above Monseigneur Christ. That dog, too, would not be grieved to effect a wedlock of jaws with the bone you have there; in the meanwhile, I am going to give him the liver I have here."

The liver having been devoured by the dog, the man looked at his bone picked it again to have the meat

that still remained on it, then he gave it thus denuded of flesh to the dog, who, setting his forepaws on it, began to crunch it on the grass.

Then the man looked at Ulenspiegel.

The latter knew Lamme Goedzak, of Damme.

"Lamme," he said, "what dost thou here drinking, eating, and whimpering? What trooper can have rudely dressed down your ears?"

"Alas! my wife!" said Lamme.

He was on the point of emptying his wine flask, when Ulenspiegel put his hand on his arm.

"Do not drink in this fashion," said he, "for drinking precipitately doth no benefit save to the kidneys. It were better if this belonged to him that hath no bottle."

"You say well," said Lamme, "but will you drink any better?" And he proffered him the flask.

Ulenspiegel took it, lifted up his elbow, then, returning the flask:

"Call me Spaniard," said he, "if there is enough left to moisten a sparrow."

Lamme looked at the flask, and without ceasing to whine, groped in his satchel, pulled out another flask and a piece of sausage which he began to cut in slices and chew in melancholy fashion.

"Dost thou never stop eating, Lamme?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"Often, my son," replied Lamme, "but it is to drive away my mournful thoughts. Where art thou, wife?" said he, wiping away a tear.

And he cut off ten slices of sausage.

"Lamme," said Ulenspiegel, "do not eat so fast and without a thought of compassion for the poor pilgrim."

Lamme, still weeping, gave him four slices and Ulenspiegel eating them was moved and softened by their delicious flavour.

But Lamme, weeping and eating without ceasing, said:

"My wife, my good, dear wife! How sweet and shapely she was of her body, light as a butterfly, bright and swift as lightning, singing like a lark! Too well, however, loved she to clothe herself with fine adornments. Alas! they became her so well! But the flowers themselves have also a rich array. If you had seen, my son, her little hands so light for caressing, never would you have allowed them to touch pan or pot. The kitchen fire would have blackened their colour that was clear and bright as the day itself. And what eyes! I melted with love merely to look at them.—Take a draught of wine. I shall drink after you. Ah! if only she be not dead! Thyl, I kept all the work of my house for myself, so as to spare her the smallest task; I swept the house, I made the nuptial bed on which she lay down at night weary with idleness and comfort; I washed the dishes and the linen which I ironed myself.—Eat, Thyl, it is from Ghent, this sausage.—Often having gone out a walking she came back late for dinner, but it was so great a joy for me to see her that I never ventured to scold her, happy when, pouting, she did not turn her back to me at night. I have lost all.—Drink of this wine, it is a Brussels vintage, made in the same way as Burgundy."

"Why did she go away?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"Do I know that, I?" went on Lamme Goedzak. "Where are the days when I used to go to her home,

hoping to marry her, and she fled from me for love or fear? If she had her arms bare, lovely round white arms, and saw me looking at them, all at once she would pull down her sleeves over them. At other times she would give herself to my caresses, and I could kiss her lovely eyes, which she shut for me, and the wide firm nape of her neck; then she would shiver, utter little cries, and throwing her head back, hit my nose with it. And she would laugh when I said 'oh!' and I would beat her in lover fashion, and there was nothing between us but games and laughter.—Thyl, is there any wine still left in the flask?"

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel.

Lamme drank and went on with his discourse:

"At other times, more loving, she would fling both arms about my neck and say to me, 'How handsome you are!' and she would kiss me gamesomely and a hundred times together, on my cheek or my forehead but never on the mouth, and when I asked her whence came this great reserve in so extended a license, she went running to take from a tankard on a chest a doll clad in silk and pearls, and said, shaking and dandling it: 'I don't want this.' Doubtless her mother, to keep her virtue safe, had told her that babies are made by the mouth. Ah! sweet moments! tender caresses! Thyl, see if you cannot find a little ham in the pouch of this bag."

"Half of one," replied Ulenspiegel, giving it to Lamme, who ate it all every bit.

Ulenspiegel watched him doing so, and said:

"This ham doth me great good in my stomach."

"To me also," said Lamme, picking his teeth with his nails. "But I shall never again see my darling;

she has fled from Damme; would you seek her with me in my cart?"

"I will," replied Ulenspiegel.

"But," said Lamme, "is there nothing at all left in the flask?"

"Nothing at all," answered Ulenspiegel.

And they got up into the cart, drawn by the donkey, who sounded in melancholy wise the bray of departure.

As for the dog, he had gone off, well fed and filled, without saying a word.

II

While the cart rolled along upon a dyke between the canal and a pond, Ulenspiegel, in deep thought, caressed the ashes of Claes on his breast. He asked himself if the vision was false or true, if those spirits had mocked him or if they had by riddles told him what in good sooth he must find to make the land of his fathers happy.

Vainly groping for the interpretation, he could not discover what the Seven and the Girdle meant.

Thinking upon the dead Emperor, the living King, the Lady Governor, the Pope of Rome, the Grand Inquisitor, the General of the Jesuits, he found in these six great tormentors of the country whom he would gladly have burned alive. But he thought it was not they, for they were too easy to burn, so the Seven must be elsewhere.

And in his own mind he was always repeating:

When the North
Shall kiss the West,
Ruin shall end,
Love thou the Seven,
The Girdle Love.

"Alas!" said he to himself, "in death, blood, and tears, find seven, burn seven, love seven! My poor wit fails, for who then burns what he loves?"

The cart having already swallowed up a long stretch of the road, they heard a noise of feet on the sandy earth, and a voice singing:

"Good travellers, saw you him, I pray,
My wild lost lover gone astray?
He roams at random here and there,
Saw you him, pray?

"As lamb by eagle of the air
He bore my heedless heart away:
A man whose face shows little hair.
Saw you him, pray?

"When he is met, that Nele with care
And toil is very weary, say,
Beloved Thyl, where dost delay?
Saw you him, pray?

"Does he not know the dove's despair
What time her mate abroad doth stay?
Much more a faithful heart must bear.
Saw you him, pray?"

Ulenspiegel smote upon Lamme's paunch and said to him:

"Hold thy breath, big belly."

"Alas!" answered Lamme, "that is a hard thing for a man of my corpulence!"

But Ulenspiegel, paying him no heed, hid behind the

tilt of the cart, and imitating the voice of a wheezy fellow lilting after drinking, he sang:

"Thy wild lover I saw, I say,
Within an old worm-eaten shay
Beside a glutton one fine day,
I saw, I say."

"Thyl," said Lamme, "thou hast an ill tongue this morning."

Ulenspiegel, without listening to him, thrust his head out through the opening of the tilt and said:

"Nele, do you not know me?"

She, seized with fear, weeping and laughing at the same time, for her cheeks were all wet, said to him:

"I see you, nasty traitor!"

"Nele," said Ulenspiegel, "if you want to beat me I have a yard stick in here. It is heavy to make the strokes sink well in and knotty to make them leave their mark."

"Thyl," said Nele, "art thou going towards the Seven?"

"Aye," answered Ulenspiegel.

Nele was carrying a satchel that looked ready to burst; it was so full.

"Thyl," she said, holding it up to him, "I thought it was unwholesome for a man to travel without taking with him a good fat goose, a ham, and Ghent sausages. And you must eat this in remembrance of me."

As Ulenspiegel was looking at Nele and not at all thinking of taking the satchel, Lamme thrust out his head through another hole in the canvas and said:

"Forethinking damsel, if he does not accept, it is but in forgetfulness; but give me that ham, give me that goose, tender me those sausages; I shall keep them for him."

"What," said Nele, "is this good moonface?"

"That," said Ulenspiegel, "is a victim of marriage, who, devoured by sorrow, would wither away like an apple in the oven, if he did not recuperate his strength with constant nourishment."

"Thou hast said the truth, son," sighed Lamme.

The sun, which was shining strong, burned and scorched Nele's head. She covered herself up with her apron. Wishing to be alone with her, Ulenspiegel said to Lamme:

"Seest thou that woman wandering yonder in the meadow?"

"I see her," said Lamme.

"Dost thou recognize her?"

"Ah, me!" said Lamme, "could it be my wife? She is not clad like a townswoman."

"Thou doubtest still, blind mole," said Ulenspiegel.

"If it were not she?" said Lamme.

"Thou wouldst lose nothing by going; on the left there, towards the north, there is a *kaberdoesje* where thou wilt find good *bruinbier*. We shall go thither to join thee. And here is ham to salt thy natural thirst withal."

Lamme, getting out of the cart, ran quickly towards the woman that was in the meadow.

Ulenspiegel said to Nele:

"Why do you not come beside me?"

Then, helping her to get up into the cart, he made her sit beside him, took the apron from about her head

and the cloak from her shoulders: then giving her a hundred kisses, he said:

"Whither wert thou going, my beloved?"

She answered no word, but she seemed all entranced in ecstasy. And Ulenspiegel, transported even as she, said to her:

"So thou art here, indeed! The sweetbriar roses in the hedges have not the lovely redness of your fresh skin. You are no queen, but let me make you a crown of kisses. Darling arms, all soft, all rosy, that Love himself made all on purpose for kissing! Ah, beloved maid, will not my rugged man's hands wither that shoulder? The light butterfly settles on the crimson carnation, but can I rest on your dazzling whiteness without withering it, clumsy lout that I am? God is in his heaven, the king upon his throne, and the sun is aloft, triumphing; but am I God, the king, or sunlight, to be so near you? Oh, hair softer than flossy silk! Nele, I strike, I rend, I tear to pieces! But do not be afraid, my love. Thy darling little foot! How comes it to be so white! Has it been bathed in milk?"

She would fain have risen.

"What fearest thou?" said Ulenspiegel. "'Tis not the sun that shineth on us and paints thee all in gold. Lower not thine eyes. See in mine what a lovely fire he lighteth there. Listen, beloved; hear, my darling; it is the silent hour of noon; the peasant is in his home feeding on his soup, shall not we feed upon love? Why have not I a thousand years to pluck one by one on thy knees like a string of pearls from the Indies!"

"Golden tongue!" said she.

And Master Sun blazed through the white canvas of the cart, and a lark sang above the clover, and Nele drooped her head upon Ulenspiegel's shoulder.

III

Meanwhile Lamme came back sweating big drops of perspiration, and puffing and blowing like a dolphin.

"Alas!" he said, "I was born under an ill star. After I had to run hard to come up with that woman, who was not my wife and who was old, I saw by her face that she was full forty-five years of age, and by her headdress that she had never been married. She asked me tartly what I was coming to do among the clover with my paunch.

"'I am looking for my wife, who has left me,' I replied with all gentleness, 'and taking you for her, I came hastening towards you.'

"At that word the old maid told me I had nothing to do but to go back whence I had come, and that if my wife had left me, she had done right, seeing that all men were scoundrels, heretics, disloyal, poisoners, deceiving poor maids despite even their ripe years, and that anyhow she would make her dog eat me if I did not make myself scarce as quickly as possible.

"I did so, though not without apprehension; for I could see a huge mastiff lying growling at her feet. When I had cleared the boundary of her field, I sat down and to restore myself I bit into your piece of ham you gave me. I was at that moment between two patches of clover; suddenly I heard a noise behind me, and turning round, I saw the old girl's big

mastiff, not threatening now, but wagging his tail to and fro with amiability and appetite. It was my ham he was sharp set against. So I gave him a few little pieces, when his mistress came up, and she cried out:

"'Seize the fellow! seize him, put your teeth in him, my son!'

"And I started to run, and the big mastiff at my stockings, and he took a piece of them and the flesh with it. But being angered with the pain of this, turning round on him I fetched him such a sour blow of my stick on his front paws that I broke at least one of them for him. He fell, crying out in his dog's speech 'mercy,' which I accorded him. Meanwhile, his mistress was throwing clods of earth at me for want of stones. And I ran.

"Alas! is it not cruel and unjust that because a girl had not enough beauty to find a man to marry her, she should take revenge on poor innocent folk like myself?

"I went away all melancholy to the *kaberdoesje* that you had pointed out to me, hoping to find there the *bruinbier* of consolation, were it but one quart or half a dozen. But I was deceived, for when I went within I saw a man and a woman and they fighting. I asked them to be so good as to interrupt their battle to give me a pot of *bruinbier*, were it one quart or half a dozen; but the woman, a regular *stokfisch*, in a fury, answered that if I did not be off from there as quickly as possible she would make me swallow the sabot with which she was beating her husband over the head. And so, my friend, here I am, sweating sore and sore wearied. Have you not anything to eat?"

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel.

"At last!" said Lamme.

IV

Thus re-united, they went on their way together. The donkey, laying back his ears, pulled the cart along.

"Lamme," said Ulenspiegel, "here be we four food comrades: the ass, the beast of the good God, feeding on chance-found thistles along the meadows; thou, good belly, seeking her that fled from thee; she, sweet girl beloved, tender hearted, finding one that is not worthy of her, I mean myself the fourth.

"Now, then, my children, courage! the leaves are yellowing and the skies will be more gorgeous, for soon will Master Sun go to rest amid the autumnal mists, winter will come, the image and likeness of death, covering with snowy shrouds those that sleep beneath our feet, and I shall be trudging it for the happiness of the land of our fathers. Poor dead ones; Soetkin who didst die of grief; Claes that diedst in the fire; oak of goodness and ivy of love, I, your seedling, I suffer greatly and I shall avenge you, beloved ashes that beat upon my breast."

Lamme said:

"We must not weep those that die for justice's sake."

But Ulenspiegel remained rapt in thought; all at once he said:

"This, Nele, is the hour of farewell, for a long long time, and never again, it may be, shall I look on thy sweet face."

Nele, looking at him with her eyes gleaming like stars:

"Why," said she, "why do you not leave this cart to

come with me into the forest where you would find good and dainty things to eat; for I know the plants and how to call the birds to me?"

"Damsel," said Lamme, "'tis ill done of thee to seek to stop Ulenspiegel in the way, for he must look for the Seven and help me to find my wife again."

"Not yet," said Nele; and she wept, laughing tenderly through her tears upon her friend Ulenspiegel.

He, seeing this, answered him:

"Your wife, you will always find her soon enough, when you want to seek a new sorrow."

"Thyl," said Lamme, "wilt thou leave me thus alone in my cart for this damsel? Thou dost not answer and art thinking of the forest, where the Seven are not, nor my wife, either. Let us rather seek her along this stone paven road on which carts go so well and handily."

"Lamme," said Ulenspiegel, "you have a full satchel in the cart, you will not therefore die of hunger if you go without me from here to Koelkerke, where I shall join you again. You must be alone there, for there you will know towards which point of the compass you must direct yourself in order to find your wife again. Listen and hearken. You will go at once with your cart to Koelkerke, three leagues away, the cool church, so named because like many others it is beaten upon by the four winds all at once. Upon the spire there is a vane shapen like a cock and swinging to all the winds on its rusty hinges. It is the screeching of these hinges that indicates to poor men that have lost their lovers the way they must follow to find them again. But first they must strike each wall seven times with a hazel wand. If the hinges cry out when the wind

blows from the north, that is the direction in which you must go, but prudently, for the northern wind is a wind of war; if from the south, go lightly thither, it is a love wind; if from the east, run along full speed, it is gaiety and light; if from the west, go softly, it is the wind of rain and tears. Go, Lamme, go to Koelkerke, and wait for me there."

"I go thither," said Lamme.

And he set off in his cart.

While Lamme was trundling towards Koelkerke, the wind, which was both high and warm, drove like a flock of sheep in the sky the gray clouds drifting in bands; the trees complained like the waves of a swelling sea. Ulenspiegel and Nele were now a long while in the forest alone together. Ulenspiegel was hungry, and Nele looked for roots that were good to eat, and found nothing but the kisses her friend gave her, and acorns.

Ulenspiegel, having laid down snares, whistled to call the birds down, in order to catch and cook any that might come. A nightingale settled on a leafy branch close to Nele; she did not catch it, for she wished to leave it to sing; a warbler came, and she had pity on it, because it was so pretty and proud in its air; then came a lark, but Nele told it it would do better to fly away into the heights of the sky and sing a hymn to Nature, than to come stupidly to struggle on the murderous point of a spit.

And she said the truth, for in the meantime Ulenspiegel had lighted a clear fire and cut a wooden spit that only awaited its victims.

But no more birds came now, except a few evil ravens that croaked a long way up over their heads.

And so Ulenspiegel did not eat at all.

Now the time had come when Nele must go away and return to Katheline. And she went weeping, and Ulenspiegel from afar off watched her go.

But she came back, and flinging herself on his neck:

"I am going," she said.

Then she went a few steps, came back again, saying once more:

"I am going."

And thus twenty times and more over and over.

Then she went indeed, and Ulenspiegel remained alone. He set off then to go and find Lamme.

When he came up with him, he found him sitting at the foot of the tower, with a great pot of *bruinbier* between his legs and nibbling most melancholy-wise at a hazel wand.

"Ulenspiegel," said he, "I think you but sent me here that you might be alone with the damsel; I smote as you bade me, seven times with the hazel wand on each wall of the tower, and though the wind is blowing like the devil, the hinges have not made a sound."

"Without doubt, then, they must have been oiled," replied Ulenspiegel.

Then they went away in the direction of the Duchy of Brabant.

V

King Philip, dark and gloomy, dabbled with paper with no respite all day long, and even by night, and scribbled over papers and parchments. To them he confided the thoughts of his hard heart. Loving no man in his life, knowing that no man loved him, fain

to bear his immense empire alone, a dolorous Atlas, he bowed beneath the burden. Phlegmatic and melancholy of temperament, his excessive toil devoured his weak body. Detesting every bright or merry face, he had conceived hatred for our country because of its gaiety; for our traders because of their wealth; for our nobles because of their free speech, frank ways and manners, the sanguine mettlesomeness of their gallant joviality. He knew, for he had been told, that long before Cardinal de Cousa had indicted the abuses of the Church and preached the need for reforms, the revolt against the Pope and the Romish Church, having been manifested throughout our country under different kinds of sect, was in every head like boiling water in a tight shut kettle.

Obstinate and mulish, he thought that his will ought to lie heavy on the whole world like the will of God; he desired that our countries, little used to ways of servile obedience, should bow beneath the old yoke without obtaining any reform. He wanted his Holy Mother the Catholic Church, Apostolic and Roman, to be one, entire and universal with neither modification nor change, and with no other grounds for wanting this except that he did want it so. Acting in this like an unreasonable woman, tossing and turning by night on his bed as though a couch of thorns, incessantly tormented by his thoughts.

"Yea, Master Saint Philip, yea, Lord God, were I to be forced to make of the Low Countries a common grave and throw into it all the inhabitants, they shall come back to you, my blessed patron, and to you, Madame Virgin Mary, and to you, all ye Saints of Paradise."

And he sought to do even as he said, and thus he was more Roman than the Pope and more Catholic than the councils.

And Ulenspiegel and Lamme, and the people of Flanders and the Low Countries, full of anguish, imagined that they could see from far within the gloomy haunt of the Escurial, that crowned spider, with long legs and open claws, spreading out his web to entangle them around and suck the best of their heart's blood.

Although the Papal Inquisition had, under the reign of Charles, killed at the stake, by burying alive, and by the rope, a hundred thousand Christians; though the goods of the poor condemned folk had found their way into the coffers of the Emperor and the King, as the rain flows into the drain, Philip deemed that it was insufficient; he imposed new bishops upon the country and proposed to introduce into it the Spanish Inquisition.

And the town heralds everywhere read out to the sound of trump and tambourine proclamations decreeing to all heretics, men and women and girls, death by fire to those who did not abjure their error, by the rope to those who should abjure. Women and girls would be buried alive, and the executioner should dance upon their bodies.

And the flame of resistance ran throughout the whole land.

VI

The fifth of April, before Easter Day, the lords Count Louis of Nassau, Culembourg, and Brederode, the Drinking Hercules, entered with three hundred other

gentlemen of birth into the Court of Brussels, to the Duchess of Parma, the Lady Governor. Going in ordered ranks of four, they went in this way up the great stair of the palace.

Being in the chamber where Madame was they presented to her a request in which they asked her to seek to obtain from King Philip the rescinding of the proclamations touching upon religion and also of the Spanish Inquisition, declaring that within our roused and discontented country there could result from it only troubles, ruins, and universal distress.

And this request was termed THE COMPROMISE.

Berlaymont, who later was so treacherous and so cruel to the land of his fathers, was standing beside Her Highness, and said to her, mocking at the poverty of certain of the confederated nobles:

"Madame, fear nothing, they are nothing but beggars."

Meaning thus that these nobles had ruined themselves in the king's service or else in trying to match the Spanish lords by their sumptuous display.

To turn to scorn the speech of the Sieur de Berlaymont, the lords declared afterwards that they "held it an honour to be esteemed and called beggars for the king's service and the good of these lands."

They began to wear a gold medallion about their neck, having the king's effigy on one side and on the other two hands locked and passing through a beggar's wallet, with these words: "Faithful to the king even unto the beggar's wallet." They wore also in their hats and bonnets little gold jewels in the shape of beggars' bowls and beggars' hats.

Meanwhile, Lamme was taking his paunch throughout the whole town, looking for his wife and not finding her.

VII

Ulenspiegel said to him one morning:

"Follow me: we are going to pay our respects to a high, noble, powerful, and redoubted personage."

"Will he tell me where my wife is?" asked Lamme.

"If he knows," answered Ulenspiegel.

And they went to call on Brederode, the Drinking Hercules. He was in the courtyard of his house.

"What wouldst thou with me?" he asked of Ulenspiegel.

"To speak with you, Monseigneur," answered Ulenspiegel.

"Speak," replied Brederode.

"You," said Ulenspiegel, "are a goodly, valiant, and mighty lord. You strangled, once long ago, a Frenchman within his cuirass like a mussel in its shell: but if you are mighty and valiant, you are also of good counsel. Why, then, do you wear this medal on which I read 'Faithful to the king even unto the beggar's wallet?'"

"Aye," asked Lamme, "why, Monseigneur?"

But Brederode made no reply whatever and looked hard at Ulenspiegel. The latter continued:

"Why are you, you noble lords, fain to be faithful to the king even to the wallet? Is it for the great good he wills you, for the goodly amity he bears you? Why, instead of being faithful to him unto the wallet, why do ye not make it so that the despoiled tormentor of his countries should be ever faithful to the beggar's wallet?"

And Lamme nodded his head in sign of assent.

Brederode looked at Ulenspiegel with his keen glance and smiled, seeing his friendly open mien.

"If thou art not," said he, "a spy of King Philip's, thou art a good Fleming, and I shall reward thee for either case."

He brought him along, Lamme following, into his office. There, pulling his ear till the blood came:

"That," he said, "is for the spy."

Ulenspiegel uttered no cry.

"Bring," he said to his cellarer, "bring that kettle of wine with cinnamon."

The cellarer brought the kettle and a great tankard of mulled wine perfuming the air.

"Drink," said Brederode to Ulenspiegel; "this is for the good Fleming."

"Ah!" said Ulenspiegel, "good Flemish, lovely cinnamon speech, the saints speak not its like."

Then having drunk the half of the wine, he passed the other half to Lamme.

"Who is he?" said Brederode, "this big-bellied *papzak* who is rewarded without having done anything?"

"This," answered Ulenspiegel, "is my friend Lamme, who every time he drinks wine mulled imagines he is going to find his wife again."

"Aye," said Lamme, draining the wine from the tankard with devout zeal.

"Whither go ye as now?" asked Brederode.

"We are going," answered Ulenspiegel, "in search of the Seven that shall save the land of Flanders."

"What Seven?" asked Brederode.

"When I have found them, I shall tell you what they are," answered Ulenspiegel.

But Lamme, all merry disposed from having drunk:

"Thyl," said he, "if we were to go to the moon to look for my wife?"

"Order the ladder," answered Ulenspiegel.

In May, the month of greenery, Ulenspiegel said to Lamme:

"Lo the lovely month of May! Ah! the clear sky of blue, the happy swallows; see the branches on the trees ruddy with sap, the earth is in love. 'Tis the moment to hang and burn for religion. They are there, the dear little inquisitors. What noble countenances! They have all power to correct, to punish, to degrade, to hand over to the secular judges, to have their prisons. Ah, the lovely month of May!—to arrest the person, to conduct law suits without adhering to the customary forms of justice, to burn, hang, behead, and dig for poor women and girls the grave of premature death. The finches sing in the trees. The good inquisitors have their eye on the rich. And the king shall be heir. Go, damsels, dance in the meadows to the sound of pipes and shawms. Oh! the lovely month of May!"

The ashes of Claes beat upon the breast of Ulenspiegel.

"Let us on," he said to Lamme. "Happy they that will keep an upright heart, and the sword aloft in the black days that are to come!"

VIII

Ulenspiegel passed, one day in the month of August, in the rue de Flandre at Brussels, before the house of Jean Sapermillemente, so called because his paternal grandsire when angry used to swear in this fashion as so

to avoid blaspheming the most holy name of God. The said Sapermillemente was a master broiderer by trade; but having grown deaf and blind by dint of drinking, his wife, an old gossip with a sour face, broidered in his stead the coats, doublets, cloaks, and shoes of the lords. Her pretty young daughter helped her in this well-paid work.

Passing before the aforesaid house in the last hours of daylight, Ulenspiegel saw the girl at the window and heard her crying aloud:

"August, August
Tell me, sweet month,
Who will take me to wife,
Tell me, sweet month?"

"I will," said Ulenspiegel, "if you like."

"Thou?" said she. "Come nearer that I may see thee." But he:

"Whence comes it that you are calling in August what the Brabant girls call on the Eve of March?"

"Those girls," she said, "have only one month to give them a husband; I have twelve, and on the eve of each, not at midnight but for six hours up to midnight, I jump out of my bed, I take three steps backwards towards the window, I cry what you have heard; then returning, I take three steps backwards towards the bed, and at midnight, going to bed, I fall asleep, dreaming of the husband I shall have. But the months, the sweet months, being mockers by nature, 'tis not of one husband I dream now, but of twelve together; you shall be the thirteenth if you will."

"The others would be jealous," answered Ulenspiegel. "You cry also 'Deliverance'."

The girl answered, blushing:

"I cry 'Deliverance' and know what I ask for."

"I know, too, and I am bringing it to you," answered Ulenspiegel.

"You must wait," said she, smiling and showing her white teeth.

"Wait," said Ulenspiegel, "nay. A house may fall on my head, a gust of wind might blow me into a ditch, a mad pug might bite me in the leg; nay, I shall not wait."

"I am too young," said she, "and only cry this for custom's sake."

Ulenspiegel became suspicious, thinking that it is on the Eve of March and not of the corn month that the Brabant girls cry to have a husband.

She said, smiling:

"I am too young and only cry this for the sake of the old custom."

"Will you wait till you are too old?" answered Ulenspiegel. "That is bad arithmetic. Never have I seen a neck so round, or whiter breasts, Flemish breasts full of that good milk that makes men."

"Full?" said she, "not yet, Traveller in a hurry."

"Wait," repeated Ulenspiegel. "Must I have no teeth left to eat you raw with, darling? You do not answer, you smile with your eyes clear brown and your lips red as cherries."

The girl, looking craftily at him, replied:

"Why dost thou love me so quickly? What is thy trade? Art thou beggar, art thou rich?"

"A beggar," said he, "am I, and rich at the same time, if you give me your darling self."

She replied:

"That is not what I want to know. Dost thou go to mass? Art thou a good Christian? Where dost thou dwell? Wouldst thou dare to say that thou art a Beggar, a true blue Beggar resisting the proclamations and the Inquisition?"

The ashes of Claes beat upon Ulenspiegel's breast.

"I am a Beggar," said he, "I would fain see dead and eaten by worms the oppressors of the Low Countries. Thou lookest on me confounded and astonied. This fire of love that burns for thee, darling, is the fire of youth. God lighted it; it flames as the sun shines, until it dieth down. But the fire of vengeance that broodeth in my heart, God lit that as well. It will be the sword, the fire, the rope, conflagration, devastation, war, and ruin to the murderers."

"Thou art goodly," said she, sadly, kissing him on both cheeks, "but hold thy peace."

"Why dost thou weep?" answered he.

"You must always," she said, "watch here and elsewhere wherever you are."

"Have these walls ears?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"No ears but mine," said she.

"Carven by love, I will stop them with a kiss."

"Mad lover, listen to me when I speak to you."

"Why? what have you to say to me?"

"Listen to me," she said, impatient. "Here comes my mother. . . . Hold your tongue, hold your peace above all things before her. . . ."

The old Sapermillemente woman came in. Ulenspiegel studied her.

"Muzzle full of holes like a skimming ladle," said he to himself, "eyes with a hard false look, mouth that would laugh and grimace, you make me curious."

"God be with you, Messire," said the old woman, "be with you without ceasing. I have received moneys, Daughter, good moneys from Messire d'Egmont when I took him his cloak on which I had embroidered the fool's bauble. Yes, Messire, the fool's bauble against the Red Dog."

"The Cardinal de Granvelle?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"Aye," said she, "against the Red Dog. It is said that he denounces their doings to the King; they would fain bring him to death. They are right, are they not?"

Ulenspiegel answered not a word.

"You have not seen them in the streets clad in a gray doublet and *opperst-kleed*, gray as the common folk wear them, and the long hanging sleeves and their monks' hoods and on all the *opperst-kleed cren* the fool's bauble embroidered. I made at least twenty-seven and my daughter fifteen. That incensed the Red Dog to see these baubles."

Then speaking in Ulenspiegel's ear:

"I know that the lords have decided to replace the bauble by a sheaf of corn in sign of unity. Aye, aye, they mean to struggle against the king and the Inquisition. It is well done of them, is it not, Messire?"

Ulenspiegel made no answer.

"The stranger lord is melancholy," said the old woman; "he has his mouth tight shut all of a sudden."

Ulenspiegel said not a word and went out.

Presently he went into a gaffhouse so as not to forget to drink. The gaff was full of drinkers speaking imprudently of the king, of the detested proclamations, of the Inquisition and of the Red Dog who must be forced to leave the country. He saw the old woman, all in rags, and seeming to doze beside a pint of brandy.

She remained like that for a long time; then he saw her taking a little platter out of her pocket, asking money, especially from those who spoke the most incautiously.

And the men gave her florins, deniers, and patards, and without stinginess.

Ulenspiegel, hoping to learn from the girl what the old Sapermillemente woman did not say to him, passed before the house again; he saw the girl who was not crying out her rhyme any more, but smiled at him and winked her eye, a sweet promise.

All on a sudden the old woman came back after him.

Ulenspiegel, angry to see her, ran like a stag into the street crying out: "'T brandt! 't brandt! Fire! Fire!" till he came before the house of the baker Jacob Pietersen. The front, glazed in the German fashion, was flaming red to the sunset. A thick smoke, the smoke of faggots turning to red coals in the furnace, was pouring out of the bakehouse chimney. Ulenspiegel never ceased to cry as he ran: "'T brandt, 't brandt," and pointed out Jacob Pietersen's house. The crowd, gathering in front of it, saw the red windows, the thick smoke, and cried like Ulenspiegel: "'T brandt, 't brandt, it burns! it burns!" The watchman on Notre Dame de la Chapelle blew his trumpet while the beadle rang the bell called Wacharm in full peal. And lads and lasses ran up in swarms, singing and whistling.

The bell and the trumpet still sounding, the old Sapermillemente woman picked up her heels and went off.

Ulenspiegel was watching her. When she was far away, he came into the house.

"You here!" said the girl; "is there not a fire then over yonder?"

"Yonder? No," replied Ulenspiegel.

"But that bell that is ringing so lamentably?"

"It knows not what it doth," answered Ulenspiegel.

"And that dolorous trumpet and all these folk running?"

"Infinite is the tale of fools."

"What is burning then?" said she.

"Thy eyes and my flaming heart," answered Ulenspiegel.

And he leaped to her mouth.

"You eat me," she said.

"I like cherries," said he.

She looked at him, smiling and distressed. Suddenly bursting into tears:

"Come back here no more," she said. "You are a Beggar, a foe to the Pope, do not come back. . . ."

"Thy mother!" said he.

"Aye," she said, blushing. "Dost thou know where she is at this moment? She is listening where the fire is. Dost thou know where she will go presently? To the Red Dog, to report all she knows and make ready the work for the duke that is to come. Flee, Ulenspiegel; I save thee, but flee. Another kiss, but come back no more; still another, thou art goodly, I weep, but begone."

"Brave girl," said Ulenspiegel, holding her embraced.

"I was not always," she said. "I, too, like her . . ."

"These songs," said he, "these mute appealings of beauty to men prone to love. . . ?"

"Aye," said she. "My mother would have it so. Thou, I save thee, loving thee for love's sake. The

others, I shall save them in remembrance of thee, my beloved. When thou art far away, will thy heart pull a little towards the girl that repented? Kiss me, darling. She will never again for money give victims to the stake. Go, go; nay, stay a little still. How soft and smooth thy hand is! There, I kiss thy hand, it is the sign of slavery; thou art my master. Listen, come nearer, hush. Men, ragged scoundrels and robbers and an Italian among them, came here last night, one after the other. My mother brought them into the chamber where thou art, and bade me go out from it, and she shut the door. I heard these words: 'Stone crucifix. . . . Borgerhoet gate . . . procession. . . . Antwerp. . . . Notre Dame,' suppressed laughter and florins counted out on the table. . . . Flee, here they are; flee away, my beloved. Keep a kind memory for me; flee. . . ."

Ulenspiegel ran as she bade him as far as the Old Cock, *In den ouden Haen*, and found there Lamme plunged in melancholy, eating a sausage and draining his seventh quart of Louvain *peterman*.

And he forced him to run like himself, in spite of his belly.

IX

Running thus at full speed, followed by Lamme, he found in the Eikenstraat a savage lampoon on Brederode. He went and took it to him directly.

"Monseigneur," he said, "I am that good Fleming and that king's spy whose ears you dressed down so well, and to whom you gave such good mulled wine to drink. He brings you a pretty little pamphlet in which among other things you are accused of calling

yourself Count of Holland, like the king. It is fresh and hot from the press of Jan a Calumnia, living near the Vagabonds' Quay, in the blind alley of the Thieves of Honour."

Brederode answered, smiling:

"I shall have you flogged for two hours if you do not tell me the scribe's real name."

"Monseigneur," replied Ulenspiegel, "have me flogged for two years if you will, but you will not be able to make my back tell you what my mouth does not know."

And he went away, not without getting a florin for his trouble.

X

Since June, the month of roses, the preachings had begun in the country of Flanders.

And the apostles of the primitive Christian Church preached everywhere, in every place, in fields and in gardens, on the hillocks which in times of flood were used to keep cattle on, upon rivers, in boats.

On land, they entrenched themselves as in a camp, surrounding themselves with their wains. Upon the rivers and in harbours, boats filled with armed men kept guard round about them.

And thus the word of freedom was heard on every side on the soil of our fathers.

XI

Ulenspiegel and Lamme being at Bruges, with their cart, which they left in a yard close by, went into the church of Saint Sauveur, instead of going to the

tavern, for there was in their pouches no more the merry clink of coins.

Father Cornelis Adriensen, a minor friar, dirty, brazen, furious, and a bellowing preacher, was on that day occupying the pulpit of truth.

Beautiful young devout women were thronging all around.

Father Cornelis was discoursing of the Passion. When he came to the passage in the Holy Gospel where the Jews cried to Pilate, speaking of our Lord Jesus, "Crucify him, crucify him, for we have our law, and by that law he must die," Broer Cornelis exclaimed:

"Ye have just heard it, good people, if Our Lord Jesus Christ endured a dreadful and a shameful death, it is because there have at all times been laws to punish heretics. He was justly condemned, because he had disobeyed those laws. And to-day they would fain regard as naught the edicts and proclamations. Ah! Jesus! What curse wouldst thou set upon these lands. Honoured Mother of God, if the Emperor Charles were still alive, and could he see the scandal of these confederate nobles who have dared to present to the Lady Governor a request against the Inquisition and against the proclamations made for an aim so good, which are so ripely thought out, and promulgated after so long and so wise reflection and deliberation, to destroy all sects and heresies! And they would fain reduce them to nothing, though they are more necessary than bread and than cheese! In what foul, loathsome, abominable gulf are we to be made to fall to-day? Luther, that vile Luther, that mad ox, triumphs in Saxony, in Brunswick, in Lunebourg, in Mecklenburg; Brentius, that dung Brentius

who lived in Germany upon acorns the pigs refused, Brentius triumphs in Württemberg; Servetus the Lunatic, who hath a quarter of the moon in his head, the Trinitarian Servetus, reigns in Pomerania, in Denmark and in Sweden, and there he dares to blaspheme the holy, glorious, and mighty Trinity. Aye. But I am informed that he hath been burned alive by Calvin, who was never right or good save in that; aye, by the stinking Calvin who smells of musty sourness; aye, with his long face like a leather bottle; a face of cheese, with his big teeth like a gardener's shovel. Aye, these wolves eat one another; aye, the ox Luther, the mad ox, roused the princes of Germany to arms against the Anabaptist Münzer, who was a good man, they say, and lived according to the Gospel. And through all Germany the bellowings of this ox have been heard, aye!

"Aye, and what do we see in Flanders, Gueldre, Frisia, Holland, Zealand? Adamites running naked through the streets; yea, good people, naked in the streets, showing their lean flesh without shame to the passers-by. There was but one of them, say you: aye—let it pass—one is as good as a hundred, a hundred is even as one. And he was burned, say you, and he was burned alive, at the request of the Calvinists and Lutherans. These wolves eat one another, I say unto you!

"Aye, and what do we see in Flanders, Gueldre, Frisia, Holland, Zealand? Free thinkers teaching that all servitude is contrary to the word of God. They lie, the stinking heretics; we must submit to the Holy Mother Church of Rome. And there, in that accursed city of Antwerp, the rendezvous and meeting-ground of all the heretic dogs in the world, they have dared to

preach that we prepare and bake the host with dog's grease. Another saith, 'tis that beggar upon the chamber pot at the corner of the street, 'There is no God, nor life eternal, nor resurrection of the body, nor everlasting damnation.' 'We can,' saith another yonder, in a whining voice, 'baptise without salt, or lard, or spittle, without exorcism and without candle.' 'There is no purgatory,' says another. There is no purgatory, good people! Ah! it were better for you to have committed sin with your mothers, your sisters, and your daughters, than to doubt purgatory.

"Aye, and they turn up their nose at the Inquisitor, that holy man, aye. They came to Belem, near this place, as many as four thousand Calvinists, with weaponed men, banners and drums. Aye. And you can smell from here the smoke of their cooking fires. They have taken the Church of Saint Catholyne to dishonour it, profane it, desecrate it by their damnable preachifying.

"What is this impious and scandalous tolerance? By the thousand devils of hell, ye supine, faint-hearted Catholics, why do not ye also take weapons into your hands? Ye have, even as these damned Calvinists, cuirasses, lances, halberds, swords, daggers, arbalests, knives, cudgels, pikes, the town falconets and culverins.

"They are peaceful folk, say you; they desire in all freedom and tranquillity to hear the word of God. That is all one to me. Go forth from Bruges! hunt me, slay me, blow me up all these Calvinists that are without the pale of the Church. Ye are not yet started! Fie on you! Ye are hens trembling with fear on your dunghill. I see the moment when these damned Calvinists will drum on your wives' and daugh-

ters' bellies, and you will let them, men of tow and putty. Go not over yonder, go not . . . ye will get your stockings wet in the battle. Fie upon you, men of Bruges! fie upon you, Catholics! That is well done and like true Catholics, O cowardly poltroons! Shame upon you, ducks and drakes, geese and turkeys that you are!

"Are not they goodly preachers, that you should go in crowds to hearken to the lies they belch forth, that the young girls should go by night to their sermons, aye, and that in nine months the town should be full of little beggar-boys and beggar-girls? There were four of them there, four scandalous vagabonds, that preached in the cemetery of the church. The first of these vagabonds, livid and lean, the ugly loose-belly, had a dirty hat upon his head. Thanks to it his ears were not to be seen. Which of you hath seen the ears of a preacher? He had no shirt, for his bare arms came linenless out through his doublet. I saw it well, though he tries to cover himself up with a dirty little cloak, and I saw, too, all right in his black canvas breeches, full of open work like the spire of Notre Dame, the swinging of his bells and clapper. The other vagabond preached in a doublet, and no shoes. Nobody saw his ears. And he had to stop short in his preachifying, and the boys and girls began to hoot him, crying: 'Yah! Yah! he doesn't know his lesson!' The third of these scandalous vagabonds had on his head a dirty ugly little hat, with a little feather sticking out of the top. And his ears were not to be seen, either. The fourth of the rascals, Hermanus, better arrayed than the others, must have been branded on the shoulder twice by the executioner, aye, verily.

"They all wear under their headgear greasy silk caps that hide their ears. Did you ever see the ears of a preacher? Which of these rogues ever dared to show his ears? His ears! Ah! yes, show his ears; they have all been cut off. Aye, the executioner has cut the ears off every one of them.

"And yet it was round about these scandalous rogues, these cut purses, these cobblers that have run away from their stools, these ragamuffin preachers, that all the whole populace went crying and shouting: 'Long live the Beggars!' as if they had all been mad, drunk, or fools.

"Ah, it only remains for us poor Roman Catholics to leave the Low Countries, since there they allow this bawling cry: 'Long live the Beggars! Long live the Beggars!' What a millstone of a curse hath therefore fallen upon this bewitched and foolish folk, ah! Jesus! Everywhere, rich and poor, noble and base, young and old, men and women, all cry out: 'Long live the Beggars!'

"And what are all these lords, these scald leather seats that have come to us from Germany? All their having is gone on harlots, or gaming, lechery, lewdness, long-drawn debauchery, rooted villainies, abominations of dice and ostentation of outward array. They have not even a rusty nail to scratch themselves with where they itch. And now they must needs have the goods and wealth of churches and convents.

"And there at their banquet in the house of that rogue De Culembourg, with that other rogue De Brederode, they drank in wooden bowls, for scorn of Messire de Berlaymont and Madame the Lady Governor. Aye, and they shouted 'Long live the Beggars!' Ah! if I had been the good God (with all respect), I would

have caused their drink, whether it was beer or wine, to be changed into a foul and loathy dishwater, aye, into foul, abominable, stinking suds, in which they had washed their shirts and foul sheets.

"Aye, bawl, donkeys that you are, bawl 'Long live the Beggars!' Aye! and I am a prophet. And all the curses, miseries, fevers, plagues, conflagrations, ruins, desolations, cankers, English sweating sickness and black plagues will fall upon the Low Countries. Aye, thus will God be revenged upon your filthy braying of 'Long live the Beggars!' And there will not be left one stone of your houses upon another, and not a morsel of bone in your damned legs that ran to this accursed Calvinistry and preachifying. And so, so, so, so, so be it. Amen!"

"Let us go, my son," said Ulenspiegel to Lamme.

"In a moment," said Lamme.

And he looked and searched among the beautiful young devotees there present at the sermon, but he did not discover his wife.

XII

Ulenspiegel and Lamme came to the place called Minne-Water, Love-Water; but the great doctors and Wysneusen Pedants say it is Minre-Water, Minim-Water. Ulenspiegel and Lamme sat down upon the brink, seeing pass by beneath the trees all leafy down to their very heads, like a low roof, men, women, girls, and boys, hand in hand, garlanded with flowers, walking hip to hip, looking tenderly in one another's eyes, without seeing anything in this world but themselves.

Ulenspiegel, thinking of Nele, gazed at them. In his melancholy, he said:

"Let us go drink."

But Lamme, not hearkening Ulenspiegel, also looked upon the pairs of lovers:

"In the old days we, too, used to pass, my wife and I, loving each other under the eyes of those who like you and me, on the edge of ditches, were stretched out solitary and without a woman."

"Come and drink," said Ulenspiegel, "we shall find the Seven at the bottom of a quart."

"A drinker's word," answered Lamme: "you know the Seven are giants who could not stand upright under the big dome of the church of Saint Sauveur."

Ulenspiegel, thinking wretchedly of Nele, and also that in some hostelry he might perchance find a good bed, good supper, a comely hostess, said yet again:

"Let us go and drink!"

But Lamme paid no heed, and said, looking at the tower of Notre Dame:

"Madame Holy Mary, patroness of lawful loves, grant me to see again her white bosom, that soft pillow."

"Come and drink," said Ulenspiegel, "you shall find her, displaying it to the drinkers, in a tavern."

"Dost thou dare think so ill of her?" said Lamme.

"Let us go and drink," said Ulenspiegel, "she is *baesine* somewhere, without a doubt."

"Thirst talk," said Lamme.

Ulenspiegel went on:

"Perchance keepeth she in reserve for poor travellers a dish of goodly stewed beef, whose spices perfume the air, not too rich, tender, succulent as rose leaves, and swimming like Shrove Tuesday fishes amid cloves, nutmeg, cocks' combs, sweetbreads, and other celestial dainties."

"Cruel!" said Lamme, "you mean to kill me for sure. Do you not know that for two days we have lived on nothing but dry bread and small beer?"

"Hunger talk," answered Ulenspiegel. "You are weeping with appetite; come and eat and drink. I have here a fine half florin that will defray the cost of our feast."

Lamme laughed. They went to find their cart and thus went about the town, seeking to know which was the best inn. But seeing several crabbed countenances on the *baes* and no wise pleasing on the *baesines*, they passed on, thinking that a sour face is a poor sign for a hospitable kitchen.

They arrived at the Saturday Market and went into the hostelry called *de Blauwe-Lanteern*, the Blue-Lantern. Here there was a *baes* of pleasant aspect.

They put up their cart and had the ass lodged in the stable, in company with a peck of oats. They ordered supper to be served, ate their fill, slept well, and rose to eat again. Lamme, bursting with comfort, said:

"I hear heavenly music in my stomach."

When the time came to pay, the *baes* came to Lamme and said to him:

"Ten patards, if you please."

"He has them," said Lamme, pointing to Ulenspiegel who answered:

"I have not."

"And the half florin?" said Lamme.

"I have not got it," said Ulenspiegel.

"This is all very well," said the *baes:* "I shall take the doublet and the shirt off both of you."

Suddenly Lamme, plucking up bottle courage:

"And if I want to eat and drink, I," exclaimed he,

"to eat and drink, aye, drink for twenty-seven florins worth or more, I will do it. Dost thou think there is not a sou's value in this belly of mine? Good God! it was never fed till now but on ortolans. Never didst thou carry the like under thy greasy girdle. For like an ill fellow thou hast thy tallow on the collar of thy doublet, and not like me, three inches of dainty fat on the paunch!"

The *baes* had fallen into an ecstasy of rage. A stammerer by nature, he wanted to speak quickly; the more he hurried, the more he sneezed and sputtered like a dog coming out of the water. Ulenspiegel threw little balls of bread at his nose. And Lamme, becoming hotter, went on:

"Aye, I have wherewith to pay for your three scraggy hens, your four mangy pullets, and that big idiot of a peacock dragging his dirty tail in your yard. And if your skin was not drier than an old cock's, if your bones were not crumbling to dust in your breast, I would have still enough to eat you, yourself, your snot of a man, your one-eyed maid and your cook, who if he had itch would have arms too short to scratch himself.

"Do you see," he went on, "do you see this fine bird that, for half a florin, wants to seize our doublets and our shirts? Tell me what your wardrobe is worth, tattered impertinence, and I will give you three liards for it."

But the *baes*, becoming angrier and angrier, puffed and blew the more.

And Ulenspiegel flung balls in his face.

Lamme, like a roaring lion, said:

"How much do you think, scrawny face, a fine ass is worth, with a fine muzzle, long ears, wide chested,

with legs of iron? Eighteen florins at the least, is not that so, miserable *baes?* How many old nails have you in your coffers to pay for so fine a beast?"

The *baes* sputtered more and more, but dared not budge.

Lamme said:

"How much do you think a fine cart is worth, all made of ash painted red, and equipped all over with Courtrai canvas against the sun and the showers? Twenty-four florins at least, hey? And how much is twenty-four florins and eighteen florins? Answer that, leper devoid of arithmetic. And as it is a market day, and as there are farming folk in your miserable hostelry, I am going to sell cart and donkey to them at once."

And so it was done, for all knew Lamme. And in fact he got for his ass and his cart forty-four florins and ten patards. Then, clinking the gold under the nose of the *baes*, he said to him:

"Dost thou smell in that the savour of feasting to come?"

"Aye," replied the host.

And he said under his breath:

"When you are selling your skin, I will buy a liard's worth to make a charm against prodigality with it."

In the meantime, a pretty, taking woman who was in the dark of the yard had come again and again to look at Lamme through the window, and drew back every time he might have caught sight of her pretty face.

That night, on the staircase, as he was going up without a light, tottering a little from the wine he had drunk, he felt a woman who flung her arms about him, kissed him on the cheek. the mouth, even on the nose,

gluttonously, and wetting his face with amorous tears, then left him.

Lamme, all sleepy from his drink, went to bed, fell asleep, and next day went off to Ghent with Ulenspiegel.

XIII

There he sought for his wife in all the *kaberdoesjen*, *musicos*, *tafelhooren*, and taverns. At night, he rejoined Ulenspiegel *in den zingende Zwaan*, at the Singing Swan. Ulenspiegel went wherever he could, spreading alarm and rousing the people against the butchers of the land of their fathers.

Finding himself in the Friday Market, near the *Dulle-Griet*, the Great Cannon, Ulenspiegel lay down flat on his face on the pavement.

A coalman came and said to him:

"What are you doing there?"

"I am damping my nose to know which way the wind blows," replied Ulenspiegel.

A carpenter came along.

"Do you take the pavement," said he, "for a mattress?"

"There are some," replied Ulenspiegel, "who will soon take it for a quilt."

A monk stopped.

"What is this moon calf doing there?" he asked.

"He is on his face begging for your blessing, Father," replied Ulenspiegel.

The monk having bestowed it, went on his way.

Ulenspiegel then lay with his ear against the ground. A peasant came by.

"Dost thou hear any noise from below?" he said.

"Aye," replied Ulenspiegel, "I hear the wood growing, the wood whose faggots will serve to burn poor heretics."

"Dost thou hear naught else?" said a constable of the commune to him.

"I hear," said Ulenspiegel, "the gendarmerie coming from Spain; if thou hast aught to keep, bury it, for soon the towns will be safe no longer by reason of robbers."

"He is mad," said the constable.

"He is mad," repeated the townsfolk.

XIV

Meanwhile, Lamme could not eat, thinking of the sweet vision of the stairs at the *Blauwe-Lanteern*. His heart turning to Bruges, he was led perforce by Ulenspiegel to Antwerp, where he continued his sorrowful searchings.

Ulenspiegel being in the taverns, in the midst of good Flemings of the reformed faith, or even Catholics that were lovers of liberty, would say to them about the proclamations: "They bring us the Inquisition under pretext of purging us from heresy, but it is meant for our purses, this rhubarb. We have no love to be physicked save at our own will and as we choose; we shall be wroth, we shall rebel and take arms in our hands. The king knew this well beforehand. Seeing that we have no mind to rhubarb, he will advance the syringes, to wit the great guns and the little guns, serpents, falconets, and mortars with their big mouths. A kingly clyster! There will not be left a single rich Fleming in all Flanders physicked in this fashion. Happy is our land to have so royal a physician."

But the townsfolk could only laugh.

Ulenspiegel would say: "Laugh to-day, but flee or arm on that day when something is broken at Notre Dame."

XV

On the 15th of August, the great feast of Mary and of the blessing of herbs and roots, when filled with corn the hens are deaf to the bugle of the cock imploring love, a great stone crucifix was broken at one of the gates of Antwerp by an Italian in the pay of the Cardinal de Granvelle, and the procession of the Virgin, preceded by fools in green, in yellow, and in red, came forth out of the church of Notre Dame.

But the Virgin's statue, having been insulted on the way by men whom no one knew, was hastily taken back into the choir of the church, the iron gates of which were shut.

Ulenspiegel and Lamme went into Notre Dame. Young beggars and ragamuffins, and some grown men among them, that nobody knew were in front of the choir, making certain signs and grimaces one to another. They were making a great din with feet and tongues. No one had seen them before in Antwerp, no one ever saw them again. One of them, with a face like a burned onion, asked if Mieke, that was Our Lady, had been afraid that she had gone back to the church in such a hurry.

"It is not of thee that she is afeared, ugly blackamoor," replied Ulenspiegel.

The young man to whom he spoke went up to him, to beat him, but Ulenspiegel, gripping him by the collar:

"If you strike me," said he, "I will make you spew out your tongue."

Then turning towards certain men of Antwerp that were present:

"*Signorkes* and *pagaders*," said he, pointing out the ragged young men, "be cautious, these are spurious Flemings, traitors paid to bring us to ill, to misery, and to ruin."

Then speaking to the strangers:

"Hey," said he, "donkey faces, withered with want, whence have ye the money that chinks to-day in your pouches? Have ye perchance sold your skins beforehand for drumheads?"

"Look at the sermonizer!" said the strangers.

Then they all began to shout together with one accord speaking of Our Lady:

"Mieke has a fine robe. Mieke has a fine crown! I will give them to my doxy."

They went away, while one of them had got up into a pulpit to proclaim insulting and outrageous things from it, and they came back crying:

"Come down, Mieke, come down before we go and fetch you. Perform a miracle, that we may see if you can walk as well as you can have Mieke carried about, the lazy thing!"

But Ulenspiegel cried in vain: "Workers of ruin, have done with your vile talk; all pillage is a crime!" They ceased not at all from their talk; and some spoke even of breaking into the choir to force Mieke to come down.

Hearing this, an old woman, who sold candles in the church, flung in their faces the ashes of her foot warmer; but she was beaten and flung down on the floor, and then the riot began.

The markgrave came to the church with his sergeants. Seeing the populace assembled, he exhorted them to leave the church, but so feebly that only a few went away; the others said:

"First we want to hear the canons singing vespers in honour of Mieke."

The markgrave replied:

"There shall be no singing."

"We will sing ourselves," answered the ragged strangers.

Which they did in the naves and near the porch of the church. Some played at *Krieke-steenen*, at cherry-stones, and said: "Mieke, you never game in paradise and you are bored there; play with us."

And insulting the statue without ceasing, they cried out, hooted and whistled.

The markgrave pretended to be afraid and departed. By his orders all the doors of the church were shut save one.

Without the populace having any hand in it, the ragtag and bobtail of the strangers became bolder and shouted more and more. And the roofs reëchoed as though to the din of a hundred cannon.

One of them, he of the face like a burned onion, appearing to have some authority among them, got up into a pulpit, made a sign with his hand to them, and began to preach:

"In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," said he: "the three making but one, and the one making three, God keep us in paradise from arithmetic; this day the twenty-ninth of August, Mieke went forth in great pomp of array to show her wooden face to the *signorkes* and *pagaders* of Antwerp.

But Mieke, in the procession met the devil Satanas. And Satanas said to her, mocking her: 'There you are, high and mighty, prinked up like a queen, Mieke, and borne by four *signorkes*, and you will not look now at the poor *pagader* Satanas that makes his way on foot.' And Mieke answered: 'Begone, Satanas, or I bruise thy head still more than ever, foul serpent!' 'Mieke,' said Satanas, 'that is the task in which you have been spending your time for fifteen hundred years, but the Spirit of the Lord, your master, hath delivered me. I am stronger than you are; you shall not walk over my head any more, and I am going to make you dance now.' Satanas took a great whip, sharp and cutting, and started to flog Mieke, who dared not cry out for fear of showing her terror, and then she began to run as hard as she could, forcing the *signorkes* that were carrying her to run, too, so as not to let her fall with her gold crown and her jewels among the poor common folk. And now Mieke stays as stiff and as still as a frightened mouse in her niche, watching Satan, who is seated up at the top of the pillar under the little dome, and who says to her, still grasping his whip and grinning, 'I will make you pay for the blood and tears that flow in your name! Mieke, how goes your virgin birth? This is the time to flit. You shall be cut in twain, evil statue of wood, for all the statues of flesh and bone that were burned in your name, burned, hanged, buried alive without pity.' So spake Satanas; and he spoke well. And thou must come down from thy niche, bloody Mieke, Mieke the cruel, that wast in no way like thy son Christus."

And all the band of the strangers, hooting and crying out, shouted: "Mieke! Mieke! it is time to come out!

Are you wetting your linen for fear in your niche? Up Brabant for the good Duke. Away with the wooden saints! Who will have a bath in the Scheldt! Wood swims better than fishes."

The populace listened to them without saying a word.

But Ulenspiegel, getting up into the pulpit, threw down the stair by main force the one that was haranguing.

"Fools fit to tie," he said, speaking to the populace; "lunatic fools, idiot fools, who see no further than the end of your dirty noses, do ye not see that all this is the work of traitors? They mean to make you commit sacrilege and pillage that they may declare you rebels, empty your coffers, cut off your heads, and burn you alive! And the king will inherit. *Signorkes* and *pagaders*, do not believe in the speeches of these artificers of woes: leave Notre Dame in her niche, live stoutly, working happily, spending your earnings and profits. The black devil of ruin has his eye upon you, and it is through sackings and destruction that he will call up the army of your foes to treat you as rebels and make Alba reign over you with dictatorship, inquisition, confiscation, and death."

"And he will inherit!"

"Alas," said Lamme, "do not pillage anything, *signorkes* and *pagaders;* the king is already very angry. The daughter of the embroideress told my friend Ulenspiegel so. Do not indulge in pillage, sirs!"

But the populace would not give ear to them.

The unknown kept shouting:

"Sack and turn out! Sack Brabant for the good Duke! To the river with wooden saints! They swim better than fishes!"

Ulenspiegel, still in the pulpit, cried in vain:

"*Signorkes* and *pagaders* do not suffer pillage! Do not call down ruin upon the town!"

He was plucked away from there all torn, face, doublet, and breeches, though he avenged himself with both feet and hands. And all bleeding he never ceased to cry out:

"Do not suffer pillage!"

But it was in vain.

The unknown and the ragtag and bobtail of the city flung themselves on the iron grille of the choir, which they broke through, crying:

"Long live the Beggar!"

They all set to work to break, sack, destroy. Before midnight this great church, in which there were seventy altars, every kind of noble paintings and precious things, was empty as a nut. The altars were broken, the images flung down, and all the locks smashed.

This being done, the same unknown set off to treat like Notre Dame, the Minor Brothers, the Franciscans, Saint Peter, Saint Andrew, Saint Michael, Saint Pierre-au-Pot, the Bourg, the Fawkens, the White Sisters, the Gray Sisters, the Third Order, the Preachers, and all the churches and chapels in the city. They took candles and torches out of them and ran around everywhere in this manner.

Among them there was no quarrel nor dispute; not one of them was hurt in that great demolishing of wood and other materials.

They betook themselves to The Hague to proceed there to the overthrow of statues and altars, without the reformed lending them any aid either there or elsewhere.

At The Hague, the magistrate asked them where was their commission.

"It is here," said one of them, striking upon his heart.

"Their commission, hear you, *signorkes* and *pagaders?*" said Ulenspiegel, having been informed of this. "So then there is someone who deputes them to this work of sacrilege. Let some robber thief come into my cottage; I will do as did the magistrate of The Hague, I will say, taking off my bonnet: 'Gentle robber, gracious rogue, worshipful rascal, show me your commission.' He will reply that it is in his heart that is greedy for my goods. And I shall give him the keys of everything. Seek, seek out who it is that profits by this pillage. Beware of the Red Dog. The great stone crucifix is flung down. Beware of the Red Dog!"

The Great Sovereign Council of Malines having given orders through its president Viglius, not to put any obstacle in the way of image breaking:—"Alas!" said Ulenspiegel, "the harvest is ripe for the Spanish reapers. The Duke! the Duke is marching upon you. Flemings, the sea rises, the sea of vengeance. Poor women and girls, flee the living grave! Poor men, flee the gallows, the fire, and the sword! Philip means to finish the bloody work of Charles. The father sowed death and exile, the son hath sworn that he would rather rule over a cemetery than over a heretic folk. Flee; here be the executioner and the gravediggers."

The populace hearkened to Ulenspiegel, and families left the cities by hundreds, and the roads were encumbered with carts laden with the household stuff of those that were going into exile.

And Ulenspiegel went everywhere, followed by Lamme grieving and looking for his beloved.

And at Damme Nele wept by the side of Katheline the madwife.

XVI

Ulenspiegel being at Ghent in the barley month which is October, saw Egmont returning from revelling and feasting in the noble company of the Abbot of Saint Bavon. Being in a singing humour, he was absentmindedly allowing his horse to go at a foot pace. Suddenly he saw a man who, carrying a lighted lantern, was walking alongside him.

"What wouldst thou of me?" asked Egmont.

"Good," replied Ulenspiegel, "the good of a lantern when it is lit."

"Begone and leave me," replied the Count.

"I will not begone," rejoined Ulenspiegel.

"Wouldst thou have a stroke of the whip then?"

"I would willingly have ten, if I can put in your head such a lantern that you might see clear from here to the Escurial."

"I take no stock in thy lantern nor in the Escurial," replied the Count.

"Well, for my part," answered Ulenspiegel, "it burns in me to give you a good advice."

Then taking by the bridle the Count's horse, rearing and kicking:

"Monseigneur," said he, "think that now you dance well on your horse and that your head dances also very well upon your shoulders; but the king, they say, means to interrupt this fine dance, to leave you your body,

but to take your head and make it dance in a land so far away that you will never be able to overtake it. Give me a florin, I have earned it."

"The whip, if thou wilt not be off, evil newsmonger."

"Monseigneur, I am Ulenspiegel, the son of Claes, that was burned alive for his belief and of Soetkin that died of sorrow. The ashes beating upon my breast tell me that Egmont, the gallant soldier, might with the gendarmerie in his command oppose the thrice-victorious troops of the Duke of Alba."

"Begone," replied Egmont, "I am no traitor."

"Save the countries; you alone can save them," said Ulenspiegel.

The Count would have beaten Ulenspiegel; but he had not waited for this and fled away, crying:

"Eat lanterns, eat lanterns, Messire Count. Save the countries."

Another day, Egmont being athirst had stopped in front of the inn *In 't bondt verken*, the Piebald Pig—kept by a woman of Courtrai, a pretty piece, called Musekin, the Little Mouse.

The Count, rising up in his stirrups, cried out:

"Bring me to drink!"

Ulenspiegel, who was in Musekin's service, came up to the Count holding a pewter tankard in one hand and in the other a flask of red wine.

The Count, seeing him:

"Are you there," said he, "ill-omened raven?"

"Monseigneur," answered Ulenspiegel, "if my omens are black, 'tis because they are ill washen; but will you tell me which is the redder, the wine that goes down the throat or the blood that leaps out of the neck? That is what my lantern asked."

The Count made no answer, but paid and departed.

XVII

Ulenspiegel and Lamme, each mounted on an ass, which Simon Simonsen had given them, one of the faithfuls of the Prince of Orange, went everywhere, warning the burgesses of the black designs of the king of blood, and ever on the watch to discover news coming from Spain.

They sold vegetables, being clad like country folk, and haunted all the markets.

Coming back from the Brussels market, they saw in a stone house, on the Brick Quay, in a low chamber, a handsome dame clad in satin, high coloured, well bosomed, and with a lively eye.

She was saying to a fresh young cookmaid:

"Scour me this pan, I do not like rust sauce."

Ulenspiegel put his nose in at the window.

"I," said he, "I like every sauce, for a hungry belly is no great picker and chooser among fricassees."

The dame turning round:

"Who," said she, "is this fellow that interferes with my soup?"

"Alas! fair dame," answered Ulenspiegel, "if you would only make it in my company, I would teach you travellers' stews unknown to fair dames that sit at home."

Then clacking with his tongue, he said:

"I am thirsty."

"For what?" said she.

"For thee," said he.

"He is a pretty fellow," said the cookmaid to the

dame. "Let us bring him in and let him tell us his adventures."

"But there are two of them," said the dame.

"I will look after one," replied the maid.

"Madame," said Ulenspiegel, "we are two, it is true, myself and my poor Lamme, who cannot carry five pounds on his back, but carries five hundred on his stomach in meats and drinks with the best will in the world."

"My son," said Lamme, "do not mock at an unhappy man to whom it costs so much to fill his paunch."

"It will not cost thee a liard to-day," said the dame. "Come within, both of you."

"But," said Lamme, "there are also two asses upon which we are."

"Pecks of corn," replied the dame, "are nowise lacking in the stable of the Count of Meghem."

The cookmaid left her pan and drew into the yard Ulenspiegel and Lamme bestriding their asses, which began to bray incontinent.

"That," said Ulenspiegel, "is the flourish for food near at hand. They are trumpeting their joy, the poor asses!"

And having both dismounted, Ulenspiegel said to the cookmaid:

"If you were a she-ass, would you like an ass like me?"

"If I was a woman," she replied, "I should like a young man with a jolly face."

"What are you, then, being neither woman nor ass?" asked Lamme.

"A virgin," quoth she, "a virgin is neither woman nor ass either: do you understand, big belly?"

Ulenspiegel said to Lamme:

"Do not believe her, 'tis half a wild girl and quarter of two she-devils. Her carnal tricks have already bespoken for her in hell a place on a mattress to fondle Beelzebub."

"Evil mocker," said the cook, "if your hairs were horsehair I would not have them even to walk on them."

"For my part," said Ulenspiegel, "I would like to eat all your hair."

"Golden tongue," said the dame, "must you have them all?"

"No," replied Ulenspiegel, "a thousand would suffice me melted down into one like you."

The dame said to him:

"Drink first a quart of *bruinbier*, eat a piece of ham, cut deep into this leg of mutton, disembowel me this pie, swallow me this salad."

Ulenspiegel joined his hands.

"Ham," said he, "is a good meat; *bruinbier*, heavenly beer; leg of mutton, divine flesh; a pie that one disembowels makes one's tongue tremble with pleasure in the mouth; a fat salad is princely swallowing. But blessed will he be to whom you will give to sup on your beauty."

"See how he rattles on," said she. "Eat first of all, vagabond!"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"Shall we not say the *benedicite* before the graces?"

"No," said she.

Then Lamme, whining, said:

"I am hungry."

"You shall eat," said the fair dame, "since you have no other care than for cooked meat."

"And fresh, too, as my wife was," said Lamme. The cookmaid became sullen at this word. All the same they ate copiously and drank in floods. And the dame that night gave Ulenspiegel his supper, and next day and the days that followed.

The asses had double measure of corn and Lamme a double portion. For a whole week he never left the kitchen, and he played with the dishes, but not with the cook, for he thought of his wife.

That angered the girl, who said it was hardly worth while to cumber the world only to think of one's belly.

Meanwhile, Ulenspiegel and the dame lived in good amity. And one day she said to him:

"Thyl, thou hast no manners: who art thou?"

"I am," said he, "a son that Happy Chance had one day on Good Adventure."

"Thou dost not missay thyself," said she.

"'Tis for fear others may not praise me," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Wouldst thou undertake the defence of thy brothers that are persecuted?"

"The ashes of Claes beat upon my breast," replied Ulenspiegel.

"How goodly thou art there!" said she. "Who is this Claes?"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"My father, burned for his belief."

"The Count of Meghem is not like thee," she said. "He would bleed the country I love, for I was born at Antwerp the glorious city. Know then that he has accorded with the Councillor Scheyf of Brabant to admit him into Antwerp with his ten companies of infantry."

"I will denounce him to the citizens," said Ulenspiegel, "and I go immediately, light as a ghost."

He went, and on the morrow the townsfolk were in arms.

However, Ulenspiegel and Lamme, having left their asses with a farmer of Simon Simonsen's, were forced to hide for fear of the Count de Meghem who had them searched for everywhere to have them hanged; for he had been told that two heretics had drunk of his wine and eaten of his meat.

He was jealous, and said so to the fair dame, who gnashed her teeth with anger, wept, and fainted seventeen times. The cookmaid did the same, but not so often, and declared upon her share of Paradise and eternal salvation that she nor her lady had done nothing, except to give the remains of a dinner to two poor pilgrims who, mounted on wretched donkeys, had stopped at the kitchen window.

And that day there were shed so many tears that the floor was all damp with them. Seeing which, Messire de Meghem was assured that they were not lying.

Lamme dared not show himself again at M. de Meghem's house, for the cook always called him "My wife!"

And he was exceedingly grieved, thinking of the food; but Ulenspiegel always brought him some good dish, for he used to go into the house by the rue Sainte Catherine and hide in the garret.

The next day, at vespers, the Count de Meghem confessed to the handsome goodwife how that he had determined to fetch the gendarmerie he commanded into Bois-le-Duc before daybreak. The

goodwife went to the garret to recount this to Ulenspiegel.

XVIII

Ulenspiegel in pilgrim's robes set out incontinent with neither provisions nor money for Bois-le-Duc, in order to warn the citizens. He counted on taking a horse by the way at Jeroen Praet's, Simon's brother, for whom he had letters from the Prince, and from thence he would go full speed by cross-country ways to Bois-le-Duc.

Going along the highway, he saw a band of troopers coming. He was sore afraid because of the letters.

But, resolved to set a good face against misadventure, he waited the troopers stoutly, and stopped in the way muttering his paternosters; when they passed he marched with them, and learned that they were going to Bois-le-Duc.

A company of Walloons opened the march, and at the head was Captain Lamotte with his guard of six halberdiers; then according to their rank, the ensign with a smaller guard, the provost, his halberdiers and his two myrmidons, the chief of the watch, the baggage wardens, the executioner and his assistant, and fifes and tambourines making loud uproar.

Then came a Flemish company of two hundred men, with its captain and its standard bearer, and divided into two centuries commanded by the troop sergeants, and in decuries commanded by the *rotmeesters*. The provost and the *stocks-knechten* were likewise preceded by fifes and tambourines beating and squealing.

Behind them came, with bursts of laughter, twitter-

ing like warblers, singing like nightingales, eating, drinking, dancing, standing, lying, or riding, their women; handsome wild girls, in two open carts.

Some were clad like lansquenets, but in fine white linen low-necked, slashed on the arms, the legs, the doublet, showing their sweet flesh; with caps on their heads of fine linen edged with gold, and surmounted by handsome ostrich plumes floating in the wind. At their belts of cloth-of-gold touched off with red satin, hung the cloth-of-gold scabbards of their daggers. And their shoes, stockings, and breeches, their doublets, laces, and metal trappings were all made of gold and white silk.

Others were also clad in the fashion of *landsknechts*, but in blue, in green, in scarlet, in azure, in crimson, slashed, broidered, blazoned at their own caprice. And all wore upon their arm the armlet of the colour that indicated their profession.

A *hoer-wyfel*, their sergeant, would fain have made them keep silence; but by their captivating grimaces and speeches they forced him to laugh and never obeyed him at all.

Ulenspiegel, in pilgrim array, walked in company with the two troops, as a small boat might with a great ship. And he kept on murmuring his paternosters.

Suddenly Lamotte said to him:

"Whither art thou going thus, Pilgrim?"

"Master Captain," replied Ulenspiegel, who was hungry, "long ago I committed a grave sin and was condemned by the chapter of Notre Dame to go a-foot to Rome to ask for pardon from the Holy Father, who accorded it to me. I came back to these countries

cleansed of my offence on condition that on the way I should preach the Sacred Mysteries to all and any soldiers I might meet with, who should in return for my sermons give me bread and meat. And thus preaching I sustain my poor life. Will you grant me permission to keep my vow at the next halt?"

"Yea," said Messire de Lamotte.

Ulenspiegel, mingling and fraternizing with the Walloons and Flemings, felt his letters underneath his doublet.

The girls cried out to him:

"Pilgrim, handsome pilgrim, come hither and show us the power of your scallops."

Ulenspiegel, drawing near to them, said modestly:

"My sisters in God, mock not ye the poor pilgrim who goeth over mountain and by vale to preach the holy faith unto soldiers."

And he devoured with his eyes their dainty charms.

But the girls, thrusting their sprightly faces into the openings in the canvas of the carts:

"You are very young," said they, "to preach to soldiers. Come up into our carts, we will teach you pleasant discourses."

Ulenspiegel would willingly have obeyed, but could not on account of his letters; already two of the girls, reaching their round white arms out of the cart, were trying to pull him up to them, when the *hoer-wyfel*, jealous, said to Ulenspiegel: "If you do not take yourself off, I will have your head off."

And Ulenspiegel went farther off, looking slyly at the fresh girls, all golden in the sun, which shone bright and clear on the road.

They came to Berchem. Philippe de Lannoy,

sieur de Beauvoir, the commander of the Flemings, ordered them to halt.

At this place there was an oak of middle height, bereft of all its branches, except one big bough broken off halfway on which the month before there had been an Anabaptist hanged by the neck.

The soldiers stopped; the sutlers came to them, and sold them bread, wine, beer, meats of every kind. As for the girls, they sold them sugar, *castrelins*, almonds, tartlets, seeing which Ulenspiegel grew still hungrier.

Suddenly climbing up the tree like a monkey, he planted himself astride of the great bough that was some seven feet above the earth; there, lashing himself with a scourge, while the troopers and the girls made circle about him:

"In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," said he. "Amen. It is written: 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord': soldiers, and ye, beauteous dames, sweet companions in love to these valiant warriors, lend ye to the Lord, which is to say: give me bread, meat, wine, beer, if ye will, tartlets if it please you, and God, who is rich, will repay it you in morsels of ortolans, in rivers of malvoisie, in mountains of sugar candy, in *rystpap* which ye shall eat in paradise with silver spoons."

Then bemoaning himself:

"See ye not with what cruel torments of penance I seek to merit forgiveness for my sins? Will ye not ease the sharp anguish of this scourge that woundeth my back and maketh me to bleed?"

"Who is this mad man?" said the troopers.

"Friends," answered Ulenspiegel, "I am not mad, but repentant and famished; for while my spirit

weepeth for its guilty crimes, my belly weepeth its lack of meat. Blessed soldiers, and you, fair damsels, I see there among you fat ham, goose, sausages, wine, beer, tartlets. Will you not give somewhat to the pilgrim?"

"Aye, aye," said the Flemish troopers, "he has a good old phiz, the preacher."

And all began to throw pieces of food to him like balls. Ulenspiegel ceased not to talk, and went on eating, sitting astride the bough.

"Hunger," said he, "maketh man hard-hearted and unfit for prayer, but ham taketh away this evil humour all of a sudden."

"Look out, crackpot!" said a troop sergeant, throwing him a bottle half full.

Ulenspiegel caught the bottle in the air, and drinking by little sips, said:

"If a sharp and raging hunger is a thing harmful to the poor body of a man, there is another thing as hurtful, and that is the anguish of a poor pilgrim to whom generous soldiers have given, one a slice of ham, the others a bottle of beer. For the pilgrim is sober by his custom, and if he drank and had in his inside such scanty and trifling nourishment, he would be drunk immediately."

As he spoke, he caught once again a goose's thigh in the air.

"This," said he, "is a thing miraculous, to fish meadow fish out of the air. But it has disappeared, bone and all. What is greedier than dry sand? A barren woman and a famished stomach."

Suddenly he felt a halberd point prick him in the seat. And he heard an ensign say:

"Do pilgrims disdain a leg of mutton for the nonce?"

Ulenspiegel saw, spitted on the blade of the halberd, a big knuckle bone. Taking it he said:

"I will make a marrow flute of it to sing thy praises, compassionate halberdier. And yet," said he, eating at the knuckle bone, "what is a meal without dessert, what is a knuckle bone, however succulent, if after it the pilgrim doth not behold a tartlet displaying its blessed face?"

Saying this he put up his hand to his face, for two tartlets coming from the group of girls had flattened themselves out, one on his eye, the other on his cheek. And the girls laughed and Ulenspiegel answered:

"All thanks, sweet damsels, who give me accolades of sweetmeats."

But the tartlets had fallen to the ground.

Suddenly the drums beat, the fifes squealed, and the soldiers resumed their march.

Messire de Beauvoir bade Ulenspiegel come down from his tree and march beside the troop from which he would fain have been a hundred leagues, for from the talk of some sour-faced troopers he scented that they were suspicious of him, that they would before long seize him for a spy, would search him and hang him if they found his letters.

And so, letting himself tumble into a ditch, he cried:

"Pity, soldiers; my leg is broken, I cannot walk farther, let me get up into the women's cart."

But he knew that the jealous *hoer-wyfel* would never allow it.

The girls called to him from their cart:

"Now, come up, dear pilgrim, come. We will love you, caress you, feast you, heal you all in one day."

"I know," said he, "a woman's hand is a heavenly balm for every wound."

But the jealous *hoer-wyfel*, speaking to Messire de Lamotte:

"Messire," said he, "I believe that this pilgrim is fooling us with his broken leg, to get into the cart of the women. Give orders to leave him in the road."

"That is my will," said Messire de Lamotte.

And Ulenspiegel was left in the ditch.

Certain troopers, believing that he had really broken his leg, were sorry for it because of his jollity. They left him meat and wine enough for two days. The girls would fain have gone to help him, but not being able to, they threw him all the *castrelins* they had left.

The band was far away; Ulenspiegel made across the fields in his pilgrim's robes, bought a horse, and by highways and byways he came like the wind to Bois-le-Duc.

At the news of the coming of Messires de Beauvoir and de Lamotte, the townspeople took arms to the number of eight hundred, chose captains for them, and despatched Ulenspiegel to Antwerp disguised as a coalman to ask help from the Drinking Hercules, Brederode.

And the troopers of Messires de Lamotte and de Beauvoir could not come into Bois-le-Duc, a city armed and watchful, and ready for a stout defence.

XIX

The following month, a certain doctor, Agileus, gave Ulenspiegel two florins and letters with which he was to betake himself to Simon Praet, who would tell him what he had to do.

At Praet's, Ulenspiegel found food and shelter. He slept well, and well liking was his face in the flower of youth; Praet, on the contrary, with a wretched and pitiful mien, seemed for ever locked in with melancholy thoughts. And Ulenspiegel was astonished to hear by night, if by any chance he awoke, the noise of hammering.

However early he might rise, Simon Praet was up before him, and more pitiful his look, sadder still his eyes, gleaming like a man's making ready for death or for battle.

Often Praet sighed, clasping his hands for prayer, and ever seemed filled with indignation. His fingers were black and greasy, and so, too, were his arms and his shirt.

Ulenspiegel determined to discover whence came the hammering, and the black arms and the melancholy of Praet. One night, having been at the *Blauwe Gans*, the tavern of the Blue Goose, in company with Simon who was there against his will, he feigned to be so drunk and to have so much in his head that he must needs take it incontinently to his pillow.

And Praet brought him home mournfully.

Ulenspiegel slept in the garret, under the cats; Simon's bed was below, near the cellar.

Ulenspiegel, continuing his drunken feigning, went climbing staggering up the stairs, pretending to be about to fall and holding on by the rope. Simon helped him with tender care, like a brother. Having put him to bed, condoling with him for his drunkenness, and praying God to be good enough to forgive him, he came down, and soon Ulenspiegel heard the same noise of hammering that had awakened him many times.

Getting up noiselessly, he went barefoot down the narrow stairs, so that after two and seventy steps he found himself in front of a low little door, through the chinks of which filtered a thread of light.

Simon was printing broadsides on the old types of the time of Laurens Coster, the great fosterer of the noble art of printing.

"What dost thou there?" asked Ulenspiegel.

Simon answered in affright:

"If thou art on the devil's side, denounce me, that I may die; but if thou art on God's side let thy mouth be prison to thy tongue."

"I am on God's side," replied Ulenspiegel, "and wish thee no evil. What dost thou?"

"I am printing Bibles," answered Simon. "For if by day to keep my wife and my children I publish the cruel and wicked edicts of His Majesty, by night I sow the true word of God and thus repair the ill I did during the day."

"Thou art brave," said Ulenspiegel.

"I have the faith," replied Simon.

In very deed, it was from this holy printing shop that there issued the Bibles in Flemish that were distributed through the countries of Brabant, of Flanders, Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Noord-Brabant, Over-Yssel, Gelderland, until the day when Simon was condemned to have his head cut off, thus finishing his life for Christ.

XX

Simon said one day to Ulenspiegel:

"Listen, brother, hast thou courage?"

"I have enough," replied Ulenspiegel, "to serve

to flog a Spaniard to the death, to kill an assassin, to destroy a murderer."

"Could you," asked the printer, "stay patiently in a chimney place to hear what is said in a room?"

Ulenspiegel made answer:—"Having by the grace of God, strong loins and supple knees, I can stay a long while as I please, like a cat."

"Hast thou patience and a good memory?" asked Simon.

"The ashes of Claes beat upon my breast," answered Ulenspiegel.

"Hearken, then," said the printer; "you shall take this playing card folded in this wise, and you shall go to Dendermonde and knock twice loudly and once softly at the door of the house whose outward appearance is here limned. One will open to you and ask if you are the chimney sweeper; you shall answer that you are thin and that you have not lost the card. You shall then show him the card. And then, Thyl, you shall do your duty. Great woes hover above the land of Flanders. A chimney will be shown to you, prepared and swept in advance; you will find in it good climbing irons for your feet, and for your seat a little wooden board firmly stayed. When the one that opened the door to you bids you climb into the chimney, you shall do so, and there you shall remain quiet and still. Illustrious lords will meet within the chamber, before the chimney in which you will be. They are William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the Counts of Egmont, Hoorn, Hoogstraeten, and Ludwig of Nassau, the valiant brother of the Silent One. We of the reformed faith would know what these lords will and can undertake in order to save the country."

Now on the first of April Ulenspiegel did as he had been bidden, and posted himself in the chimney. He was satisfied to see that no fire burned in it, and thought that, having no smoke, he would thus have better hearing.

Presently, the door of the chamber opened, and he was pierced through and through by a gust of wind. But he took this wind patiently, saying that it would freshen his attentiveness.

Then he heard the lords of Orange, Egmont, and the others come into the chamber. They began to speak of their fears, of the king's anger and the bad administration of the public moneys and finances. One of them spoke in sharp, haughty clear tones; that was Egmont. Ulenspiegel recognized Hoogstraeten by his hoarse voice; De Hoorn by his big voice; Count Louis of Nassau by his firm and warrior-like speaking; and the Silent One, by his pronouncing all his words slowly as if he had first weighed every one in a balance.

The Count of Egmont asked why they were brought together a second time, while at Hellegat they had had leisure to determine on what they meant to do.

De Hoorn replied:

"The hours go by swiftly, the king grows angry; let us take care not to waste time."

The Silent One said then:

"The countries are in danger; we must defend them against the attack of an army of foreigners."

Egmont replied, growing angry, that he found it astonishing that the king his master should think it necessary to send an army there, at a time when all was pacified by the care of the lords and especially by himself.

But the Silent:

"Philip hath in the Low Countries fourteen bands of regulars, of whom all the soldiers are devoted to him who commanded at Gravelines and at Saint Quentin."

"I do not understand," said Egmont.

The prince went on:

"I do not wish to say more, but there will be read to you and the assembled lords certain letters, those from the poor prisoner Montigny to begin with.

"In these letters, Messire de Montigny wrote:

"'The king is exceeding wroth at what has come to pass in the Low Countries, and he will punish the abettors of trouble at a given hour.'"

Herewith the Count of Egmont said that he was cold and that it would be well to light a great fire of wood. That was done while the two lords discussed the letters.

The fire did not catch because of the over-great stopper that was in the chimney, and the chamber was filled with smoke.

The Count of Hoogstraeten then read, coughing, the intercepted letters of Alava, the Spanish Ambassador, addressed to the Lady Governor.

"The Ambassador," said he, "writes that all the ill that has befallen the Low Countries has come from the doings of three men: to wit, Orange, Egmont, and Hoorn. We must, says the Ambassador, show a fair face to these three lords and tell them that the king recognizes that he holds these countries in his obedience through their services. As for the two single ones, Montigny and De Berghes, they are in the place where they ought to be."

"Ah," said Ulenspiegel, "I like better a smoky

chimney in Flanders than a cool, airy prison in Spain: for garrottes spring up out of the damp walls."

"The said Ambassador adds that the king said in the city of Madrid:

"'By all that hath come to pass in the Low Countries our royal reputation is diminished, the service of God is disparaged, and we shall rather expose all our other lands than leave such a rebellion unpunished. We are determined to go in person to the Low Countries and to request the help of the Pope and of the Emperor. Under the present evil lies the future good. We will reduce the Low Countries under our absolute sway, and will change and modify to our mind state, religion, and government.'"

"Ah! Philip King," said Ulenspiegel to himself, "if I could in my mode modify thee, thou shouldst undergo a great modification of thy thighs, arms, and legs under my Flemish cudgel; I should fasten thy head in the middle of thy back with two nails to see whether in that state, looking at the graveyard thou leavest behind thee, thou wouldst sing in thine own fashion thy song of tyrannical modifying."

Wine was brought in. D'Hoogstraeten rose and said: "I drink to the countries!" All followed his example, and putting his tankard down empty on the table, he added: "The evil hour strikes for the Belgian nobles. We must take thought for means of defending ourselves."

Waiting for an answer, he looked at Egmont, who uttered not a word.

But the Silent One spoke: "We will resist," said he, "if Egmont who twice, at Saint Quentin and at Gravelines, made France tremble, who has all authority over the Flemish soldiers, will come to our rescue

and prevent the Spaniard from coming into our countries."

Messire d'Egmont replied: "I think of the king with too much respect to believe that we must arm ourselves like rebels against him. Let those who fear his anger draw back. I will remain, having no way of living save by his help."

"Philip may take cruel vengeance," said the Silent.

"I have complete trust!" answered Egmont.

"Your head included?" asked Ludwig of Nassau.

"Included," replied Egmont, "head, body, and loyal devotion, which are his."

"Trusty and well-beloved, I will do even as thou," said De Hoorn. Said the Silent:

"We must foresee and not wait."

Then Messire d'Egmont, speaking vehemently, "I have," said he, "had two and twenty reformed hanged at Grammont. If the preachings come to an end, if the image breakers are punished, the king's anger will be appeased."

The Silent replied:

"There are hopes that are uncertain."

"Let us put on the armour of trust," said Egmont.

"Let us put on the armour of trust," said De Hoorn.

"It is iron we should arm with, not trust," replied D'Hoogstraeten.

Hereupon the Silent made a sign that he wished to go.

"Adieu, Prince without land!" said Egmont.

"Adieu, Count without a head!" replied the Silent. Ludwig of Nassau said then: "For the sheep the butcher, and glory for the soldier that is the saviour of the land of our fathers!"

"I cannot, and will not," said Egmont.

"Blood of the victims," said Ulenspiegel, "fall upon the head of the courtier!"

The lords withdrew.

Then Ulenspiegel came down out of his chimney and went immediately to bring the news to Praet. The latter said: "Egmont is a traitor, God is with the Prince."

The Duke! the Duke in Brussels! Where are the strong boxes that have wings?

Book III

BOOK III

I

HE GOES away, the Silent One, God guideth him.

The two counts have been seized already; Alba promises the Silent One lenity and pardon if he will present himself before him.

At this news, Ulenspiegel said to Lamme: "The Duke summons, at the instance of Dubois, the procurator general, the Prince of Orange, Ludwig his brother, De Hoogstraeten, Van den Bergh, Culembourg, de Brederode, and other friends of the Prince's, to appear before him within thrice fourteen days, promising them good justice and grace. Listen, Lamme, and hearken: One day a Jew of Amsterdam summoned one of his enemies to come down into the street; the summoner was on the pavement and the summoned at a window.

"'Come down, then,' said the summoner to the summoned, 'and I will give thee such a cuff on the head with my fist that it will tumble into thy breast, and thou shalt look through thy ribs like a thief through the bars of his prison.'

"The summoned replied: 'Even if thou wast to promise me an hundredfold more, I would not come down even then.' And so may Orange and the others answer."

And they did so, refusing to appear. Egmont and de Hoorn did not follow their example. And weakness in duty evokes the hour of God and fate.

II

At this time were beheaded on the Horse Market at Brussels the sires d'Andelot, the sons of Battemberg and other renowned and valiant lords, that had wished to seize Amsterdam by surprise.

And while they were going to execution, being eighteen in number, and singing hymns, the drummers drummed before and behind, all along the way.

And the Spanish troopers escorting them and carrying blazing torches burned their bodies with them all over. And when they writhed because of the pain, the troopers would say: "What now, Lutherans, does that hurt then to be burned so soon?"

And he that had betrayed them was called Dierick Slosse, who brought them to Enkhuyse, that was still Catholic, to hand them over to the duke's catchpolls.

And they died valiantly.

And the king inherited.

III

"Didst thou see him go by?" said Ulenspiegel, clad as a woodman, to Lamme similarly accoutred. "Didst thou see the foul duke with his forehead flat above like an eagle's, and his long beard like a rope end

dangling from a gallows? May God strangle him with it! Didst thou see that spider with his long hairy legs that Satan vomiting spat out upon our country? Come, Lamme, come; we will fling stones into his web . . ."

"Alas!" said Lamme, "we shall be burned alive."

"Come to Groenendal, my dear friend; come to Groenendal, there is a noble cloister whither His Spiderly Dukishness goes to pray to the God of peace to allow him to perfect his work, which is to rejoice his black spirits wallowing in carrion. We are in Lent, and it is only blood from which His Dukishness has no mind to fast. Come, Lamme, there are five hundred armed horsemen roundabout the house of Ohain; three hundred footmen have set out in little bands and are entering the forest of Soignes.

"Presently, when Alba is at his devotions, we shall run out upon him, and having taken him, we shall put him in a good iron cage and send him to the prince."

But Lamme, shivering in anguish:

"A great risk, my son," he said to Ulenspiegel. "A great risk! I would follow you in this emprise were not my legs so weak, if my belly was not so blown out by reason of the thin sour beer they drink in this town of Brussels."

This discourse was held in a hole dug in the earth in a wood, in the middle of the undergrowth. Suddenly, looking through the leaves as though out of a burrow, they saw the yellow and red coats of the Duke's troopers, whose weapons glittered in the sun and who were going afoot through the wood.

"We are betrayed," said Ulenspiegel.

When he saw the troopers no more, he ran at top speed as far as Ohain. The troopers let him pass

without noticing him, because of his woodcutter's clothes and the load of wood he carried on his back. There he found the horsemen waiting; he spread the news, all scattered and escaped except the sire de Bausart d'Armentières who was taken. As for the footmen that were coming from Brussels, they could not find a single one.

And it was a cowardly traitor in the regiment of the Sieur de Likes that betrayed them all.

The Sire de Bausart paid cruelly for the others.

Ulenspiegel went, his heart beating wildly with anguish, to see his cruel punishment in the Cattle Market at Brussels.

And poor d'Armentières, put upon the wheel, received thirty-seven blows of an iron bar on legs, arms, feet, and hands, which were broken to pieces one by one, for the murderers desired to see him suffer terribly.

And he received the thirty-seventh on the breast, and of that one he died.

IV

On a June day, bright and sweet, there was erected at Brussels, on the marketplace in front of the City Hall, a scaffold covered with black draperies, and hard by two tall stakes with iron spiked ends. Upon the scaffold were two black cushions and a little table on which there was a silver crucifix.

And on this scaffold were put to death by the sword the noble counts of Egmont and of Hoorn. And the king inherited.

And the ambassador of François, the first of that name, said, speaking of Egmont:

"I have just seen the head cut from off the man that twice caused France to tremble."

And the heads of the counts were set on the iron spikes.

And Ulenspiegel said to Lamme:

"The bodies and the blood are covered with black cloth. Blessed be they that shall hold their heart high and the sword straight in the black days that are at hand!"

V

At this time the Silent One gathered an army and invaded the Low Countries from three sides.

And Ulenspiegel said at a meeting of Wild Beggars at Marenhout:

"Upon the advice of the Inquisitors, Philip, the king, has declared each and every inhabitant of the Low Countries guilty of treason through heresy, both for adherence to it and for not having opposed it, and in consideration of this execrable crime, condemns them all, without respect to sex or age, excepting those that are expressly noted by name, to the penalties attached to such misdemeanours; and that without hope of grace. The king inherits. Death is reaping throughout the wide rich lands that border on the Northern Sea, the country of Emden, the river Amise, the countries of Westphalia, of Clèves, of Juliers and of Liége, the bishoprics of Cologne and of Trèves, the countries of Lorraine and of France. Death is reaping over a land of three hundred and forty leagues, in two hundred walled cities, in a hundred and fifty villages holding city rights, in the countryside in bourgs and plains. The king inherits.

"It is nowise too much," he went on, "eleven thousand butchers to do the work. Alba calls them soldiers. And the land of our fathers has become a charnel house whence the arts are taking flight, which the trades abandon, whence industries are departing to go and enrich foreigners, who allow them in their land to worship the God of the free conscience. Death and Ruin are reaping. The king inherits.

"The countries had acquired their privileges by dint of money given to needy princes; these privileges are confiscated. They had hoped, in accordance with the contracts entered upon and passed between them and the sovereigns, to enjoy riches as the fruit of their labours. They are deceived: the mason builds for the fire, the worker toils for the thief. The king inherits.

"Blood and tears! death reaps at the stake; upon the trees that serve as gallows all along the highways; in the open graves wherein poor girls are thrown alive; in the judicial drownings of the prisons, in the circles of blazing faggots within which the victims burn by slow fire, in the wrappings of burning straw in which the victims die in flame and smoke. The king inherits.

"So has willed the Pope in Rome.

"The cities are bursting with spies waiting for their share of the victims' goods. The richer a man is, the guiltier he is. The king inherits.

"But the valiant men of the countries will not suffer themselves to be slain like lambs. Among those that flee there are armed men that take shelter in the woods. The monks had denounced them that they might be slain and their goods seized. And so by night, by day, by bands, like wild beasts they rush upon the cloisters, and take back from thence the money stolen from the

poor people, in the shape of candelabra, gold and silver shrines, pyxes, patens, precious vases. Is not that so, good fellows? They drink from them the wine the monks were keeping for themselves. The vases melted down or pledged will serve for the holy war. Long live the Beggars!"

"They harass the king's soldiers, slay them and strip them, and then they flee into their dens. Day and night fires are seen lighted and extinguished, changing place incessantly. They are the fires of our feastings. For us the game, both fur and feather. We are lords. The peasants give us bread and bacon when we want it. Lamme, look at them. Raggedy, fierce, resolute, and proud eyed, they wander about the woods with their hatchets, halberds, long swords, daggers, pikes, lances, crossbows, arquebuses, for all weapons are good to them, and they will never march under ensigns. Long live the Beggars!

And Ulenspiegel sang:

"*Slaet op den trommele van dirre dom deyne*
Slaet op den trommele van dirre doum, doum.
Beat upon the drum! *van dirre dom deyne,*
Beat upon the drum of war.

"Let them tear out his bowels from the Duke!
Let them lash his face with them!
Slaet op den trommele, beat upon the drum
Cursed be the Duke! Death to the murderer.

"Let him be thrown to dogs! Death to the
Butcher! Long live the Beggars!
Let him be hanged by the tongue
And by the arm, by the tongue that orders,
And by the arm that signs the sentence of death.

Slaet op den trommele.
Beat upon the war drum. Long live the Beggar!

"Let the Duke be shut up alive with his victims' bodies!
In the noisome stench
Let him die of the corpse plague!
Beat upon the war drum. Long live the Beggar!

"Christ from on high look on thy soldiers,
Risking the fire, the rope,
The sword for thy word's sake.
They will deliverance for the land of their fathers.
Slaet op den trommele, van dirre dom deyne.
Beat upon the war drum. Long live the Beggar!"

And all set to drinking and shouting:

"Long live the Beggar!"

And Ulenspiegel, drinking from the gilt tankard of a monk, looked proudly round on the valiant faces of the Wild Beggars.

"Wild men," said he, "ye are wolves, lions, and tigers. Eat the dogs of the bloody king."

"Long live the Beggar!" said they, singing:

"*Slaet op den trommele van dirre dom deyne;*
Slaet op den trommel van dirre dom dom:
Beat upon the war drum. Long live the Beggar!"

VI

Ulenspiegel, being at Ypres, was recruiting soldiers for the Prince: pursued by the Duke's catchpolls, he offered himself as beadle to the provost of Saint Martin.

There he had for his companion a bellringer called Pompilius Numan, a coward of the deepest dye, who at night took his own shadow for the devil and his shirt for a ghost.

The provost was fat and plump as a hen fattened just ripe for the spit. Ulenspiegel soon saw on what grass he grazed to make himself so much pork. According to what he heard from the bellringer and saw with his own eyes, the provost dined at nine and supped at four by the clock. He stayed in bed until half-past eight; then before dinner he went walking in his church to see if the poor-boxes were well filled. And the half he put into his own pouch. At nine o'clock he dined on a bowl of milk, half a leg of mutton, a little heron pie, and emptied five tankards of Brussels wine. At ten, sucking a few prunes and washing them down with Orleans wine, he prayed God never to bring him in the way of gluttony. At noon, he ate, to pass the time, a wing and rump of a chicken. At one o'clock, thinking of his supper, he drained a big draught of Spanish wine; then stretching himself out on his bed, refreshed himself with a little nap.

Awaking, he would eat a little salted salmon to whet his appetite, and drink a great tankard of *dobbel-knol* of Antwerp. Then he would go down into the kitchen, sit down before the chimney place and the noble wood fire that flamed in it. There he watched roasting and browning for the abbey monks a big piece of veal or a well-scalded little pigling, that he would have eaten more gladly than a piece of bread. But his appetite was a little wanting. And he would study the spit, which turned by itself like a miracle. It was the work of Peter van Steenkiste the smith, who lived in the

castellany of Courtrai. The provost paid him fifteen Paris livres for one of these spits.

Then he would go up again to his bed, and dozing upon it through fatigue, he would wake up about three o'clock to gulp in a little pig jelly washed down with wine of Romagna at two hundred and forty florins the hogshead. At three he would eat a fledgling chick with Madeira sugar and empty two glasses of malvoisie at seventeen florins the keg. At half-past three, he took half a pot of preserves and washed it down with hydromel. Being now well awaked, he would take one foot in his hand and rest in meditation.

The moment of supper being come, the curé of Saint Jean would often arrive to visit him at this succulent hour. They sometimes disputed which could eat most fish, poultry, game, and meat. The one that was quickest filled must pay a dish of carbonadoes for the other, with three hot wines, four spices, and seven vegetables.

Thus drinking and eating, they talked together of heretics, being of opinion anyhow that it was impossible to do away with too many of them. And then they never fell into any quarrel, except only when they were discussing the thirty-nine ways of making good soups with beer.

Then drooping their venerable heads upon their priestly paunches, they would snore. Sometimes half waking, one of them would say that life in this world is very sweet and that poor folk are very wrong to complain.

This was the saintly man whose beadle Ulenspiegel became. He served him well during mass, not without filling the flagons three times, twice for himself and

once for the provost. The ringer Pompilius Numan helped him at it on occasion.

Ulenspiegel, who saw Pompilius so flourishing, paunchy, and full cheeked, asked him if it was in the provost's service he had laid up for himself this treasure of enviable health.

"Aye, my son," replied Pompilius, "but shut the door tight for fear that one might listen to us."

Then speaking in a whisper:

"You know," said he, "that our master the provost loveth all wines and beers, all meats and fowl, with a surpassing love. And so he locks his meats in a cupboard and his wines in a cellar, the keys of which are ever in his pouch. And he sleeps with his hand on them. . . . By night when he sleeps I go and take his keys from his pouch and put them back again, not without trembling, my son, for if he knew my crime he would have me boiled alive."

"Pompilius," said Ulenspiegel, "it needs not to take all that trouble, but the keys one time only; I shall make keys on this pattern and we shall leave the others on the paunch of the good provost."

"Make them, my son," said Pompilius.

Ulenspiegel made the keys; as soon as he and Pompilius judged about eight of the clock in the evening that the good provost was asleep they would go down and take what they chose of meats and bottles. Ulenspiegel would carry two bottles and Pompilius the meats, because Pompilius always was trembling like a leaf, and hams and legs of mutton do not break in falling. They took possession of fowl more than once before they were cooked, which brought about the accusation of several cats belonging to

the neighbourhood, which were done to death for the crime.

They went thereafter into the *Ketel-straat*, which is the street of the *bona robas*. There they spared nothing, giving liberally to their dears smoked beef and ham, saveloys and poultry, and gave them wine of Orleans and Romagna to drink, and *Ingelsche bier*, which they called *ale* on the other side of the sea, and which they poured in floods down the fresh throats of the pretty ladies. And they were paid in caresses.

However, one morning after dinner the provost sent for both of them. He had a formidable look, sucking a marrow bone in soup, not without anger.

Pompilius was trembling in his shoes, and his belly was shaken with fear. Ulenspiegel, keeping quiet, felt at the cellar keys in his pocket with pleased satisfaction.

The provost, addressing him, said:

"Someone is drinking my wine and eating my fowl, is it thou, my son?"

"No," replied Ulenspiegel.

"And this ringer," said the provost, pointing to Pompilius, "hath not he dipped his hands in this crime, for he is pallid as a dying man, assuredly because the stolen wine is poison to him."

"Alas! Messire," answered Ulenspiegel, "you wrongly accuse your ringer, for if he is pale, it is not from having drunk wine, but for want of drinking enough, from which cause he is so loosened that if he is not stopped his very soul will escape by streams into his shoes."

"The poor we have always with us," said the provost, taking a deep draught of wine from his tankard. "But tell me, my son, if thou, who hast the eyes of a lynx, hast not seen the robbers?"

"I will keep good watch for them, Messire Provost," replied Ulenspiegel.

"May God have you both in his joy, my children," said the provost, "and live soberly. For it is from intemperance that many evils come upon us in this vale of tears. Go in peace."

And he blessed them.

And he sucked another marrow bone in soup, and drank another great draught of wine.

Ulenspiegel and Pompilius went out from him.

"This scurvy fellow," said Ulenspiegel, "would not have given you a single drop of his wine to drink. It will be blessed bread to steal more from him still. But what ails you that you are shivering?"

"My shoes are full of water," said Pompilius.

"Water dries quickly, my son," said Ulenspiegel. "But be merry, to-night there will be flagon music in the *Ketel-straat.* And we will fill up the three night watchmen, who will watch the town with snores."

Which was done.

However, they were close to Saint Martin's day: the church was adorned for the feast. Ulenspiegel and Pompilius went in by night, shut the doors close, lit all the wax candles, took a viol and bagpipe, and began to play on these instruments all they might. And the candles flared like suns. But that was not all. Their task being done, they went to the provost, whom they found afoot, in spite of the late hour, munching a thrush, drinking Rhenish wine and opening both eyes to see the church windows lit up.

"Messire Provost," said Ulenspiegel to him, "would you know who eats your meats and drinks your wines?"

"And this illumination," said the provost, pointing to

the windows of the church. "Ah! Lord God, dost thou allow Master Saint Martin thus to burn, by night and without paying, poor monks' wax candles?"

"He is doing something besides, Messire Provost," said Ulenspiegel, "but come."

The provost took his crozier and followed with them; they went into the church.

There, he saw, in the middle of the great nave, all the saints come down from their niches, ranged round and as it seemed commanded by Saint Martin, who out-topped them all by a head, and from the forefinger of his hand, outstretched to bless, held up a roast turkey. The others had in their hands or were lifting to their mouths pieces of chicken or goose, sausages, hams, fish raw and cooked, and among other things a pike weighing full fourteen pounds. And every one had at his feet a flask of wine.

At this sight the provost, losing himself wholly in anger, became so red and his face was so congested, that Pompilius and Ulenspiegel thought he would burst, but the provost, without paying any heed to them, went straight up to Saint Martin, threatening him as if he would have laid the crime of the others to his charge, tore the turkey away from his finger and struck him such heavy blows that he broke his arm, his nose, his crozier, and his mitre.

As for the others, he did not spare them bangs and thumps, and more than one under his blows laid aside arms, hands, mitre, crozier, scythe, axes, gridirons, saw, and other emblems of dignity and of martyrdom. Then the provost, his belly shaking in front of him, went himself to put out all the candles with rage and speed.

He carried away all he could of hams, fowl, and sausages, and bending beneath the load he came back to his bedchamber so doleful and angry that he drank, draught upon draught, three great flasks of wine.

Ulenspiegel, being well assured that he was sleeping, took away to the *Ketel-straat* all the provost thought he had rescued, and also all that remained in the church, not without first supping on the best pieces. And they laid the remains and fragments at the feet of the saints.

Next day Pompilius was ringing the bell for matins; Ulenspiegel went up into the provost's sleeping chamber and asked him to come down once more into the church.

There, showing him the broken pieces of saints and fowls, he said to him:

"Messire Provost, you did all in vain, they have eaten all the same."

"Aye," replied the provost, "they have come up to my sleeping chamber, like robbers, and taken what I had saved. Ah, master saints, I will complain to the Pope about this."

"Aye," replied Ulenspiegel, "but the procession is the day after to-morrow, the workmen will presently be coming into the church: if they see there all these poor mutilated saints, are you not afraid of being accused of iconoclasm?"

"Ah! Master Saint Martin," said the provost, "spare me the fire, I knew not what I did!"

Then turning to Ulenspiegel, while the timid bell-ringer was swinging to his bells:

"They could never," said he, "between now and

Sunday, mend Saint Martin. What am I to do, and what will the people say?"

"Messire," answered Ulenspiegel, "we must employ an innocent subterfuge. We shall glue on a beard on the face of Pompilius; it is always respectable, being always melancholic; we shall dight him up with the Saint's mitre, alb, amice, and great cloak; we shall enjoin upon him to stand well and fast on his pedestal, and the people will take him for the wooden Saint Martin."

The provost went to Pompilius who was swaying on the ropes.

"Cease to ring," said he, "and listen to me: would you earn fifteen ducats? On Sunday, the day of the procession, you shall be Saint Martin. Ulenspiegel will get you up properly, and if when you are borne by your four men you make one movement or utter one word, I will have you boiled alive in oil in the great caldron the executioner has just had built on the market square."

"Monseigneur, I give you thanks," said Pompilius; "but you know that I find it hard to contain my water."

"You must obey," replied the provost.

"I shall obey, Monseigneur," said Pompilius, very pitifully.

VII

Next day, in bright sunshine, the procession issued forth from the church. Ulenspiegel had, as best he could, patched up the twelve saints that balanced themselves on their pedestals between the banners of the guilds, then came the statue of Our Lady; then the daughters of the Virgin all clad in white and singing

anthems; then the archers and crossbowmen; then the nearest to the dais and swaying more than the others, Pompilius sinking under the heavy accoutrements of Master Saint Martin.

Ulenspiegel, having provided himself with itching powder, had himself clothed Pompilius with his episcopal costume, had put on his gloves and given him his crozier and taught him the Latin fashion of blessing the people. He had also helped the priests to clothe themselves. On some he put their stole, on others their amice, on the deacons the alb. He ran hither and thither through the church, restoring the folds of doublet or breeches. He admired and praised the well-furbished weapons of the crossbowmen, and the formidable bows of the confraternity of the archers. And on everyone he poured, on ruff, on back or wrist, a pinch of itching powder. But the dean and the four bearers of Saint Martin were those that got most of it. As for the daughters of the Virgin, he spared them for the sake of their sweetness and grace.

The procession went forth, banners in the wind, ensigns displayed, in goodly order. Men and women crossed themselves as they saw it passing. And the sun shone hot.

The dean was the first to feel the effect of the powder, and scratched a little behind his ear. All, priests, archers, crossbowmen, were scratching neck, legs, wrists, without daring to do it openly. The four bearers were scratching, too, but the bellringer, itching worse than any, for he was more exposed to the hot sun, did not dare even to budge for fear of being boiled alive. Screwing up his nose, he made an ugly grimace and

trembled on his tottery legs, for he nearly fell every time his bearers scratched themselves.

But he did not dare to move, and let his water go through fear, and the bearers said:

"Great Saint Martin, is it going to rain now?"

The priests were singing a hymn to Our Lady.

"Si de coe . . coe . . . coe . . lo descenderes
O sanc . . . ta . . . ta . . . ta . . . Ma . . . ma . . . ria."

For their voices shook because of the itching, which became excessive, but they scratched themselves modestly and parsimoniously. Even so the dean and the four bearers of Saint Martin had their necks and wrists torn to pieces. Pompilius stayed absolutely still, tottering on his poor legs, which were itching the most.

But lo on a sudden all the crossbowmen, archers, deacons, priests, dean, and the bearers of Saint Martin stopped to scratch themselves. The powder made the soles of Pompilius's feet itch, but he dared not budge for fear of falling.

And the curious said that Saint Martin rolled very fierce eyes and showed a very threatening mien to the poor populace.

Then the dean started the procession going again.

Soon the hot sun that was falling straight down on all these processional backs and bellies made the effect of the powder intolerable.

And then priests, archers, crossbowmen, deacons, and dean were seen, like a troop of apes, stopping and scratching shamelessly wherever they itched.

The daughters of the Virgin sang their hymn, and it

was as the angels' singing, all those fresh pure voices mounting towards the sky.

All went off wherever and however they could: the dean, still scratching, rescued the Holy Sacrament; the pious people carried the relics into the church; Saint Martin's four bearers threw Pompilius roughly on the ground. There, not daring to scratch, move, or speak, the poor bellringer shut his eyes devoutly.

Two lads would have carried him away, but finding him too heavy, they stood him upright against a wall, and there Pompilius shed big tears.

The populace assembled round about him; the women had gone to fetch handkerchiefs of fine white linen and wiped his face to preserve his tears as relics, and said to him: "Monseigneur, how hot you are!"

The bellringer looked at them piteously, and in spite of himself, made grimaces with his nose.

But as the tears were rolling copiously from his eyes, the women said:

"Great Saint Martin, are you weeping for the sins of the town of Ypres? Is not that your honoured nose moving? Yet we have followed the counsel of Louis Vivès and the poor of Ypres will have wherewithal to work and wherewithal to eat. Oh! the big tears! They are pearls. Our salvation is here."

The men said:

"Must we, great Saint Martin, pull down the *Ketelstraat* in our town? But teach us above all ways of preventing poor girls from going out at night and so falling into a thousand adventures."

Suddenly the people cried out:

"Here is the beadle!"

Ulenspiegel then came up, and taking Pompilius

round the body, carried him off on his shoulders followed by the crowd of devout men and women.

"Alas!" said the poor ringer, whispering in his ear, "I shall die of itch, my son."

"Keep stiff," answered Ulenspiegel; "do you forget that you are a wooden saint?"

He ran on at full speed and set down Pompilius before the provost who was currying himself with his nails till the blood came.

"Bellringer," said the provost, "have you scratched yourself like us?"

"No, Messire," answered Pompilius.

"Have you spoken or moved?"

"No, Messire," replied Pompilius.

"Then," said the provost, "you shall have your fifteen ducats. Now go and scratch yourself."

VIII

The next day, the people, having learned from Ulenspiegel what had happened, said it was a wicked mockery to make them worship as a saint a whining fellow who could not hold in his water.

And many became heretics. And setting out with all their goods, they hastened to swell the prince's army.

Ulenspiegel returned towards Liége.

Being alone in the wood he sat down and pondered. Looking at the bright sky, he said:

"War, always war, so that the Spanish enemy may slay the poor people, pillage our goods, violate our wives and daughters. And all the while our goodly money goes, and our blood flows in rivers without profit to any one, except for this royal churl that would

fain add another jewel of authority to his crown. A jewel that he imagines glorious, a jewel of blood, a jewel of smoke. Ah! if I could jewel thee as I desire, there would be none but flies to desire thy company."

As he thought on these things he saw pass before him a whole herd of stags. There were some among them old and tall, with their dowcets still, and proudly wearing their antlers with nine points. Graceful brockets, which are their squires, trotted alongside them seeming all prepared to give them succour with their pointed horns. Ulenspiegel knew not where they were going, but judged that it was to their lair.

"Ah!" said he, "old stags and graceful brockets, ye are going, merry and proud, into the depths of the woodland to your lair, eating the young shoots, snuffling up the balmy scents, happy until the hunter-murderer shall come. Even so with us, old stags and brockets!"

And the ashes of Claes beat upon Ulenspiegel's breast.

IX

In September, when the gnats cease from biting, the Silent One, with six field guns and four great cannon to talk for him, and fourteen thousand Flemings, Walloons, and Germans, crossed the Rhine at Saint Vyt.

Under the yellow-and-red ensigns of the knotty staff of Burgundy, a staff that bruised our countries for long, the rod of the beginning of servitude that Alba wielded, the bloody duke, there marched twenty-six thousand five hundred men, and rumbled along seventeen field pieces and nine big guns.

But the Silent One was not to have any good success in this war, for Alba continually refused battle.

And his brother Ludwig, the Bayard of Flanders, after many cities won, and many ships held to ransom on the Rhine, lost at Jemmingen in Frisia to the duke's son sixteen guns, fifteen hundred horses, and twenty ensigns, all through certain cowardly mercenary troops, who demanded money when it was the hour of battle.

And through ruin, blood, and tears, Ulenspiegel vainly sought the salvation of the land of our fathers.

And the executioners throughout the countries were hanging, beheading, burning the poor innocent victims.

And the king was inheriting.

X

Going through the Walloon country, Ulenspiegel saw that the prince had no succour to hope for thence, and so he came up to the town of Bouillon.

Little by little he saw appearing on the road more and more hunchbacks of every age, sex, and condition. All of them, equipped with large rosaries, were devoutly telling their beads on them.

And their prayers were as the croakings of frogs in a pond at night when the weather is warm.

There were hunchback mothers carrying hunchback children, whilst other children of the same brood clung to their skirts. And there were hunchbacks on the hills and hunchbacks in the plains. And everywhere Ulenspiegel saw their thin silhouettes standing out against the clear sky.

He went to one and said to him:

"Whither go all these poor men, women, and children?"

The man replied:

"We are going to the tomb of Master Saint Remacle to pray him that he will grant what our hearts desire, by taking from off our backs his lump of humiliation."

Ulenspiegel rejoined:

"Could Master Saint Remacle give me also what my heart desireth, by taking from off the back of the poor communes the bloody duke, who weighs upon them like a leaden hump?"

"He hath not charge to remove humps of penance," replied the pilgrim.

"Did he remove others?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"Aye, when the humps are young. If then the miracle of healing takes place, we hold revel and feasting throughout all the town. And every pilgrim gives a piece of silver, and oftentimes a gold florin to the happy one that is cured, becomes a saint thereby and with power to pray with efficacy for the others."

Ulenspiegel said:

"Why doeth the wealthy Master Saint Remacle, like a rascal apothecary, make folk pay for his cures?"

"Impious tramp, he punishes blasphemers!" replied the pilgrim, shaking his hump in fury.

"Alas!" groaned Ulenspiegel.

And he fell doubled up at the foot of a tree.

The pilgrim, looking down on him, said:

"Master Saint Remacle smites hard when he smites."

Ulenspiegel bent up his back, and scratching at it, whined:

"Glorious saint, take pity. It is chastisement. I feel between my shoulder bones a bitter agony. Alas! O! O! Pardon, Master Saint Remacle. Go, pilgrim, go, leave me here alone, like a parricide, to weep and to repent."

But the pilgrim had fled away as far as the Great Square of Bouillon, where all the hunchbacks were gathered.

There, shivering with fear, he told them, speaking brokenly:

"Met a pilgrim as straight as a poplar . . . a blaspheming pilgrim . . . hump on his back . . . a burning hump!"

The pilgrims, hearing this, they gave vent to a thousand joyful outcries, saying:

"Master Saint Remacle, if you give humps, you can take them away. Take away our humps, Master Saint Remacle!"

Meanwhile, Ulenspiegel left his tree. Passing through the empty suburb, he saw, at the low door of a tavern, two bladders swinging from a stick, pigs' bladders, hung up in this fashion as a sign of a fair of black puddings, *panch kermis* as they say in the country of Brabant.

Ulenspiegel took one of the two bladders, picked up from the ground the backbone of a *schol*, which the French call dried plaice, drew blood from himself, made some blood run into the bladder, blew it up, sealed it, put it on his back, and on it placed the backbone of the *schol*. Thus equipped, with his back arched, his head wagging, and his legs tottering like an old humpback, he came out on the square.

The pilgrim that had witnessed his fall saw him and cried out:

"Here is the blasphemer!"

And pointed to him with his finger. And all ran to see the afflicted one.

Ulenspiegel nodded his head piteously.

"Ah!" said he, "I deserve neither grace nor pity; slay me like a mad dog."

And the humpbacks, rubbing their hands, said:

"One more in our fraternity."

Ulenspiegel, muttering between his teeth: "I will make you pay for that, evil ones," appeared to endure all patiently, and said:

"I will neither eat nor drink, even to fortify my hump, until Master Saint Remacle has deigned to heal me even as he has smitten me."

At the rumour of the miracle the dean came out of the church. He was a tall man, portly and majestic. Nose in wind, he clove the sea of the hunchbacks like a ship.

They pointed out Ulenspiegel; he said to him:

"Is it thou, good fellow, that the scourge of Saint Remacle has smitten?"

"Yea, Messire Dean," replied Ulenspiegel, "it is indeed I his humble worshipper who would fain be cured of his new hump, if it please him."

The dean, smelling some trick under this speech:

"Let me," said he, "feel this hump."

"Feel it, Messire," answered Ulenspiegel.

And having done so, the dean:

"It is," said he, "of recent date and wet. I hope, however, that Master Saint Remacle will be pleased to act pitifully. Follow me."

Ulenspiegel followed the dean and went into the church. The humpbacks, walking behind him, cried out: "Behold the accursed! Behold the blasphemer! What doth it weigh, thy fresh hump? Wilt thou make a bag of it to put thy patacoons in? Thou didst mock at us all thy life because thou wast

straight: now it is our turn. Glory be to Master Saint Remacle!"

Ulenspiegel, without uttering a word, bending his head, still following the dean, went into a little chapel where there was a tomb all marble covered with a great flat slab also of marble. Between the tomb and the chapel wall there was not the space of the span of a large hand. A crowd of humpbacked pilgrims, following one another in single file, passed between the wall and the slab of the tomb, on which they rubbed their humps in silence. And thus they hoped to be delivered. And those that were rubbing their humps were loath to give place to those that had not yet rubbed theirs, and they fought together, but without any noise, only daring to strike sly blows, humpbacks' blows, because of the holiness of the place.

The dean bade Ulenspiegel get up on the flat top of the tomb, that all the pilgrims might see him plainly. Ulenspiegel replied: "I cannot get up by myself."

The dean helped him up and stationed himself beside him, bidding him kneel down. Ulenspiegel did so and remained in this posture, with head hanging.

The dean then, having meditated, preached and said in a sonorous voice:

"Sons and brothers of Jesus Christ, ye see at my feet the greatest child of impiety, vagabond, and blasphemer that Saint Remacle hath ever smitten with his anger."

And Ulenspiegel, beating upon his breast, said: "*Confiteor.*"

"Once," went on the dean, "he was straight as a halberd shaft, and gloried in it. See him now, hump-

backed and bowed under the stroke of the celestial curse."

"*Confiteor*, take away my hump," said Ulenspiegel.

"Yea," went on the dean, "yea, mighty saint, Master Saint Remacle, who since thy glorious death hast performed nine and thirty miracles, take away from his shoulders the weight that loads them down. And may we, for this boon, sing thy praises from everlasting to everlasting, *in saecula saeculorum*. And peace on earth to humpbacks of good will."

And the humpbacks said in chorus:

"Yea, yea, peace on earth to humpbacks of good will: humpbacks' peace, truce to the deformed, amnesty of humiliation. Take away our humps, Master Saint Remacle!"

The dean bade Ulenspiegel descend from the tomb, and rub his hump against the edge of the slab. Ulenspiegel did so, ever repeating: "*Mea culpa, confiteor*, take away my hump." And he rubbed it thoroughly in sight and knowledge of those that stood by.

And these cried aloud:

"Do ye see the hump? it bends! see you, it gives way! it will melt away on the right"—"No, it will go back into the breast; humps do not melt, they go down again into the intestines from which they come"—"No, they return into the stomach where they serve as nourishment for eighty days"—"It is the saint's gift to humpbacks that are rid of them"—"Where do the old humps go?"

Suddenly all the humpbacks gave a loud cry, for Ulenspiegel had just burst his hump leaning hard against the edge of the flat tomb top. All the blood that was in it fell, dripping from his doublet in big

drops upon the stone flags. And he cried out, straightening himself up and stretching out his arms:

"I am rid of it!"

And all the humpbacks began to call out together:

"Master Saint Remacle the blessed, it is kind to him, but hard to us"—"Master, take away our humps, ours too!"—"I, I will give thee a calf."—"I, seven sheep."—"I, the year's hunting."—"I, six hams."—"I, I will give my cottage to the Church"—"Take away our humps, Master Saint Remacle!"

And they looked on Ulenspiegel with envy and with respect. One would have felt under his doublet, but the dean said to him:

"There is a wound that may not see the light."

"I will pray for you," said Ulenspiegel.

"Aye, Pilgrim," said the humpbacks, speaking all together, "aye, master, thou that hast been made straight again, we made a mock of thee; forgive it us, we knew not what we did. Monseigneur Christ forgave when on the cross; give us all forgiveness."

"I will forgive," said Ulenspiegel benevolently.

"Then," said they, "take this patard, accept this florin, permit us to give this real to Your Straightness, to offer him this cruzado, put these carolus in his hands. . . ."

"Hide up your carolus," said Ulenspiegel, whispering, "let not your left hand know what your right hand is giving."

And this he said because of the dean who was devouring with his eyes the humpbacks' money, without seeing whether it was gold or silver.

"Thanks be unto thee, sanctified sir," said the humpbacks to Ulenspiegel.

And he accepted their gifts proudly as a man of a miracle.

But greedy ones were rubbing away with their humps on the tomb without saying a word.

Ulenspiegel went at night to a tavern where he held revel and feast.

Before going to bed, thinking that the dean would want to have his share of the booty, if not all, he counted up his gain, and found more gold than silver, for he had in it fully three hundred carolus. He noted a withered bay tree in a pot, took it by the hair of its head, plucked up the plant and the earth, and put the gold underneath. All the demi-florins, patards, and patacoons were spread out upon the table.

The dean came to the tavern and went up to Ulenspiegel.

The latter, seeing him:

"Messire Dean," said he, "what would you of my poor self?"

"Nothing but thy good, my son," replied he.

"Alas!" groaned Ulenspiegel, "is it that which you see on the table?"

"The same," replied the dean.

Then putting out his hand, he swept the table clean of all the money that was upon it and dropped it into a bag destined for it.

And he gave a florin to Ulenspiegel, who pretended to groan and whine.

And he asked for the implements of the miracle.

Ulenspiegel showed him the *schol* bone and the bladder.

The dean took them while Ulenspiegel bemoaned himself, imploring him to be good enough to give him

more, saying that the way was long from Bouillon to Damme, for him a poor footpassenger, and that beyond a doubt he would die of hunger.

The dean went away without uttering a word.

Being left alone, Ulenspiegel went to sleep with his eye on the bay tree. Next day at dawn, having picked up his booty, he went away from Bouillon and went to the camp of the Silent One, handed over the money to him and recounted the story, saying it was the true method of levying contributions of war from the enemy.

And the Prince gave him ten florins.

As for the *schol* bone, it was enshrined in a crystal casket and placed between the arms of the cross on the principal altar at Bouillon.

And everyone in the town knows that what the cross encloses is the hump of the blasphemer who was made straight.

XI

The Silent One, being in the neighbourhood of Liége, made marches and countermarches before crossing the Meuse, thus misleading the duke's vigilance.

Ulenspiegel, schooling himself to his duties as a soldier, became very dexterous in handling the wheel-locked arquebus and kept his eyes and ears well open.

At this time there came to the camp Flemish and Brabant nobles, who lived on good terms with the lords, colonels, and captains in the following of the Silent One.

Soon two parties formed in the camp, eternally quarrelling and disputing, the one side saying: "the Prince is a traitor," the other answering that the accusers lied

in their throat and that they would make them swallow their lie. Distrust spread and grew like a spot of oil. They came to blows in groups of six, of eight, or a dozen men; fighting with every weapon of single combat, even with arquebuses.

One day the prince came up at the noise, marching between two parties. A bullet carried away his sword from his side. He put an end to the combat and visited the whole camp to show himself, that it might not be said: "The Silent One is dead, and the war is dead with him."

The next day, towards midnight, in misty weather, Ulenspiegel being on the point of coming out from a house where he had been to sing a Flemish love song to a Walloon girl, heard at the door of the cottage beside the house a raven's croak thrice repeated. Other croakings answered from a distance, thrice by thrice. A country churl came to the door of the cottage. Ulenspiegel heard footsteps on the highway.

Two men, speaking Spanish, came to the rustic, who said to them in the same tongue:

"What have you done?"

"A good piece of work," said they, "lying for the king. Thanks to us, captains and soldiermen say to one another in distrust:

"'It is through vile ambition that the prince is resisting the king; he is but waiting to be feared by him and to receive cities and lordships as a pledge of peace; for five hundred thousand florins he will abandon the valiant lords that are fighting for the countries. The duke has offered him a full amnesty with a promise and an oath to restore to their estates himself and all the highest leaders of the army, if they would re-enter

into obedience to the king. Orange means to treat with him alone by himself.'

"The partisans of the Silent One answered us:

"'The duke's offer is a treacherous trap. He will pay them no heed, recalling the fate of Messieurs d'Egmont and de Hoorn. Well they know it, Cardinal de Granvelle, being at Rome, said at the time of the capture of the Counts: "They take the two gudgeons, but they leave the pike; they have taken nothing since the Silent remains still to take."'"

"Is the variance great in the camp?" said the rustic.

"Great is the variance," said they: "greater every day. Where are the letters?"

They went into the cottage, where a lantern was lighted. There, peeping through a little skylight, Ulenspiegel saw them open two missives, read them with much satisfaction and pleasure, drink hydromel, and at last depart, saying to the rustic in Spanish:

"Camp divided, Orange taken. That will be a good lemonade."

"Those fellows," said Ulenspiegel, "cannot be allowed to live."

They went out into the thick mist. Ulenspiegel saw the rustic bring them a lantern, which they took with them.

The light of the lantern being often intercepted by a black shape, he took it that they were walking one behind the other.

He primed his arquebus and fired at the black shape. He then saw the lantern lowered and raised several times, and judged that, one of the two being down, the other was endeavouring to see the nature of his wound. He primed his arquebus again. Then the lantern

going forward alone, swiftly and swinging and in the direction of the camp, he fired once more. The lantern staggered about, then fell, and there was darkness.

Running towards the camp, he saw the provost coming out with a crowd of soldiers awakened by the noise of the shots. Ulenspiegel, accosting them, said:

"I am the hunter, go and pick up the game."

"Jolly Fleming," said the provost, "you speak otherwise than with your tongue."

"Tongue talk, 'tis wind," replied Ulenspiegel. "Lead talk remains in the bodies of the traitors. But follow me."

He brought them, furnished with their lanterns, to the place where the two were fallen. And they beheld them indeed, stretched out on the earth, one dead, the other in the death rattle and holding his hand on his breast, where there was a letter crushed and crumpled in the last effort of his life.

They carried away the bodies, which they recognized by their garments as bodies of nobles, and thus came with their lanterns to the prince, interrupted at council with Frederic of Hollenhausen, the Markgrave of Hesse, and other lords.

Followed by landsknechts, reiters, green jackets and yellow jackets, they came before the tent of the Silent, shouting requests that he would receive them.

He came from the tent. Then, taking the word from the provost who was coughing and preparing to accuse him, Ulenspiegel said:

"Monseigneur, I have killed two traitor nobles of your train, instead of ravens."

Then he recounted what he had seen, heard, and done.

The Silent said not a word. The two bodies were searched, there being present himself, William of Orange, the Silent, Frederic de Hollenhausen, the Markgrave of Hesse, Dieterich de Schooenbergh, Count Albert of Nassau, the Count de Hoogstraeten, Antoine de Lalaing, the Governor of Malines; the troopers, and Lamme Goedzak trembling in his great paunch. Sealed letters from Granvelle and Noircarmes were found upon the gentlemen, enjoining upon them to sow dissension in the prince's train, in order to diminish his strength by so much, to force him to yield, and to deliver him to the duke to be beheaded in accordance with his deserts. "It was essential," said the letters, "to proceed subtly and by veiled speech, so that the people in the army might believe that the Silent had already, for his own personal profit, come to a private agreement with the duke. His captains and soldiers, being angry, would make him a prisoner. For reward a draft on the Függers of Antwerp for five hundred ducats had been sent to each; they should have a thousand as soon as the four hundred thousand ducats that were expected should have arrived in Zealand from Spain."

This plot being discovered and laid open, the prince, without a word, turned towards the nobles, lords, and soldiers, among whom were a great many that held him in suspicion; he showed the two corpses without a word, intending thereby to reproach them for their mistrust of him. All shouted with a great tumultuous noise:

"Long life to Orange! Orange is faithful to the countries!"

They would, for contumely, fain have flung the bodies to the dogs, but the Silent:

"It is not bodies that must be thrown to the dogs, but feeblemindedness that bringeth about doubts of singleminded and good intents."

And lords and soldiers shouted:

"Long live the prince! Long live Orange, the friend to the countries!"

And their voices were as a thunder threatening injustice.

And the prince, pointing to the bodies:

"Give them Christian interment," said he.

"And I," said Ulenspiegel, "what is to be done with my faithful carcase? If I have done ill let them give me blows; if I have done well let them accord me reward."

Then the Silent One spake and said:

"This musketeer shall have fifty blows with green wood in my presence for having, without orders, slain two nobles, to the great disparagement of all discipline. He shall receive as well thirty florins for having seen well and heard well."

"Monseigneur," replied Ulenspiegel, "if they gave me the thirty florins first, I would endure the blows from the green wood with patience."

"Aye, aye," groaned Lamme Goedzak, "give him first of all the thirty florins; he will endure the rest with patience."

"And then," said Ulenspiegel, "having my soul free of guilt, I have no need to be washed with oak or rinsed with cornel."

"Aye," groaned Lamme Goedzak as before, "Ulenspiegel hath no need of washing or of rinsing. He hath a clean soul. Do not wash him, Messires, do not wash him."

Ulenspiegel having received the thirty florins, the *stock-meester* was ordered by the provost to seize him.

"See, Messires," said Lamme, "how piteous he looks. He hath no love for the wood, my friend Ulenspiegel."

"I love," replied Ulenspiegel, "to see a lovely ash all leafy, growing in the sunshine in all it's native verdure; but I hate to the death those ugly sticks of wood still bleeding their sap, stripped of branches, without leaves or twigs, of fierce aspect and harsh of acquaintance."

"Art thou ready?" asked the provost.

"Ready," repeated Ulenspiegel, "ready for what? To be beaten. No, I am not, and have no desire to be, master *stock-meester*. Your beard is red and you have a formidable air; but I am fully persuaded that you have a kind heart and do not love to maltreat a poor fellow like me. I must tell it you, I love not to do it or see it; for a Christian man's back is a sacred temple which, even as his breast, encloseth the lungs wherewith we breathe the air of the good God. With what poignant remorse would you be gnawed if a brutal stroke of the stick were to break me in pieces."

"Make haste," said the *stock-meester*.

"Monseigneur," said Ulenspiegel, speaking to the Prince, "nothing presses, believe me; first should this stick be dried and seasoned, for they say that green wood entering living flesh imparts to it a deadly venom. Would Your Highness wish to see me die of this foul death? Monseigneur, I hold my faithful back at Your Highness' service; have it beaten with rods, lashed with the whip; but, if you would not see me dead, spare me, if it please you, the green wood."

"Prince, give him grace," said Messire de Hoogstrae-

ten and Dieterich de Schooenbergh. The others smiled pityingly.

Lamme also said:

"Monseigneur, Monseigneur, show grace; green wood it is pure poison."

The Prince then said: "I pardon him."

Ulenspiegel, leaping several times high in air, struck on Lamme's belly and forced him to dance, saying:

"Praise Monseigneur with me, who saved me from the green wood."

And Lamme tried to dance, but could not, because of his belly.

And Ulenspiegel treated him to both eating and drinking.

XII

Not wishing to give battle, the duke without truce or respite harried the Silent as he wandered about the flat land between Juliers and the Meuse, everywhere sounding the river at Hondt, Mechelen, Elsen, Meersen, and everywhere finding it filled with traps and caltrops to wound men and horses that sought to pass over by fording.

At Stockem, the sounders found none of these engines. The prince gave orders for crossing. The reiters went over the Meuse and held themselves in battle order on the other bank, so as to protect the crossing on the side of the bishopric of Liége; then there formed up in line from one bank to the other, in this way breaking the current of the river, ten ranks of archers and musketeers, among whom was Ulenspiegel.

He had water up to his thighs, and often some treacherous wave would lift him up, himself and his horse.

He saw the foot soldiers cross, carrying a powder bag upon their headgear and holding their muskets high in air: then came the wagons, the hackbuts, linstocks, culverins, double culverins, falcons, falconets, serpentines, demi-serpentines, double serpentines, mortars, double mortars, cannon, demi-cannon, double cannon, *sacres*, little field pieces mounted on carriages drawn by two horses, able to manœuvre at the gallop and in every way like those that were nicknamed the Emperor's Pistols; behind them, protecting the rear, landsknechts and reiters from Flanders.

Ulenspiegel looked about to find some warming drink. The archer Riesencraft, a High German, a lean, cruel, gigantic fellow, was snoring on his charger beside him, and as he breathed he spread abroad the perfume of brandy. Ulenspiegel, spying for a flask on his horse's crupper, found it hung behind on a cord like a baldric, which he cut, and he took the flask, and drank rejoicing. The archer companions said to him:

"Give us some."

He did so. The brandy being drunk, he knotted the cord that held the flask, and would have put it back about the soldier's breast. As he lifted his arm to pass it round, Riesencraft awoke. Taking the flask, he would have milked his cow as usual. Finding that it gave no more milk, he fell into mighty anger.

"Robber," said he, "what have you done with my brandy?"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"Drunk it. Among soaking horsemen, one man's brandy is everybody's brandy. Evil is the scurvy stingy one."

"To-morrow I will carve your carcase in the lists," replied Riesencraft.

"We will carve each other," answered Ulenspiegel, "heads, arms, legs, and all. But are you not constipated, that you have such a sour face?"

"I am," said Riesencraft.

"You want a purge, then," replied Ulenspiegel, "and not a duel."

It was agreed between them that they should meet next day, mounted and accoutred each as he pleased, and should cut up each other's bacon with a short stiff sword.

Ulenspiegel asked that for himself the sword might be replaced by a cudgel, which was granted him.

In the meanwhile, all the soldiers having crossed the river and falling into order at the voice of the colonels and the captains, the ten ranks of archers also crossed over.

And the Silent said:

"Let us march on Liége!"

Ulenspiegel was glad of this, and with all the Flemings, shouted out:

"Long life to Orange, let us march on Liége!"

But the foreigners, and notably the High Germans, said they were too much washed and rinsed to march. Vainly did the prince assure them that they were going to a certain victory, to a friendly city; they would listen to nothing, but lit great fires and warmed themselves in front of them, with their horses unharnessed.

The attack on the city was put off till next day when Alba, greatly astonished at the bold crossing, learned through his spies that the Silent One's soldiers were not yet ready for the assault.

Thereupon, he threatened Liége and all the country round about to put them to fire and sword, if the prince's friends made any movement there. Gerard de Groesbeke, the bishop's catchpoll, armed his troopers against the prince, who arrived too late, through the fault of the High Germans, who were afraid of a little water in their stockings.

XIII

Ulenspiegel and Riesencraft having taken seconds, the latter said that the two soldiers were to fight on foot to the death, if the conqueror wished, for such were Riesencraft's conditions.

The scene of the conflict was a little heath.

Early in the morning, Riesencraft donned his archer's array. He put on his salade with the throat piece, without visor, and a mail shirt with no sleeves. His other shirt being fallen into pieces, he put it in his salade to make lint of it if need was. He armed himself with an arbalest of good Ardennes wood, a sheaf of thirty quarrels, with a long dagger, but not with a two-handed sword, which is the archer's sword. And he came to the field of battle mounted upon his charger, carrying his war saddle and the plumed chamfron, and all barded with iron.

Ulenspiegel made up for himself an armament for a nobleman; his charger was a donkey; his saddle was the petticoat of a gay wench, his plumed chamfron was of osier, adorned above with goodly fluttering shavings. His barde was bacon, for, said he, iron costs too much, steel is beyond price, and as for brass in these later days, they have made so many cannon out of it that there is not enough left to arm a rabbit for battle. He

donned for headgear a fine salade that had not yet been devoured by the snails; this salade was surmounted by a swan's feather, to make him sing if he was killed.

His sword, stiff and light, was a good long, stout cudgel of pinewood, at the end of which there was a besom of branches of the same tree. On the left hand of his saddle hung his knife, which was of wood likewise; on the right swung his good mace, which was of elderwood, surmounted with a turnip. His cuirass was all holes and flaws.

When he arrived in this array, at the field of the duel, Riesencraft's seconds burst out laughing, but he himself remained unbending from his sour face.

Ulenspiegel's seconds then demanded of Riesencraft's that the German should lay aside his armour of mail and iron, seeing that Ulenspiegel was armed only in rags and pieces. To which Riesencraft gave consent. Riesencraft's seconds then asked Ulenspiegel's how it came that Ulenspiegel was armed with a besom.

"You granted me the stick, but you did not forbid me to enliven it with foliage."

"Do as you think fit," said the four seconds.

Riesencraft said never a word and cropped down with little strokes of his sword the thin stalks of the heather.

The seconds requested him to replace his sword with a besom, the same as Ulenspiegel.

He replied:

"If this rascal of his own accord chose a weapon so out of the way, it is because he imagines he can defend his life with it."

Ulenspiegel saying again that he would use his besom, the four seconds agreed that everything was in order.

They were set facing each other, Riesencraft on his horse barded with iron, Ulenspiegel on his donkey barded with bacon.

Ulenspiegel came forward into the middle of the field of combat. There, holding his besom like a lance:

"I deem," said he, "fouler and more stinking than plague, leprosy, and death, this vermin brood of ill fellows who, in a camp of old soldiers and boon companions, have no other thought than to carry round everywhere their scowling faces and their mouths foaming with anger. Wherever they may be, laughter dares not show itself, and songs are silent. They must be forever growling and fighting, introducing thus alongside of legitimate combat for the fatherland single combat which is the ruin of an army and the delight of the enemy. Riesencraft here present hath slain for mere innocent words one and twenty men, without ever performing in battle or skirmish any act of distinguished bravery or deserved the least reward by his courage. Now it is my pleasure to-day to brush the bare hide of this crabbed dog the wrong way."

Riesencraft replied:

"This drunkard has had tall dreams of the abuse of single combats: it will be my pleasure to-day to split his head, to show everybody that he has nothing but hay in his brain-box."

The seconds made them get down from their mounts. In so doing Ulenspiegel dropped from his head the salad which the ass ate quietly and slyly; but the donkey was interrupted in this job by a kick from one of the seconds to make him get out of the duelling enclosure. The same treatment fell to the lot of the horse. And they went off elsewhere to graze in company.

Then the seconds, carrying broom—these were Ulenspiegel's pair, and the others, carrying sword—they were Riesencraft's, gave the signal for the fray with a whistle.

And Riesencraft and Ulenspiegel fell to fighting furiously, Riesencraft smiting with his sword, Ulenspiegel parrying with his besom; Riesencraft swearing by all devils, Ulenspiegel fleeing before him, wandering through the heather obliquely and circling, zigzagging, thrusting out his tongue, making a thousand other faces at Riesencraft, who was losing his breath and beating the air with his sword like a mad trooper. Ulenspiegel felt him close, turned sharp and sudden, and gave him a great whack under the nose with his besom. Riesencraft fell down with arms and legs stretched out like a dying frog.

Ulenspiegel flung himself upon him, besomed his face up and down and every way, pitilessly, saying:

"Cry for mercy or I make you swallow my besom!"

And he rubbed and scrubbed him without ceasing, to the great pleasure and joy of the spectators, and still said:

"Cry for mercy or I make you eat it!"

But Riesencraft could not cry, for he was dead of black rage.

"God have thy soul, poor madman!" said Ulenspiegel.

And he went away, plunged in melancholy.

XIV

It was then the end of October. The prince lacked money; his army was hungry. The soldiers were

murmuring; he marched in the direction of France and offered battle to the duke, who declined it.

Leaving Quesnoy-le-Comte to go towards Cambrésis, he met ten companies of Germans, eight ensigns of Spaniards, and three cornets of light horse, commanded by Don Ruffele Henricis, the duke's son, who was in the middle of the line, and cried in Spanish:

"Kill! Kill! No quarter. Long live the Pope!"

Don Henricis was then over against the company of musketeers in which Ulenspiegel was *dizenier*, in command of ten men, and hurled himself upon them with his men. Ulenspiegel said to the sergeant of his troop:

"I am going to cut the tongue out of this ruffian!"

"Cut away," said the sergeant.

And Ulenspiegel, with a well-aimed bullet, smashed the tongue and the jaw of Don Ruffele Henricis, the duke's son.

Ulenspiegel brought down from his horse the son of Marquis Delmarès also.

The eight ensigns, the three cornets were beaten.

After this victory, Ulenspiegel sought for Lamme in the camp, but found him not.

"Alas!" said he, "there he is, gone, my friend Lamme, my big friend. In his warlike ardour, forgetting the weight of his belly, he must have pursued the flying Spaniards. Out of breath he will have fallen like a sack upon the road. And they will have picked him up to have ransom for him, a ransom for Christian bacon. My friend Lamme, where art thou then, where art thou, my fat friend?"

Ulenspiegel sought him everywhere, and finding him not fell into melancholy.

XV

In November, the month of snow storms, the Silent sent for Ulenspiegel to come before him. The prince was biting at the cord of his mail shirt.

"Hearken and understand," said he.

Ulenspiegel replied:

"My ears are prison doors; to enter is easy, but it is a hard business to get anything out."

The Silent said:

"Go through Namur, Flanders, Hainaut, Sud-Brabant, Antwerp, Nord-Brabant, Guelder, Overyssel, Nord-Holland, announcing everywhere that if fortune betrays our holy and Christian cause by land, the struggle against every unjust violence will continue on the sea. May God direct this matter with all grace, whether in good or evil fortune. Once come to Amsterdam, you shall give account to Paul Buys, my trusty friend, of all you have done and performed. Here are three passes, signed by Alba himself, and found upon the bodies at Quesnoy-le-Comte. My secretary has filled them. Perchance you will find on the way some good comrade in whom you may be able to trust. Those are good folk who to the lark's note answer with the warlike bugle of the cock. Here are fifty florins. You will be valiant and faithful."

"The ashes beat upon my heart," replied Ulenspiegel.

And he went away.

XVI

He had, under the hand of the king and the duke, license to carry all weapons at his own convenience.

He took his good wheel-lock arquebus, cartridges, and dry powder. Then clad in a ragged short cloak, a tattered doublet, and breeches full of holes in the Spanish fashion, wearing a bonnet with plume flying in the wind, and sword, he left the army near the French frontier and marched off towards Maestricht.

The wrens, those heralds of the cold, flew about the houses, asking shelter. The third day it snowed.

Many times and oft on the way Ulenspiegel must needs show his safe conduct. He was allowed to pass. He marched towards Liége.

He had just entered into a plain; a great wind drove whirls of flakes upon his face. Before him he saw the plain stretch out all white, and the eddies of snow driven hither and thither by the gusts. Three wolves followed him, but when he knocked one over with his musket, the others flung themselves on the wounded one and made off into the woods, each carrying a great piece of the corpse.

Ulenspiegel being thus delivered, and looking to see if there was no other band in the country, saw at the end of the plain specks as it were gray statues moving among the eddies, and behind them shapes of mounted soldiers. He climbed up into a tree. The wind brought a far-off noise of complaining: "These are perchance," he said to himself, "pilgrims clad in white coats; I can scarcely see their bodies against the snow." Then he distinguished men running naked and saw two reiters, harnessed all in black, who sitting on their chargers were driving this poor flock before them with great blows of their whips. He primed his musket.

Among these wretches he saw young folk, old men naked with teeth chattering, frozen, huddled up, and running to escape the whips of the two troopers, who took a delight, being well clad, red with brandy and good food, in lashing the bodies of the naked men to make them run quicker.

Ulenspiegel said: "Ye shall have vengeance, ashes of Claes." And he killed, with a bullet in the face, one of the reiters, who fell down from his horse. The other, not knowing from whence had come that unlooked-for bullet, took fright. Thinking there were enemies hidden in the wood, he would fain have fled with his comrade's horse. While he dismounted to despoil the dead man, and had taken hold of the bridle, he was stricken with another bullet in the neck and fell, like his companion.

The naked men, believing that an angel from heaven, a good arquebusier, had come to their rescue, fell upon their knees. Ulenspiegel came down from his tree and was recognized by those in the band who had, like him, served in the prince's army. They said to him:

"Ulenspiegel, we are of the land of France, sent in state to Maestricht where the duke is, there to be treated as rebel prisoners, unable to pay ransom and condemned in advance to be tortured, beheaded, or to row like ruffians and robbers on the king's galleys."

Ulenspiegel, giving his *opperst kleed* to the oldest of the band, replied:

"Come, I will fetch you as far as Mézières, but first of all we must strip these two troopers and take their horses with us."

The doublets, breeches, boots, and headgear and cuirasses of the troopers were divided among the weakest and most ailing, and Ulenspiegel said:

"We shall go into the wood, where the air is thicker and milder. Let us run, brothers."

Suddenly a man fell and said:

"I am cold and I am hungry, and I go before God to bear witness that the Pope is Antichrist on earth."

And he died. And the others were fain to bear him away with them, in order to give him a Christian burial.

While they were journeying along a main road they perceived a countryman driving a wagon covered with its canvas tilt. Seeing the naked men, he took pity and made them get into the wagon. There they found hay to lie on and empty sacks to cover themselves with. Being warm, they gave thanks to God. Ulenspiegel, riding by the side of the wagon on one of the reiters' horses, held the other by the bridle.

At Mézières they alighted: there they were given good soup, beer, bread, cheese, and meat, the old men and the women. They were lodged, clad, and weaponed afresh at the charge of the commune. And they all gave the embrace of blessing to Ulenspiegel, who received it rejoicing.

He sold the horses of the two reiters for forty-eight florins, of which he gave thirty to the Frenchmen.

Going on his way alone, he said to himself: "I go through ruins, blood, and tears, without finding aught. The devils lied to me, past a doubt. Where is Lamme? Where is Nele? Where are the Seven?"

And he heard a voice like a low breath, saying:

"In death, ruin, and tears, seek."
And he went his way.

XVII

Ulenspiegel came to Namur in March. There he saw Lamme, who having been seized with a great love for the fish of the River Meuse, and especially for the trout, had hired a boat and was fishing in the river by leave of the commune. But he had paid fifty florins to the guild of the fishmongers.

He sold and ate his fish, and in this trade he gained a better paunch and a little bag of carolus.

Seeing his friend and comrade going along the banks of the Meuse to come into the town, he was filled with joy, thrust his boat up against the bank, and climbing up the steep, not without puffing, he came to Ulenspiegel. Stammering with pleasure:

"There you are then, my son," said he, "my son in God, for my belly-ark could carry two like you. Whither go you? What would you? You are not dead, without a doubt? Have you seen my wife? You shall eat Meuse fish, the best that is in this world below; they make sauces in this country fit to make you eat your fingers up to the shoulder. You are proud and splendid, with the bronze of battle on your cheeks. There you are then, my son, my friend Ulenspiegel, the jolly vagabond."

Then in a low voice:

"How many Spaniards have you killed? You never saw my wife in their wagons full of wenches? And the Meuse wine, so delicious for constipated folk, you shall drink of it. Are you wounded, my son? You will stay here then, fresh, lively, keen as an eagle. And the

eels, you shall taste lad. No marshy flavour whatever. Kiss me, my fat lad. My blessing upon God, how glad I am!"

And Lamme danced, leapt, puffed, and forced Ulenspiegel to dance as well.

Then they wended their way towards Namur. At the gate of the city Ulenspiegel showed his pass signed by the duke. And Lamme brought him to his house.

While he was making their meal ready, he made Ulenspiegel tell his adventures and recounted his own, having, he said, abandoned the army to follow after a girl that he thought was his wife. In this pursuit he had come as far as Namur. And he kept repeating:

"Have you not seen her at all?"

"I saw others that were very beautiful," replied Ulenspiegel, "and especially in this town, where all are amorous."

"In truth," said Lamme, "a hundred times they would fain have had me, but I remained faithful, for my sad heart is big with a single memory."

"As your belly is big with innumerable dishes," answered Ulenspiegel.

Lamme replied:

"When I am in distress I must eat."

"Is your grief without respite?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"Alas, yes!" said Lamme.

And pulling a trout from out a saucepan:

"See," said he, "how lovely and firm it is. This flesh is pink as my wife's. To-morrow we shall leave Namur; I have a pouch full of florins; we shall buy an ass apiece, and we shall depart riding thus towards the land of Flanders."

"You will lose heavily by it," said Ulenspiegel.

"My heart draws me to Damme, which was the place where she loved me well: perchance she has returned thither."

"We shall start to-morrow," said Ulenspiegel, "since you wish it so."

And as a matter of fact, they set out, each mounted on an ass and straddling along side by side.

XVIII

A sharp wind was blowing. The sun, bright as youth in the morning, was veiled and gray as an old man. A rain mixed with hail was falling.

The rain having ceased, Ulenspiegel shook himself, saying:

"The sky that drinks up so much mist must relieve itself sometimes."

Another rain, still more mingled with hail than the former, beat down on the two companions. Lamme groaned:

"We were well washed, now we must needs be rinsed!"

The sun reappeared, and they rode on gaily.

A third rain fell, so full of hail and so deadly that like knives it chopped the dry twigs on the trees to mincemeat.

Lamme said:

"Ho! a roof! My poor wife! Where are ye, good fire, soft kisses, and fat soups?"

And he wept, the great fellow.

But Ulenspiegel:

"We bemoan ourselves," said he, "is it not from ourselves none the less that our woes come on us?

It is raining on our backs, but this December rain will make the clover of May. And the kine will low for pleasure. We are without a shelter, but why did we never marry? I mean myself, with little Nele, so pretty and so kind, who would now give me a good stew of beef and beans to eat. We are thirsty in spite of the water that is falling; why did we not make ourselves workmen steady in one condition? Those who are received as masters in their trade have in their cellars full casks of *bruinbier*."

The ashes of Claes beat upon his heart, the sky became clear, the sun shone out in it, and Ulenspiegel said:

"Master Sun, thanks be unto you, you warm our loins again; ashes of Claes, ye warm our heart once more, and tell us that blessed are they that are wanderers for the sake of the deliverance of the land of our fathers."

"I am hungry," said Lamme.

XIX

They came into an inn, where they were served with supper in an upper chamber. Ulenspiegel, opening the windows, saw from thence a garden in which a comely girl was walking, plump, round bosomed, with golden hair, and clad only in a petticoat, a jacket of white linen, and an apron of black stuff, full of holes.

Chemises and other woman's linen was bleaching on cords: the girl, still turned towards Ulenspiegel, was taking chemises down from the lines, and putting them back and smiling and still looking at him, and sat down on linen bands, swinging on the two ends knotted together.

Near by Ulenspiegel heard a cock crowing and saw a nurse playing with a child whose face she turned towards a man that was standing, saying:

"Boelkin, look nicely at papa!"

The child wept.

And the pretty girl continued to walk about in the garden, displacing and replacing the linen.

"She is a spy," said Lamme.

The girl put her hands before her eyes, and smiling between her fingers, looked at Ulenspiegel.

Then pressing up her two breasts with her hands, she let them fall back, and swung again without her feet touching the ground. And the linen, unwinding itself, made her turn like a top, while Ulenspiegel saw her arms, bare to the shoulders, white and round in the pallid sunshine. Turning and smiling, she kept always looking at him. He went out to find her. Lamme followed him. At the hedge of the garden he searched for an opening to pass through, but found none.

The girl, seeing what he was doing, looked again, smiling between her fingers.

Ulenspiegel tried to break through the hedge, while Lamme, holding him back, said to him:

"Do not go there; she is a spy, we shall be burned."

Then the girl walked about the garden, covering up her face with her apron, and looking through the holes to see if her chance friend would not be coming soon.

Ulenspiegel was going to leap over the hedge with a running jump, but he was prevented by Lamme, who caught hold of him by the leg and made him fall, saying:

"Rope, sword, and gallows, 'tis a spy, do not go there."

Sitting on the ground, Ulenspiegel struggled against

him. The girl cried out, pushing up her head above the hedge:

"Adieu, Messire, may Love keep your Longanimousness hanging!"

And he heard a burst of mocking laughter.

"Ah!" said he, "it is in my ears like a packet of pins!"

Then a door shut noisily.

And he was melancholy.

Lamme said to him, still holding him:

"You are counting over the sweet treasures of beauty thus lost to your shame. 'Tis a spy. You fall in luck when you fall. I am going to burst with laughing."

Ulenspiegel said not a word, and both got up on their asses once more.

XX

They went on their way each well astride his ass.

Lamme, chewing the cud of his last meat, sniffed up the cool air rejoicing. Suddenly Ulenspiegel fetched him a great stinging slash of his whip on his behind, which was like a cushion in the saddle.

"What are you doing?" cried Lamme, piteously.

"What!" answered Ulenspiegel.

"This lash with the whip?" said Lamme.

"What lash with the whip?"

"The one I got from you," returned Lamme.

"On the left?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"Aye, on the left and on my behind. Why did you do that, scandalous vagabond?"

"In ignorance," replied Ulenspiegel. "I know well enough what a whip is, and very well, too, what a behind of small compass is upon a saddle. But seeing this

one wide, swollen, tight, and overflowing the saddle, I said to myself: 'Since it could never be pinched with a finger, a stroke of the whip could not sting it either with the lash.' I was wrong."

Lamme smiling at this speech, Ulenspiegel went on in these terms:

"But I am not the only one in this world to sin through ignorance, and there is more than one past-master idiot displaying his fat on a donkey saddle who could give me points. If my whip sinned on your behind, you sinned much more weightily on my legs in preventing them from running after the girl who was coquetting in her garden."

"Crow's meat!" said Lamme, "so it was revenge then?"

"Just a little one," replied Ulenspiegel.

XXI

At Damme Nele the unhappy lived alone with Katheline who still for love called the cold devil who never came.

"Ah!" she would say, "thou art rich, Hanske my darling, and mightest bring me back the seven hundred carolus. Then would Soetkin come back alive from limbo to this earth, and Claes would laugh in the sky: well canst thou do this. Take away the fire, the soul would fain come out; make a hole, the soul would fain come out."

And without ceasing she pointed her finger to the place where the tow had been.

Katheline was very poor, but the neighbours helped her with beans, with bread and meat according to their

means. The commune gave her some money. And Nele sewed dresses for rich women in the town; went to their houses to iron their linen, and in this way earned a florin a week.

And Katheline still repeated:

"Make a hole; take away my soul. It knocks to get out. He will give back the seven hundred carolus."

And Nele, listening to her, wept.

XXII

Meanwhile, Ulenspiegel and Lamme, armed with their passes, came to a little inn backed up against the rocks of the Sambre, which in certain places are covered with trees. And on the sign there was written: *Chez Marlaire.*

Having drunk many a flask of Meuse wine of the fashion of Burgundy and eaten much fish, they gossiped with the host, a Papist of the deepest dye, but as talkative as a magpie through the wine he had drunk and all the time winking an eye cunningly. Ulenspiegel, divining some mystery under this winking, made him drink more, so much that the host began to dance and burst out into laughter, then returning to the table:

"Good Catholics," he said, "I drink to you."

"To you we drink," replied Lamme and Ulenspiegel.

"To the extinction of all plague, of rebellion and heresy."

"We drink," replied Lamme and Ulenspiegel, who kept replenishing the goblet the host could never allow to stay full.

"You are good fellows," said he. "I drink to your

Generosities; I make a profit on wine drunk. Where are your passes?"

"Here they are," answered Ulenspiegel.

"Signed by the duke," said the host. "I drink to the duke."

"To the duke we drink," replied Lamme and Ulenspiegel. The host, continuing:

"How do we catch rats, mice, and field mice? In rat-traps, snares, and mouse-traps. Who is the field mouse? 'Tis the great heretic Orange as hellfire. God is with us. They are coming. Hé! hé! Something to drink! Pour out, I am roasting, burning. To drink! Most goodly little reforming preachers . . . I say little . . . goodly little gallants, stout troopers, oak trees. . . . Drink! Will you not go with them to the great heretic's camp? I have passes signed by him. Ye shall see their work."

"We shall go to the camp," answered Ulenspiegel.

"They will get there all right, and by night if an opportunity offers" (and the host, whistling, made the gesture of a man cutting a throat). "Steel-wind will stop the blackbird Nassau from ever whistling again. Come on, something to drink, hey!"

"You are a gay fellow, even though you are married," replied Ulenspiegel.

Said the host:

"I neither was nor am. I hold the secrets of princes. Drink up! My wife would steal them from my pillow to have me hanged and to be a widow sooner than Nature means it. Vive Dieu! they are coming . . . where are the new passes? On my Christian heart.. Let us drink! They are there, three hundred paces

along the road, at Marche-les-Dames. Do ye see them? Let us drink!"

"Drink," said Ulenspiegel. "I drink to the king, to the duke, to the preachers, to Steel-wind; I drink to you, to me; I drink to the wine and to the bottle. You are not drinking." And at every health Ulenspiegel filled up his glass and the host emptied it.

Ulenspiegel studied him for some time; then rising up:

"He is asleep," said he; "let us go, Lamme."

When they were outside:

"He has no wife to betray us. . . . The night is about to come down. . . . You heard clearly what this rogue said, and you know who the three preachers are?"

"Aye," said Lamme.

"You know they are coming from Marche-les-Dames, along by the Meuse, and it will be well to wait for them on the way before Steel-wind blows."

"Aye," said Lamme.

"We must save the prince's life," said Ulenspiegel.

"Aye," said Lamme.

"Here," said Ulenspiegel, "take my musket; go there into the underwoods between the rocks; load it with two bullets and fire when I croak like a crow."

"I will," said Lamme.

And he disappeared into the undergrowth. And Ulenspiegel soon heard the creak of the lock of the musket.

"Do you see them coming?" said he.

"I see them," replied Lamme. "They are three, marching like soldiers, and one of them overtops the others by the head."

Ulenspiegel sat down on the road, his legs out in

front of him, murmuring prayers on a rosary, as beggars do. And he had his bonnet between his knees.

When the three preachers passed by, he held out his bonnet to them, but they put nothing in.

Then rising, Ulenspiegel said piteously:

"Good sirs, refuse not a patard to a poor workman, a porter who lately cracked his loins falling into a mine. They are hard folk in this country, and they would give me nothing to relieve my wretched plight. Alas! give me a patard, and I will pray for you. And God will keep Your Magnanimities in joy throughout all their lives."

"My son," said one of the preachers, a fine robust fellow, "there will be no joy more for us in this world so long as the Pope and the Inquisition reign therein."

Ulenspiegel sighed also, saying:

"Alas! what are you saying, my masters! Speak low, if it please Your Graces. But give me a patard."

"My son," replied a preacher who had a warrior-like face, "we others, poor martyrs, we have no patards beyond what we need to sustain life on our journey."

Ulenspiegel threw himself on his knees.

"Bless me," said he.

The three preachers stretched out their hands over Ulenspiegel's head with no devoutness.

Remarking that they were lean men, and yet had fine paunches, he got up again, pretended to fall, and striking his forehead against the tall preacher's belly, he heard therein a gay clink and tinkle of money.

Then drawing himself up and drawing his bragmart:

"My goodly fathers," said he, "it is chilly weather and I am lightly clad; you are clad overly much. Give me your wool that I may cut myself a cloak out of it. I am a Beggar. Long live the Beggars!"

The tall preacher replied:

"My Beggar-cock, you carry your comb too high; we shall cut it for you."

"Cut it!" said Ulenspiegel, drawing back, "but Steel-wind shall blow for you before ever it blows for the prince. Beggar I am; long live the Beggars!"

The three preachers, dumfounded, said one to another:

"Whence does he know this news? We are betrayed! Slay! Long live the Mass!"

And they drew from under their hose fine bragmarts, well sharpened.

But Ulenspiegel, without waiting for them, gave ground towards that side of the brushwood where Lamme was hidden. Judging that the preachers were within musket range, he said:

"Crows, black crows, Lead-wind is about to blow. I sing for your finish."

And he croaked.

A musket shot, from out of the brushwood, knocked over the tallest of the preachers with his face to the ground, and was followed by a second shot which stretched the second on the road.

And Ulenspiegel saw amid the brush Lamme's good visage, and his arm up hastily recharging his arquebus.

And a blue smoke rose up above the black brushwood.

The third preacher, furious with rage, would fain by main force have cut down Ulenspiegel, who said:

"Steel-wind or Lead-wind, thou art about to go over from this world to the other, foul artificer of murders!"

And he attacked him, and he defended himself bravely.

And they both remained standing face to face stiffly upon the highway, delivering and parrying blows. Ulenspiegel was all bloody, for his opponent, a tough soldier, had wounded him in the head and the leg. But he attacked and defended like a lion. As the blood that flowed from his head blinded him, he broke ground continually with great strides, wiped it off with his left hand and felt himself grow weak. He was like to be killed had not Lamme fired on the preacher and brought him down.

And Ulenspiegel saw and heard him belch forth blasphemy, blood, and deathfoam.

And the blue smoke rose up above the black brushwood, amidst of which Lamme showed his good face once more.

"Is that all over?" said he.

"Aye, my son," answered Ulenspiegel. "But come. . . ."

Lamme, coming out of his niche, saw Ulenspiegel all covered with blood. Then running like a stag, in spite of his belly, he came to Ulenspiegel, seated on the earth beside the slain men.

"He is wounded," said he, "my friend, wounded by that murdering rascal." And with a kick from his heel he broke in the teeth of the nearest preacher.

"You do not answer, Ulenspiegel! Are you going to die, my son? Where is that balsam? Ha! in the bottom of his satchel, under the sausages. Ulenspiegel, do you not hear me? Alas! I have no warm water to wash your wound, nor any way to have it. But the water of the Sambre will serve. Speak to me, my friend. You are not so terribly wounded, in any case. A little water, there, very cold water, is it not? He

awakes. 'Tis I, thy friend: they are all dead! Linen! linen to tie up his hurts. There is none. My shirt then." He took off his doublet. And Lamme continuing his discourse: "In pieces, shirt! The blood is stopping. My friend will not die."

"Ha!" he said, "how cold it is, bareback in this keen air. Let us reclothe ourselves. He will not die. 'Tis I, Ulenspiegel, I thy friend Lamme. He smiles. I shall despoil the assassins. They have bellies of florins. Gilded entrails, carolus, florins, daelders, patards, and letters! We are rich. More than three hundred carolus to share. Let us take the arms and the money. Steel-wind will not blow as yet for Monseigneur."

Ulenspiegel, his teeth chattering from the cold, rose up.

"There you are on your feet," said Lamme.

"That is the might of the balsam," replied Ulenspiegel.

"The balsam of valiancy," answered Lamme.

Then taking the bodies of the three preachers one by one, he cast them into a hole among the rocks, leaving them their weapons and their clothes, all save their cloaks.

And all about them in the sky croaked the ravens, awaiting their food.

And the Sambre rolled along like a river of steel under the gray sky.

And the snow fell, washing the blood away.

And they were nevertheless troubled. And Lamme said:

"I would rather kill a chicken than a man."

And they mounted their asses again.

At the gates of Huy the blood was still flowing; they pretended to fall into quarrel together, got down from their asses, and fenced and foined with their daggers most cruelly to behold; then having brought the combat to an end, they mounted again and entered into Huy, showing their passes at the gates of the city.

The women seeing Ulenspiegel wounded and bleeding, and Lamme playing the victor upon his ass, they looked on Ulenspiegel with pity and showed their fists at Lamme saying: "That one is the rascal that wounded his friend."

Lamme, uneasy, only sought among them whether he did not see his wife.

It was in vain, and he was plunged in melancholy.

XXIII

"Whither are we going?" said Lamme.

"To Maestricht," replied Ulenspiegel.

"But, my son, they say the duke's army is there all about and around, and that he himself is within the city. Our passes will not be enough for us. If the Spanish troopers accept them, none the less we shall be held in the town and interrogated. Meanwhile, they will have discovered the death of the preachers, and we shall have finished with living."

Ulenspiegel replied:

"The ravens, the owls, and the vultures will soon have made an end of their meat; already, beyond a doubt, they have faces that could not be recognized. As for our passes they may be good; but if they learned of the slaughter, we should, as you say, be taken prisoners.

Nevertheless, we must needs go to Maestricht and take Landen on our way."

"They will hang us," said Lamme.

"We shall pass," replied Ulenspiegel.

Thus talking, they arrived at the *Magpie* inn, where they found good meals, good beds, and hay for their asses.

The next day they set out on their way to Landen.

Having arrived at a great farm near the city, Ulenspiegel whistled like the lark, and immediately there answered from within the warlike clarion of a cock. A farmer with a goodly face appeared on the threshold of the farmhouse. He said to them:

"Friends, as freemen, long live the Beggar! Come within."

"Who is this one?" asked Lamme.

Ulenspiegel replied:

"Thomas Utenhove, the brave reformer; his serving men and women on the farm work like him for freedom of conscience."

Then Utenhove said:

"Ye are the prince's envoys. Eat and drink."

And the ham began to crackle in the pan and the black puddings also, and the wine went about and glasses were filled. And Lamme fell to drinking like the dry sand and to eating lustily.

Lads and lasses of the farm came in turns and thrust in their noses at the half-open door to look at him labouring with his jaws. And the men, jealous of him, said they could do as well as he.

At the end of the meal Thomas Utenhove said:

"A hundred peasants will go from here this week under pretence of going to work on the dykes at Bruges

and round about. They will travel by bands of five or six and by different ways. There will be boats at Bruges to fetch them by sea to Emden."

"Will they be furnished with weapons and money?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"They will have each ten florins and big cutlasses."

"God and the prince will reward you," said Ulenspiegel.

"I am not working for reward," replied Thomas Utenhove.

"What do you do," said Lamme, eating big black puddings, "what do you do, master host, to have a dish so savoury, so succulent, and with such fine grease?"

"'Tis because we put in it," the host said, "cinnamon and catnip."

Then speaking to Ulenspiegel:

"Is Edzard, Count of Frisia, is he still the prince's friend?"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"He hides it, while at the same time giving refuge at Emden to his ships."

And he added:

"We must go to Maestricht."

"You will not be able to do so," said the host; "the duke's army is before the town and in the environs."

Then taking him into the loft, he showed him far away the ensigns and guidons of horse soldiers and footmen riding and marching in the country.

Ulenspiegel said:

"I shall make my way through if you, who are of authority in this place, will give me a permit to marry. As for the woman, she must be pretty, gentle, and sweet,

and willing to marry me, if not for always, at least for a week."

Lamme sighed and said:

"Do not do this, my son; she will leave you alone, burning in the fires of love. Your bed, where you now sleep so snugly, will become as a mattress of holly to you, depriving you of sweet slumber."

"I will take a wife," replied Ulenspiegel.

And Lamme, finding nothing more on the table, was deeply distressed. However, having discovered castrelins in a bowl, he ate them in melancholy fashion.

Ulenspiegel said to Thomas Utenhove:

"Come, then, let us drink; give me a wife rich or poor. I shall go with her to church and have the marriage blessed by the curé. And he will give us the certificate of marriage, which will not be valid since it comes from a Papist and inquisitor; we shall have it set down in it that we are all good Christians, having confessed and taken the Sacrament, living apostolically according to the precepts of our Holy Mother the Roman Church, which burneth her children, and thus calling upon us the blessings of our Holy Father the Pope, the armies celestial and terrestrial, the saints both men and women, deans, curés, monks, soldiers, catchpolls, and other rascals. Armed with this certificate aforesaid, we shall make our preparations for the usual festal wedding journey."

"But the woman," said Thomas Utenhove.

"You will find her for me," replied Ulenspiegel. "I will take two wagons, then; I will bedeck them with wreaths adorned with pine boughs, holly, and paper flowers; I will fill them with certain of the lads you want to send to the prince."

"But the woman?" said Thomas Utenhove.

"She is here without a doubt," replied Ulenspiegel. And continuing:

"I shall harness two of your horses to one of the wagons, our two asses to the other. In the first wagon I shall put my wife and myself, my friend Lamme, the witnesses of the marriage; in the second, tambourine players, fifers, and shawm players. Then displaying the joyful marriage flags, playing the tambourine, singing, drinking, we will go trotting down the highway that leads to the Galgen-Veld, the Gallows Field, or to liberty."

"I will help you," said Thomas Utenhove. "But the women and girls will wish to go with their men."

"We shall go, by the grace of God," said a pretty girl, putting her head in at the half-open door.

"There will be four wagons, if they are needed," said Thomas Utenhove; "in this way we shall get more than twenty-five men through."

"The duke will be crestfallen," said Ulenspiegel.

"And the prince's fleet served by some good soldiers the more," replied Thomas Utenhove.

Having his serving men and women summoned then by ringing a bell, he said to them:

"All ye that are of Zealand, men and women, oyez; Ulenspiegel the Fleming here present desires that you should pass through the duke's army in wedding array."

Men and women of Zealand shouted together:

"Danger of death! we are willing!"

And the men said, one to another:

"It is joy to us to leave the land of slavery to go to the free sea. If God be for us, who shall be against us?"

Women and girls said:

"Let us follow our husbands and our lovers. We are of Zealand and we shall find harbour there."

Ulenspiegel espied a pretty young girl, and said to her, jesting:

"I want to marry you."

But she, blushing, replied:

"I am willing, but only in church."

The women, laughing, said to one another:

"Her heart turns to Hans Utenhove, the son of the *baes*. Doubtless he is going with her."

"Aye," replied Hans.

And the father said to him:

"You may."

The men donned festal raiment, doublet and breeches of velvet, and the big *opperst-kleed* over all, and large kerchiefs on their heads, to keep off sun and rain; the women in black stockings and pinked shoes; wearing the big gilt jewel on their foreheads, on the left for the girls, on the right for the married women; the white ruff upon their necks, the plastron of gold, scarlet, and azure embroidery, the petticoat of black woollen, with wide velvet stripes of the same colour, black woollen stockings and velvet shoes with silver buckles.

Then Thomas Utenhove went off to the church to beg the priest to marry immediately, for two *ryck-daelders* which he put in his hand, Thylbert the son of Claes, which was Ulenspiegel, and Tannekin Pieters, to the which the curé consented.

Ulenspiegel then went to church followed by the whole wedding party, and there he married before the priest Tannekin, so pretty and sweet, so gracious and so plump, that he would gladly have bitten her cheeks

like a love-apple. And he told her so, not daring to do it for the respect he had to her gentle beauty. But she, pouting, said to him:

"Leave me alone: there is Hans looking murder at you."

And a jealous girl said to him:

"Look elsewhere: do you not see she is afraid of her man?"

Lamme, rubbing his hands, exclaimed:

"You are not to have them all, rogue."

And he was delighted.

Ulenspiegel, applying patience to his trouble, came back to the farm with the wedding party. And there he drank, sang, and was jolly, drinking hob-nob with the jealous girl. Thereat Hans was merry, but not Tannekin, nor the girl's betrothed.

At noon, in bright sunshine and a cool wind, the wagons set forth, all greenery and flowers, all the banners displayed to the merry sound of tambourines, shawms, fifes, and bagpipes.

At Alba's camp there was another feast. The advanced outposts and sentinels having sounded the alarm, came in one after another, saying:

"The enemy is near at hand; we have heard the noise of tambourines and fifes and seen his ensigns. It is a strong body of cavalry come there to draw you into some ambush. The main army is doubtless farther on."

The duke at once had his camp masters, colonels, and captains informed, ordered them to set the army in battle array, and sent to reconnoitre the enemy.

Suddenly there appeared four wagons advancing towards the musketeers. In the wagons men and

women were dancing, bottles were jigging round, and merrily squealed the fifes, moaned the shawms, beat the drums and droned the bagpipes.

The wedding party having halted, Alba came in person to the noise, and beheld the new-made bride on one of the four wagons; Ulenspiegel, her bridegroom, all rosy and fine beside her, and all the country folk, both men and women, alighted on the ground, dancing all about and offering drink to the soldiers.

Alba and his train marvelled greatly at the simplicity of these peasants who were singing and feasting when everything was in arms all about them.

And those who were in the wagons gave all their wine to the soldiers.

And they were well applauded and welcomed by them.

The wine giving out in the wagons, the peasants went on their way again to the sound of the tambourines, fifes, and bagpipes, without being interfered with.

And the soldiers, gay and jolly, fired a salvo of musket shots in their honour.

And thus they came into Maestricht, where Ulenspiegel made arrangements with the reformers' agents to despatch by vessels arms and munitions to the fleet of the Silent.

And they did the same at Landen.

And they went in this way elsewhere, clad as workmen.

The duke heard of the trick; and there was a song made upon it, which was sent him, and the refrain of which was:

Bloody Duke, silly head,
Have you seen the newlywed?

And every time he had made a wrong manœuvre the soldiers would sing:

The Duke has dust in eye:
He has seen the newlywed.

XXIV

In the meantime, King Philip was plunged in bitter melancholy. In his grievous pride he prayed to God to give him power to conquer England, to subdue France, to take Milan, Genoa, Venice, and great lord of all the seas, thus to reign over all Europe.

Thinking of this triumph, he laughed not.

He was continually and always cold; wine never warmed him, nor the fire of scented wood that was always burning in the chamber where he was. There always writing, sitting amid so many letters that a hundred casks might have been filled with them, he brooded over the universal domination of the whole world, such as was wielded by the emperors of Rome; on his jealous hatred of his son Don Carlos, since the latter had wanted to go to the Low Countries in the Duke of Alba's place, to seek to reign there, he thought, without doubt. And seeing him ugly, deformed, a savage and cruel madman, he hated him the more. But he never spoke of it.

Those who served King Philip and his son Don Carlos knew not which of the twain they ought to fear the most; whether the son, agile, murderous, tearing his servitors with his nails, or the cowardly and crafty father, using others to strike, and like a hyæna, living upon corpses.

The servitors were terrified to see them prowling

around each other. And they said that there would soon be a death in the Escurial.

Now they learned presently that Don Carlos had been imprisoned for the crime of high treason. And they knew that he was devouring his soul with black spite, that he had hurt his face trying to get through the bars of his prison in order to escape, and that Madame Isabelle of France, his mother, was weeping without ceasing.

But King Philip was not weeping.

The rumour came to them that Don Carlos had been given green figs and that he was dead the next day as if he had gone to sleep. The physicians said as soon as he had eaten the figs the blood ceased to beat, the functions of life, as Nature meant them, were interrupted; he could neither spit, nor vomit, nor get rid of anything from out of his body. His belly swelled at his death.

King Philip heard the death mass for Don Carlos, had him buried in the chapel of his royal residence and marble set over his body; but he did not weep.

And the lords in waiting said to one another, mocking the princely epitaph that was on the tombstone:

HERE LIES ONE WHO, EATING GREEN FIGS,
DIED WITHOUT HAVING BEEN SICK

A qui jaze qui en para desit verdad,
Morio s'in infirmidad

And King Philip looked with a lustful eye upon the Princess of Eboli, who was married. He besought her love, and she yielded.

Madame Isabelle of France, of whom it was said that she had favoured the designs of Don Carlos upon the

Low Countries, became haggard and woebegone. And her hair fell out in great handfuls at a time. Often she vomited, and the nails of her feet and her hands came out. And she died.

And King Philip did not weep.

The hair of the Prince of Eboli fell out also. He became sad and always complaining. Then the nails of his feet and his hands came out, too.

And King Philip had him buried.

And he paid for the widow's mourning and did not weep.

XXV

At this time certain women and girls of Damme came to ask Nele if she would be the May bride and hide among the brushwood with the groom that would be found for her; "for," said the women, not without jealousy, "there is not one young man in all Damme and round about who would not fain be betrothed to you, who stay so lovely, good, and fresh: the gift of a witch, doubtless."

"Goodwives," answered Nele, "say to the young men that seek after me: 'Nele's heart is not here, but with him that wandereth to deliver the land of our fathers.' And if I am fresh, even as you say, it is no gift of a witch, but the gift of good health."

The goodwives replied:

"All the same, Katheline is suspect."

"Do not believe what ill folk say," answered Nele; "Katheline is no witch. The law-men burned tow upon her head and God struck her with witlessness."

And Katheline, nodding her head in a corner where she was sitting all huddled up, said:

"Take away the fire; he will come back, my darling Hanske."

The goodwives asking who was this Hanske, Nele replied:

"It is the son of Claes, my foster brother, whom she thinks she lost since God struck her."

And the kindly goodwives gave silver patards to Katheline. And when they were new she showed them to someone that nobody could see, saying:

"I am rich, rich in shining silver. Come, Hanske, my darling; I will pay for my love."

And the goodwives being gone, Nele wept in the lonely cottage. And she thought on Ulenspiegel wandering in far-off countries where she might not follow him, and on Katheline who, often groaning "take away the fire," held her bosom with both hands, showing in this way that the fire of madness burned her head and her body feverishly.

And in the meanwhile the bride and groom of May hid in the grass.

He or she who found one of them was, according to the sex of the one found, and his or her own, King or Queen of the feast.

Nele heard the cries of joy of the lads and lasses when the May bride was found on the edge of a ditch, hidden among the tall grasses.

And she wept, thinking on the sweet time when they hunted for her and her friend Ulenspiegel.

XXVI

Meanwhile, Lamme and he were riding along well astraddle upon their asses.

"Listen here, Lamme," said Ulenspiegel, "the nobles of the Low Countries, through jealousy against Orange, have betrayed the cause of the confederates, the holy alliance, the valiant covenant signed for the good of the land of our fathers. Egmont and de Hoorn were traitors alike and with no advantage to themselves. Brederode is dead; in this war there is nothing left us now but the poor common folk of Brabant and Flanders waiting for loyal chiefs to go forward; and then, my son, the isles, the isles of Zealand, North Holland, too, over which the Prince is governor; and farther still and on the sea, Edzard, Count of Emden and East Frisia."

"Alas," said Lamme, "I see it clear; we journey between rope, rack, and stake, dying of hunger, gaping for thirst, and with no hope of rest."

"We are but at the beginning," replied Ulenspiegel. "Deign to consider how that all in this is pleasure for us, slaying our enemies, mocking them, having our pouches full of florins; well laden with meat, with beer, with wine, with brandy. What would you have more, feather bed? Would you like us to sell our asses and buy horses?"

"My son," said Lamme, "the trotting of a horse is very severe on a man of my corpulence."

"You will sit on your steed as peasants do," said Ulenspiegel, "and no man will mock at you, since you are clad like a peasant, and do not wear the sword like me, but only carry a pikestaff."

"My son," said Lamme, "are you sure that our two passes will avail for the little towns?"

"Have not I the curé's certificate," said Ulenspiegel, "with the great seal of the Church in red wax hanging from it by two tails of parchment, and our confession

cards? The soldiers and catchpolls of the duke have no power against two men so well armed. And the black paternosters we have for sale? We are two reiters, both of us, you a Fleming and I a German, travelling by express command from the duke, to win over the heretics of this land to the Holy Catholic faith by the sale of sacred articles. We shall thus enter everywhere the houses of noble lords and the fat abbés. And they will give us rich hospitality. And we shall surprise their secrets. Lick your chops, my gentle friend."

"My son," said Lamme, "we will then be carrying on the trade of spies."

"By law and right of war," replied Ulenspiegel.

"If they hear of the affair of the three preachers, we shall die without a doubt," said Lamme.

Ulenspiegel sang:

"My standards 'Live' as motto bear
Live ever in a sunshine land
My skin the first is buff well tanned
And steel the second skin I wear."

But Lamme, sighing:

"I have nothing but one skin, and a soft one; the least stroke of a dagger would make a hole in it immediately. We should do better to settle in some useful trade than to gad about in this way over hill and valley, to serve all these great princes who, with their feet in velvet hose, eat ortolans on gilded tables. To us the blows, perils, battle, rain, hail, snow, the thin soups that fall to vagabonds. To them the fine sausages, fat capons, savoury thrushes, succulent fowls."

"The water is coming into your mouth, my gentle friend," said Ulenspiegel.

"Where are ye, fresh bread, golden *koekebakken*, delicious creams? But where art thou, my wife?"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"The ashes beat upon my heart and drive me on to the battle. But thou, mild lamb that hast naught to avenge, neither the death of thy father nor of thy mother, nor the grief of those thou lovest, nor thy present poverty, leave me alone to march whither I say, if the toils of war affright thee."

"Alone?" said Lamme.

And he pulled up his ass, which began to eat a tuft of thistles, of which there was a great plantation on that wayside. Ulenspiegel's ass stopped and ate likewise.

"Alone," said Lamme. "You will not leave me alone, my son; that would be an infamous cruelty. To have lost my wife and then further to lose my friend, that is impossible. I will whine no more, I promise you. And since it must be"—and he raised his head proudly —"I will go under the rain of bullets. Aye! And in the midst of swords; aye! in the face of those foul soldiers that drink blood like wolves. And if one day I fall at your feet bloody and death-stricken, bury me; and if you see my wife, tell her that I died because I could not bear to live without being loved by someone in this world. No, I could not do it, my son Ulenspiegel."

And Lamme wept. And Ulenspiegel was moved to see that mild courage.

XXVII

At this time the duke, dividing his army into two corps, made the one march towards the Duchy of Luxembourg and the other towards the Marquisate of Namur.

"This," said Ulenspiegel, "is some military decision unknown to me; it is all one to me, let us go towards Maestricht boldly."

As they went alongside the Meuse near the city Lamme saw Ulenspiegel looking attentively at all the boats that were moving in the river; and he stopped before one of them that bore a siren on the prow. And this siren held a scutcheon on which there was marked in gold letters on a sable ground the sign J. H. S., which is that of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Ulenspiegel signed to Lamme to stop and began to sing merrily like a lark.

A man came up on the boat, crowed like a cock, and then, on a sign from Ulenspiegel, who brayed like a donkey and pointed him to the people gathered on the quay, he began to bray terribly like a donkey. Ulenspiegel's two asses laid back their ears and sang their native song.

Women were passing; men, too, riding the towing horses, and Ulenspiegel said to Lamme:

"That boatman is mocking us and our steeds. Suppose we go and attack him on his boat?"

"Let him rather come hither," replied Lamme.

Then a woman spoke and said:

"If you do not want to come back with arms cut off, broken backs, faces in bits, let that Stercke Pier bray in peace as he pleases."

"Hee haw! hee haw! hee haw!" went the boatman.

"Let him sing," said the goodwife, "we saw him the other day lift up on his shoulders a cart laden with huge casks of beer, and stop another cart pulled by a powerful horse. There," she said, pointing to the inn of the

Blauwe-Torren, the Blue Tower, "he pierced with his knife, thrown from twenty paces off, an oaken plank twelve inches thick."

"Hee haw! hee haw! hee haw!" went the boatman, while a lad of twelve years old got up on the bridge of the boat and started to bray also.

Ulenspiegel replied:

"Much we care for your strong Peter! However Stercke Pier he may be, we are more of it than he is, and there is my friend Lamme who would eat two of his size without a hiccup."

"What are you saying, my son?" asked Lamme.

"What is," replied Ulenspiegel; "do not contradict me through modesty. Aye, good people, goodwives and artisans, soon you will behold him try the work of his arms and annihilate this famous Stercke Pier."

"Hold your tongue," said Lamme.

"Your might is well known," replied Ulenspiegel, "you could never hide it."

"Hee haw!" went the boatman; "hee haw!" went the lad.

Suddenly Ulenspiegel sang again, most melodiously like a lark. And the men, the women, and the artisans, ravished with delight, asked him where he had learned that divine whistle.

"In paradise, whence I have come direct," answered Ulenspiegel.

Then, speaking to the man who never stopped braying and pointing with his finger for mockery:

"Why do you stay there on your boat, rascal? Do you not dare to come to land and mock at us and our steeds?"

"Do you not dare?" said Lamme.

"Hee haw! hee haw!" went the boatman. "Masters, donkeys, playing the donkey, come up on my boat."

"Do as I do," said Ulenspiegel in a low voice to Lamme.

And speaking to the boatman:

"If you are the Stercke Pier, I, I am Thyl Ulenspiegel. And these twain are our asses, Jef and Jan, who can bray better than you, for it is their native tongue. As for going up on your rickety planks, we have no mind to it. Your boat is like a tub; every time a wave strikes it it goes back, and it can only move like the crabs, sideways."

"Aye, like the crabs!" said Lamme.

Then the boatman, speaking to Lamme:

"What are you muttering between your teeth, lump of bacon?"

Lamme, becoming furious, said:

"Evil Christian, who reproached me with my infirmity, know that my bacon is my own and comes from my good food; while thou, old rusty nail, thou livest but on old red herrings, candle wicks, skins of stockfish, to judge from thy scrawny beef that can be seen sticking through the holes in thy breeches."

"They'll be giving each other a stiff drubbing," said the men, women, and artisans, delighted and full of curiosity.

"Hee haw! hee haw!" went the boatman.

"Do not throw stones," said Ulenspiegel.

The boatman said a word in the ear of the lad hee-hawing beside him on the boat, and with the help of a boat hook, which he handled dexterously, came to the bank. When he was quite close, he said, standing proudly upright:

"My *baes* asks if you dare to come on board his boat and wage battle with him with fist and foot. These goodmen and goodwives will be witnesses."

"We will," said Ulenspiegel with much dignity.

"We accept the combat," said Lamme with great stateliness.

It was noon; the workmen, navvies, paviours, shipmakers, their wives armed with their husbands' luncheons, the children that came to see their fathers refresh themselves with beans or boiled meat, all laughed and clapped their hands at the idea of a battle at hand, gaily hoping that one or the other of the combatants would have a broken head or would fall into the river all in pieces for their delectation.

"My son," said Lamme in a low voice, "he will throw us into the water."

"Let yourself be thrown," said Ulenspiegel.

"The big man is afraid," said the crowd of workmen.

Lamme, still sitting on his ass, turned on them and looked wrathfully at them, but they hooted him.

"Let us go on the boat," said Lamme, "they will see if I am afraid."

At these words he was hooted again, and Ulenspiegel said:

"Let us go on the boat."

Alighting from their asses, they threw the bridles to the boy who patted the donkeys in friendly fashion, and led them where he saw thistles growing.

Then Ulenspiegel took the boat hook, made Lamme get into the dinghy, sculled along towards the boat, where by the help of a rope he climbed up, preceded by Lamme, sweating and blowing hard.

When he was upon the bridge of the vessel, Ulen-

spiegel stooped down as though he meant to lace up his boots, and said a few words to the boatman, who smiled and looked at Lamme. Then he roared a thousand insults at him, calling him rascal, stuffed with guilty fat, gaol seed, *pap-eter*, eater of pap, and saying: "Big whale, how many hogsheads of oil do you give when you are bled?"

All at once, without answering him, Lamme hurled himself on him like a wild bull, flung him down, struck him with all his might, but did him little harm because of the fat pithlessness of his arms. The boatman, while pretending to struggle, let him do as he would, and Ulenspiegel said: "This rascal will pay for liquor."

The men, women, and workmen, who from the bank looked on at the battle, said: "Who would have imagined that this big man was so impetuous?"

And they clapped their hands while Lamme struck like a deaf man. But the boatman took care for nothing except to save his face. Suddenly Lamme was seen with his knee on Stercke Pier's breast, holding him by the throat with one hand and raising the other to strike.

"Cry for mercy," he said in fury, "or I will drive you through the ribs of your tub!"

The boatman, coughing to show that he could not cry out, asked for mercy with his hand.

Then Lamme was seen generously lifting up his enemy, who was soon on his feet, and turning his back on the spectators, put out his tongue at Ulenspiegel, who was bursting with laughter to see Lamme, proudly shaking the feather in his cap, walking up and down the boat in mighty triumph.

And the men, women, lads, and lasses, who were on the

bank, applauded with all their might, saying: "Hurrah for the conqueror of Stercke Pier! He is a man of iron. Did ye see how he thumped him with his fist and how he stretched him on his back with a blow from his head? There they are, going to drink now to make peace. Stercke Pier is coming up from the hold with wine and sausages."

In very deed, Stercke Pier had come up with two tankards and a great quart of white Meuse wine. And Lamme and he had made peace. And Lamme, all gay and jolly because of his triumph, because of the wine and the sausages, asked him, pointing to an iron chimney that was disgorging a black thick smoke, what were the fricassees he was making in his hold.

"War cookery," replied Stercke Pier, smiling.

The crowd of artisans, women, and children being dispersed to go back to their work or to their homes, the rumour ran speedily from mouth to mouth that a great fat man, mounted on an ass and accompanied by a little pilgrim, also mounted on an ass, was stronger than Samson and that care must be taken not to offend him.

Lamme drank and looked at the boatman with a conquering air.

The other said suddenly:

"Your donkeys are tired of being over yonder."

Then, bringing the boat up against the quay, he got out on the earth, took one of the asses by the hind legs and the forelegs, and carrying him as Jesus carried the lamb, set it down on the bridge of the boat. Then having done the same with the other one without so much as drawing a quicker breath, he said:

"Let us drink."

The lad leaped on the bridge.

And they drank. Lamme, all in a maze, no longer knew if it was himself, native of Damme, who had beaten this strong man, and he no longer dared to look at him, save by stealth, without any triumphing, fearing that he might take a notion to lay hold of him as he had done with the donkeys and throw him alive into the Meuse, for spite at his overthrow.

But the boatman, smiling, invited him gaily to drink again, and Lamme recovered from his fright and looked on him once more with victorious assurance.

And the boatman and Ulenspiegel laughed.

In the meanwhile, the donkeys, dumbfounded to find themselves on a floor that was not the *cows' floor*, as the peasants call dry land, had hung their heads, laid back their ears, and dared not drink for fear. The boatman went off to fetch them one of the pecks of corn he gave the horses that towed his boat, buying it himself so as not to be cheated by the drivers in the price of fodder.

When the donkeys saw the grain they murmured paternosters of the jaw while staring at the deck of the boat in melancholy fashion and not daring to move a hoof for fear of slipping.

Thereupon the boatman said to Lamme and to Ulenspiegel:

"Let us go into the kitchen."

"A war kitchen, but you may go down into it without fear, my conqueror."

"I am nowise afraid, and I follow you," said Lamme.

The lad took the tiller.

Going down they saw everywhere bags of grain, of beans, peas, carrots, and other vegetables.

The boatman then said to them, opening the door of a small forge:

"Since ye are men of valiant heart and know the cry of the lark, the bird of the free, and the warrior clarion of the cock, and the braying of the ass, the gentle worker, I am minded to show you my war kitchen. This little forge you will find such an one in most Meuse boats. No one can be suspicious of it, for it serves to mend and repair the ironwork of the vessels; but what all do not possess is the goodly vegetables contained in these cupboards."

Then removing some stones that covered the floor of the hold, he raised a few planks, and pulled up a fine sheaf of musket barrels, and lifting it as if it had been a feather, he put it back in its place; then he showed them lance heads, halberds, sword blades; bags of bullets, bags of powder.

"Long live the Beggar!" said he; "here are beans and their sauce, the musket stocks are legs of mutton, the salads are these halberd heads, and these musket barrels are ox shins for the soup of freedom. Long live the Beggar! Where am I to take this victual?" he asked Ulenspiegel.

"To Niméguen, where you will enter with your boat still more heavily laden, with real vegetables, brought you by the peasants, which you will take on board at Etsen, at Stephansweert, and at Ruremonde. And they, too, will sing like the lark, the bird of the free; you shall answer with the warlike clarion of the cock. You are to go the house of Doctor Pontus, who lives beside the Nieuwe-Waal; you are to tell him you are coming to the city with vegetables, but that you fear the drought. While the peasants go to the market to sell the vege-

tables at a price too dear for any to buy, he will tell you what you are to do with your weapons. I think, too, that he will direct you to pass, not without danger, by the Wahal, the Meuse, or the Rhine, exchanging vegetables for nets for sale, so that you may wander with the Harlingen fishing boats, where there are many sailors that know the lark's song; skirt the coast by the Waden, and get to the Lauwer-Zee; exchange the nets for iron and lead; give costumes of Marken, Vlieland, and Ameland to your peasants; remain awhile on the coasts, fishing and salting down your fish to keep it and not to sell it, for to drink cool and make war on salt is a lawful thing."

"Wherefore, let us drink," said the boatman.

And they went up on the deck.

But Lamme, falling into melancholy:

"Master boatman," said he, suddenly, "you have here in your forge a little fire so bright that for certain one might cook with it the most delicious of hotpots. My throat is thirsty for soup."

"I will refresh you," said the man.

And speedily he served him a rich soup, in which he had boiled a thick slice of salt ham.

When Lamme had swallowed a few spoonfuls, he said to the boatman:

"My throat is peeling, my tongue is burning: this is no hotpot."

"'Cool drink and salt war', it was written," replied Ulenspiegel.

Then the boatman filled up the tankards, and said:

"I drink to the lark, the bird of freedom."

Ulenspiegel said:

"I drink to the cock, blowing the clarion of war."

Lamme said:

"I drink to my wife; may she never be athirst, the poor darling."

"You are to go as far as Emden by the North Sea," said Ulenspiegel to the boatman. "Emden is a refuge for us."

"The sea is wide," said the boatman.

"Wide for the battle," said Ulenspiegel.

"God is with us," said the boatman.

"Who then shall be against us?" replied Ulenspiegel.

"When do you depart?" said he.

"Immediately," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Good voyage and a following wind. Here are powder and bullets." And kissing them, he brought them ashore, after carrying the two donkeys on his neck and shoulders like lambs.

Ulenspiegel and Lamme having mounted them, they started for Liége.

"My son," said Lamme, as they went on their way, "how did that man, so strong as he is, allow himself to be so cruelly thumped by me?"

"So that everywhere we go," said Ulenspiegel, "terror may precede you. That will be a better escort to us than twenty landsknechts. Who would henceforth dare to attack Lamme the mighty, the conqueror; Lamme the bull without peer, who with his head, before the eyes and to the knowledge of everyone, overthrew the Stercke Pier, Peter the Strong, who carries asses like lambs and lifts with one shoulder a cart of beer barrels? Everyone knows you here already; you are Lamme the terrible, Lamme the invincible, and I walk in the shadow of your protection. Everyone will know

you along the way we are to go, no one will dare to look on you with an unfriendly eye, and considering the great valour of mankind, you will find nothing on your path but louting, salutations, homage, and venerations offered to the might of your redoubtable fist."

"You speak well, my son," said Lamme, drawing himself up in his saddle.

"And I speak the truth," replied Ulenspiegel. "Do you see these curious faces in the first houses of this village? They are pointing the finger, showing to one another Lamme, the terrific conqueror. Do you see these men that look at you with envy and these poor cowards that doff their kerchiefs! Reply to their salutation, Lamme, my dear; disdain not the poor weak common herd. See the children know your name and repeat it with awe and fear."

And Lamme passed by, proud and stately, saluting to the right and to the left like a king. And the word of his prowess followed him from burg to burg, from city to city, to Liége, Choquier, to Neuville, Vesin, and Namur which they avoided because of the three preachers.

They went on thus a long time, following up rivers, streams, and canals. And everywhere to the lark's song answered the crowing of the cock. And everywhere for the work of liberty men founded forges and furbished the weapons that went away on the ships that skirted along the coasts.

And they passed the tolls in casks, in cases, in baskets.

And there were found always good folk to receive them and to conceal them in a sure place, with powder and bullets, until the hour of God.

And Lamme wending his way with Ulenspiegel, still preceded by his victorious reputation, began himself to believe in his great strength, and becoming proud and bellicose, he let his hair grow long. And Ulenspiegel christened him "Lamme the Lion."

But Lamme did not hold steadfast in the design because of the irritation of the young growth on the fourth day. And he had the razor passed over his conquering face, which appeared to Ulenspiegel once more, round and full like a sun, lit up with the flame of good victual.

In this wise they came to Stockem.

XXVIII

About nightfall, having left their asses at Stockem, they entered into the city of Antwerp.

And Ulenspiegel said to Lamme:

"Lo this great city; here the whole world piles up its riches: gold, silver, spices, gilded leather, Gobelin tapestry cloth, stuffs of velvet, wool, and silk; beans, peas, grain, meat, and flour, salted hides, Louvain wines, wines of Namur, of Luxembourg, Liége, *Landtwyn* from Brussels and from Aerschot, Buley wines whose vineyard is beside the Plante gate at Namur, Rhine wines, wines from Spain and Portugal; grape oil from Aerschot that they call Landolium; wines of Burgundy, Malvoisie and so many more. And the quays are cumbered with merchandise.

"These riches of earth and of human toil bring into this place the most beautiful light ladies that are."

"You are growing dreamy," said Lamme.

Ulenspiegel answered:

"I shall find the Seven among them. It was told me:

In ruins, blood and tears, seek!

What then is there that causeth more of ruin than light wenches? Is it not in their company that poor witless men lose their goodly carolus, shining and chinking; their jewels, chains, and rings, and come away without a doublet, ragged and despoiled, even without their linen; while the girls grow fat upon their spoils? Where is the red clear blood that used to course in their veins? 'Tis leek juice now. Or else, indeed, to enjoy their sweet and lovely bodies do they not fight with knife, with dagger, with sword, without pity? The corpses borne away, pale, and bloody, are corpses of the love-distraught. When the father scolds and remains on his chair with forbidding looks; when his white hairs seem whiter and stiffer; when from his dry eyes, wherein burns the grief at a son's loss, the tears refuse to flow; when the mother, silent and pale as a dead woman, weeps as if she saw nothing before her now save all the sorrows that this world holdeth, who is it makes those tears to fall? The gay ladies that love but themselves and money, and hold the world, thinking or working or philosophizing, fastened to the end of their golden girdle. Aye, it is there the Seven are, and we shall go, Lamme, among the girls. Perchance thy wife is among them; that will be a double sweep of the net."

"I am willing," said Lamme.

It was then in the month of June, towards the end of the summer, when the sun was already reddening the leaves on the chestnuts, when the little birds sing in the trees and there is never a mite so small that he does not chirp for pleasure to be so warm in the grass.

Lamme wandered beside Ulenspiegel through the streets of Antwerp, hanging his head and dragging his body along like a house.

"Lamme," said Ulenspiegel, "you are plunged in melancholy; do you not know that nothing is worse for the skin; if you persist in your grief, you will lose it in strips. And it will be a fine word to hear when they say of you: 'Lamme the flayed.'"

"I am hungry," said Lamme.

"Come and eat," said Ulenspiegel.

And they went together to the Old Stairs, where they ate *choesels* and drank *dobbel-cuyt* as much as they could carry.

And Lamme wept no more.

And Ulenspiegel said:

"Blessed be the good beer that maketh thy soul all sunny! Laughest and shakest thy big paunch. How I love to see thee dance of the merry entrails."

"My son," said Lamme, "they would dance far more if I had the good luck to find my wife again."

"Let us go and seek for her," said Ulenspiegel.

They came thus to the quarter of the Lower Scheldt.

"Look," said Ulenspiegel to Lamme, "see that little house all made of wood, with handsome windows, well opened and glazed with little square panes; consider these yellow curtains and that red lamp. There, my son, behind four casks of *bruinbier*, of *uitzet*, of *dobbel-cuyt*, and Amboise wine, sits a beauteous *baesine* of fifty years or upwards. Every year she lived gave her a fresh layer of bacon. Upon one of the casks shines a candle, and there is a lantern hung to the beams of the roof. It is bright and dark there, dark for love, bright for payment."

"But," said Lamme, "this is a convent of the devil's nuns, and this *baesine* is its abbess."

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel, "'tis she that leadeth in Beelzebub's name, down the path of sin fifteen lovely girls of amorous life, which find with her shelter and food, but it is forbidden to them to sleep there."

"Do you know this convent?" said Lamme.

"I am going to look for your wife therein. Come."

"No," said Lamme, "I have taken thought and will not go in."

"Wilt thou let thy friend expose himself all alone in the midst of these Astartes?"

"Let him not go there," said Lamme.

"But if he must go in to find the Seven and your wife?" replied Ulenspiegel.

"I would rather sleep," said Lamme.

"Come on then," said Ulenspiegel, opening the door and thrusting Lamme in front of him. "See, the *baesine* stays behind her casks, between two candles; the chamber is large, with a roof of blackened oak with smoked beams. All around reign benches, lame-legged tables covered with glasses, quart pots, goblets, tankards, jugs, flasks, bottles, and other implements of drinking. In the middle are still more tables and chairs whereon are enthroned odds and ends, the which are women's capes, gilded belts, velvet shoes, bagpipes, fifes, shawms. In a corner is a ladder leading to the upper story. A little bald hunchback plays on a clavecin mounted on glass feet that make the sound of the instrument grating. Dance, my fat lad. Fifteen lovely ladies are sitting, some on the tables, some on the chairs, a leg here, a leg there, bending, upright, leaning on an elbow, thrown back, lying on their back or on

their side, at their pleasure, clad in white, in red, their arms bare like their shoulders, too, and their bosom down to the waist. There are some of every kind; choose! For some the light of the candles, caressing their fair hair, leaves in the shadow their blue eyes, of which nothing can be seen but the gleaming of their liquid fire. Others, looking at the ceiling, sigh to the viol some German ballade. Some round, brown, plump, brazen-faced, are drinking from full tankards Amboise wine, and show their round arms, bare to the shoulder, their half-opened dress, whence come out the apples of their breasts, and shamelessly talk with their mouths full, one after the other or all at once. Listen to them."

"A straw for money to-day! it is love we must have, love at our own choice," said the lovely ladies, "child's love, youth's love, whoever pleases us, and no paying." —"Yesterday was the day when one paid, to-day is the day when one loves!" "Who so would fain drink at our lips, they are still moist from the bottle. Wine and kisses, it is a whole feast!" "A straw for widows that lie all alone!" "We are girls! 'Tis the day of charity to-day. To the young, the strong, and the comely, we will open our arms. Something to drink!" "Darling, is it for the battle of love that your heart is beating the tambourine in your breast! What a pendulum! 'Tis the clock of kisses. When will they come, full hearts and empty purses? Do they not scent out dainty adventures? What is the difference between a young Beggar and Monsieur the Markgrave? Monsieur pays in florins and the young Beggar in caresses. Long live the Beggar! Who will go and wake up the graveyards?"

Thus spake the good, the ardent, and the gay among the ladies of amorous life.

But there were others of them with narrow faces, lean shoulders, who made of their bodies a shop for savings, and liard by liard harvested the price of their thin flesh. And these were fuming among themselves: "It is very foolish for us to refuse payment in this fatiguing trade, for these ridiculous whimsies running in the heads of girls that are wild over men. If they have a cantle of the moon in their heads, we have none, and prefer not to have to drag around in our old age like them, in rags in the gutter, but to be paid since we are for sale. A straw for this gratis! Men are ugly, stinking, grumbling, greedy, drunken. It is nothing but them that turns poor women to ill!"

But the young and beautiful ones did not hear these speeches, and all in their pleasure and drinkings said: "Do you hear the passing bells ringing in Notre Dame? We are on fire! Who will go and waken the graveyards?"

Lamme seeing so many women all at once, brunette and fair, fresh and withered, was ashamed; lowering his eyes he cried out: "Ulenspiegel, where are you?"

"He is dead and gone, my friend," said a great stout girl taking hold of his arm.

"Dead and gone?" said Lamme.

"Aye," said she, "three hundred years ago, in the company of Jacobus de Coster van Maerlandt."

"Let me go," said Lamme, "and do not pinch me. Ulenspiegel, where are you? Come and save your friend! I am going away immediately if you do not let me go."

"You will not go away," they said.

"Ulenspiegel," said Lamme, again, piteously, "where are you, my son? Madame, do not pull my hair in this way; it is not a wig, I assure you. Help! Do you not think my ears red enough, without your bringing the blood to them besides? There is that other one filliping me all the time. You are hurting me! Alas! what are they rubbing my face with now? A looking glass! I am black as the jaws of an oven. I will be angry in a minute if you do not stop; it is ill done of you to torment a poor man like this. Let me go! When you have tugged me by my breeches to right, to left, from all sides, and have made me go like a shuttle, will you be any the fatter for it? Aye, I shall get angry without a doubt."

"He will get angry," said they, mocking; "he will get angry, the good man. Laugh rather, and sing us a love lay."

"I will sing one of blows, if you wish, but let me alone."

"Whom do you love here?"

"Nobody, neither you nor the others. I will complain to the magistrates and he will have you whipped."

"Oh, indeed!" they said. "Whipped! And suppose we were to kiss you by main force before this whipping?"

"Me?" said Lamme.

"You," said they all.

And thereupon the lovely and the ugly, the fresh and the faded, the brown and the fair all rushed upon Lamme, flung his bonnet into the air, and his cloak, too, and fell to caressing him, kissing him on the cheek, the nose, the back, with all their might.

The *baesine* laughed between her candles.

"Help!" cried Lamme; "help, Ulenspiegel; sweep away all this rubbish. Let me go. I want none of your kisses; I am married, God's blood! and keep all for my wife."

"Married," said they; "but your wife has over much: a man of your corpulence. Give us a little. Faithful woman, 'tis well and good; a faithful man, he is a capon. God keep you! you must choose, or we shall whip you in our turn."

"I will do no such thing," said Lamme.

"Choose," said they.

"No," said he.

"Will you have me?" said a pretty, fair girl: "See, I am gentle, and I love whoever loves me."

"Let me alone," said Lamme.

"Will you have me?" said a delicious girl, who had black hair, eyes and complexion all brown, and in everything else made to perfection by the angels.

"I don't like gingerbread," said Lamme.

"And what of me, would you not take me?" said a tall girl, who had a brow almost covered by her hair, heavy eyebrows joined together, big drowned eyes, lips thick as eels and all red, and red, too, of face, neck, and shoulders.

"I don't like," said Lamme, "burnt bricks."

"Take me," said a girl of sixteen with a little squirrel face.

"I don't like nut crunchers," said Lamme.

"We must whip him," said they, "with what? Fine whips with a lash of dried hide. A sound lashing. The toughest skin cannot resist it. Take ten of them. Carters' and donkey drivers' whips."

"Help! Ulenspiegel!" cried Lamme.

But Ulenspiegel made no answer.

"Ye have a bad heart," said Lamme, seeking his friend on every side.

The whips were brought; two of the girls set to work to strip Lamme of his doublet.

"Alas!" said he; "my poor fat, that I had so much trouble to make, they will doubtless lift it off with their keen whips. But, pitiless females, my fat will be no use to you, not even to make sauces."

They replied:

"We shall make candles with it. Is it nothing to see clear without paying for it! She that will henceforth say that out of the whip comes forth candle will seem mad to everybody. We will uphold it to the death, and win more than one wager. Steep the rods in vinegar. There, your doublet is off. The hour is striking at Saint Jacques! Nine o'clock. At the last stroke of the clock, if you have not made your choice, we shall strike."

Lamme, paralyzed, said:

"Have pity and compassion upon me; I have sworn faithfulness to my poor wife and will keep it, although she left me in evil fashion. Ulenspiegel, dear friend, help!"

But Ulenspiegel did not show himself.

"See me," said Lamme to the light ladies, "see me at your knees. Is there a humbler posture? Is it not enough to say that I honour your great beauties like the very saints? Happy is he that, not being married, can enjoy your charms! 'Tis paradise, without doubt; but do not beat me, if you please."

Suddenly the *baesine*, who remained between her two candles, spoke in a strong and threatening voice:

"Good women and girls," said she, "I take my oath on my great devil that if, in a moment, you have not, by laughter and gentle ways, brought this man to a good mind, that is to say into your bed, I will go fetch the night watch and have you all whipped instead of him. Ye do not deserve to be called girls of amorous life if in vain you have free mouth, wanton hand, and flaming eyes to excite the males, as do the females of the glow-worms that have their lanterns but to this end. And you shall be whipped without mercy for your simpleness."

At that word the girls trembled and Lamme became joyful.

"Now, then, good women, what news bring you from the land of sharp thongs? I will myself go and fetch the watch. They will do their duty, and I shall help them with it. It will give me great pleasure."

But then a pretty little girl of fifteen threw herself at Lamme's knees:

"Messire," said she, "you see me here before you, humbly resigned; if you do not deign to choose me from among us, I must needs be beaten for you, monsieur. And the *baesine* there will put me into a foul cellar, under the Scheldt, where the water oozes from the wall, and where I shall have but black bread to eat."

"Will she verily be beaten for me, Madame *baesine*," said Lamme.

"Till the blood runs," replied she.

Lamme then, considering the girl, said: "I see thee fresh, perfumed, thy shoulder coming out from thy robe like a great petal of a white rose; I would not have this lovely skin under which the blood flows so young,

suffer under the whip, nor that those eyes bright with the fire of youth should weep for the anguish of the strokes, nor that the cold of the prison should make thy body shiver, thy body like a love fay. And so I had rather choose thee than know that thou wert beaten."

The girl took him away. So sinned he, as he did all things in his life, through kindness of heart.

Meanwhile, Ulenspiegel and a tall handsome brown girl with curling waving hair were standing before one another. The girl, without saying a word, was looking at Ulenspiegel coquettishly and seemed not to wish to have anything to do with him.

"Love me," said he.

"Love thee," said she, "wild lover who lovest only at thine own hour?"

Ulenspiegel answered: "The bird that passes above thy head sings his song and flies away. And so with me, sweetheart: wilt thou that we sing together?"

"Aye," said she, "a song of laughter and of tears."

And the girl flung herself on Ulenspiegel's neck.

Suddenly, as both were happy in the arms of their darlings, lo! there came into the house, to the sound of fife and drum, and jostling, pushing, singing, whistling, crying, shouting, bawling, a gay company of *meesevangers*, who at Antwerp are titmouse catchers. They were carrying bags and cages full of these little birds, and the owls that had helped them in the sport were opening wide their eyes, gilded in the light.

The *meesevangers* were full ten in number, all red, bloated with wine and cervoise ale, with waggling heads, dragging their tottering legs and crying out in a voice so hoarse and so broken that it seemed to the timid

girls that they were rather listening to wild beasts in a wood than men in a house.

However, as they never stopped saying, speaking singly or all at once: "I would have the one I love." "We are his that pleaseth us. To-morrow to the rich in florins! To-day to the rich in love!" the *meesevangers* replied: "Florins we have and love as well; to us then the light ladies. He that draws back is a capon. These are tits, and we are sportsmen. Rescue! Brabant for the good duke!"

But the women said, laughing loudly: "Fie! the ugly muzzles that think to eat us! 'Tis not to swine that men give sherbets. We take whom we please and do not want you. Barrels of oil, bags of lard, thin nails, rusty blades, you stink of sweat and mud. Get out of here; you will be well and duly damned without our help."

But the men: "The Frenchies are dainty to-day. Disgusted ladies, you can well give us what you sell to everybody."

But the women: "To-morrow," they said, "we will be slaves and dogs, and will accept you; to-day we are free women and we cast you out."

The men: "Enough words," they cried. "Who is thirsty? Let us pluck the apples!"

And so saying they threw themselves upon them, without distinction of age or beauty. The girls, resolute in their minds, threw at their heads chairs, quart pots, jugs, goblets, tankards, flasks, bottles, raining thick as hail, wounding them, bruising them, knocking out their eyes.

Ulenspiegel and Lamme came down at the tumult, leaving their trembling lovers above at the top of the

ladder. When Ulenspiegel saw these men striking at the women, he took up a broom in the courtyard, tore away the twigs from the head, gave another to Lamme, and with them they beat the *meesevangers* without pity.

The game seemed hard to the drunkards; thus belaboured, they stopped for an instant, by which profited the thin girls who desired to sell themselves and not to give, even in this great day of love voluntary as Nature wills it. Like snakes they glided among the injured, caressed them, tended their wounds, drank wine of Amboise for them, and emptied so well their pouches of florins and other moneys, that they had left not a single liard. Then, as the curfew was ringing, they put them to the door through which Ulenspiegel and Lamme had already taken their way.

XXIX

Ulenspiegel and Lamme were marching towards Ghent and came at daybreak to Lokeren. The earth in the distance sweated dew; white cool mists glided along the meadows. Ulenspiegel, as he passed before a forge, whistled like the lark, the bird of liberty. And straightway appeared a head, tousled and white, at the door of the forge, and imitated the warlike clarion of the cock in a weak voice.

Ulenspiegel said to Lamme:

"This is the *smitte* Wasteele, who forges by day spades, mattocks, plough shares, hammering the iron when it is hot to fashion with it fine gratings for the choirs of churches, and oftentimes, at night, making and furbishing arms for the soldiers of freedom of

conscience. He has not won the looks of health at this game, for he is pale as a ghost, sad as a damned soul, and so lean that his bones poke holes in his skin. He has not yet gone to rest, having doubtless toiled all night long."

"Come in, both of you," said the *smitte* Wasteele, "and lead your asses into the meadow behind the house."

This being done, Lamme and Ulenspiegel being in the forge, the *smitte* Wasteele took down into a cellar of his house all the swords he had furbished and the lance heads he had cast during the night, and made ready the day's work for his men.

Looking at Ulenspiegel with lack-lustre eye, he said to him:

"What news do you bring me from the Silent?"

"The prince has been driven out of the Low Countries with his army because of the misconduct of his mercenaries, who shout *'Geld, Geld!* money, money!' when they ought to fight. He has gone away towards France with the faithful soldiers, his brother Count Ludovic and the Duke of Deux-Ponts, to help the King of Navarre and the Huguenots; from thence he passed over into Germany, to Dillenbourg, where many that have fled from the Low Countries are with him. You must send him arms and what money you have collected, while we, we shall ply the task of free men upon the sea."

"I shall do what is to be done," said the *smitte* Wasteele; "I have arms and nine thousand florins. But did you not come riding on asses?"

"Aye," they said.

"And have you not, on your way, heard news of

three preachers, slain and stripped and thrown into a hole among the rocks of the Meuse?"

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel, with the utmost boldness, "these three preachers were three spies of the duke's, assassins, paid to kill the prince of freedom. Together we two, Lamme and I, sent them from life to death. Their money is ours and their papers likewise. We shall take what we need from it for our journey; the rest we shall give to the prince."

And Ulenspiegel, opening his own doublet and Lamme's, pulled out from them papers and parchments. The *smitte* Wasteele having read them:

"They contain," he said, "plans of battle and conspiracy. I will have them sent to the prince, and he will be told that Ulenspiegel and Lamme Goedzak, his trusty vagabonds, saved his noble life. I will have your asses sold that you may not be recognized from your mounts."

Ulenspiegel asked the *smitte* Wasteele if the sheriff's court at Namur had already set their catchpolls on their track.

"I will tell you what I know," replied Wasteele. "A smith of Namur, a stout reformer, passed through here the other day, under pretext of asking me to help him with the screens, weathercocks, and other ironwork of a castle that is to be built near the Plante. The usher of the sheriff's court told him that his masters had already met, and that a tavern keeper had been summoned, because he lived a few hundred fathom from the place where the murder had taken place. Asked if he had seen the murderers or not, or any he might suspect as such, he had replied: 'I saw country folk men and women travelling on donkeys, asking me for some-

thing to drink and staying seated on their mounts, or getting down to drink in my house, beer for the men, hydromel for the women and girls. I saw two bold rustics that talked of shortening Messire of Orange by a foot.' And so saying, the host, whistling, imitated the sound of a knife going into the flesh of the neck. 'By the Steel-wind,' he said, 'I will speak with you in private, being empowered to do so.' He spoke and was released. From that time the councils of justice have without doubt sent despatches to their subordinate councils. The host said he had seen only country men and country women riding upon asses; it will therefore follow that pursuit will be directed against all persons that may be found bestriding a donkey. And the prince hath need of you, my children."

"Sell the asses," said Ulenspiegel, "and keep the price for the prince's treasury."

The asses were sold.

"You must now," said Wasteele, "have each a trade free and independent of the guilds; do you know how to make bird cages and mouse traps?"

"I have made such long ago," said Ulenspiegel.

"And thou?" asked Wasteele of Lamme.

"I will sell *eete-koeken* and *olie-koeken;* these are pancakes and balls of flour cooked in oil."

"Follow me; here are cages and mouse traps all ready; the tools and copper filigree work also which are needed to mend them and to make others. They were brought me by one of my spies. This is for you, Ulenspiegel. As for you, Lamme, here is a little stove and a bellows; I will give you flour, butter, and oil to make the *eete-koeken* and the *olie-koeken.*"

"He will eat them," said Ulenspiegel.

"When shall we make the first ones?" asked Lamme.

Wasteele replied:

"First ye shall help me for a night or two; I cannot finish my great task alone by myself."

"I am hungry," said Lamme, "can one eat here?"

"There is bread and cheese," said Wasteele.

"No butter?" asked Lamme.

"No butter," said Wasteele.

"Have you beer or wine?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"I never drink them," he answered, "but I will go *in het Pelicaen*, close by here, and fetch some for you if you wish."

"Aye," said Lamme, "and bring us some ham."

"I will do as you wish," said Wasteele, looking at Lamme with great disdain.

All the same he brought *dobbel-clauwert* and a ham. And Lamme, full of joy, ate enough for five.

And he said:

"When do we set to work?"

"To-night," said Wasteele; "but stay in the forge and do not be afraid of my workmen. They are of the Reformed faith like yourselves."

"That is well," said Lamme.

By night, the curfew having rung and the doors being shut, Wasteele, making Ulenspiegel and Lamme help him, going down and bringing up from his cellar heavy bundles of weapons:

"Here," he said, "are twenty arquebuses to mend, thirty lance heads to furbish, and lead for fifteen hundred bullets to melt down; you shall help me with it."

"With all my hands," said Ulenspiegel, "and why have I not four to serve you?"

"Lamme will help us," said Wasteele.

"Aye," replied Lamme, piteously, and falling with drowsiness through excess of drink and food.

"You shall melt the lead," said Ulenspiegel.

"I will melt the lead," said Lamme.

Lamme, melting his lead and running his bullets, kept looking with a savage eye at the *smitte* Wasteele who was driving him to keep awake when he was dropping with sleep. He ran his bullets with a wordless fury, having a great longing to pour the molten lead on the head of Wasteele the smith. But he controlled himself. Towards midnight, his rage getting the better of him at the same time as excess of fatigue, he addressed him thus in a hissing voice, while the *smitte* Wasteele with Ulenspiegel was patiently furbishing musket barrels, muskets, and lance heads:

"There you are," said Lamme, "meager, pale, and wretched, believing in the good faith of princes and the great ones of the earth, and disdaining, in an excessive zeal, your body, your noble body that you are leaving to perish in misery and humiliation. It was not for this that God made it with Dame Nature. Do you know that our soul which is the breath of life, needs, that it may breathe, beans, beef, beer, wine, ham, sausages, chitterlings, and rest; you, you live on bread, water, and watching."

"Whence have you this talkative flow?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"He knows not what he says," answered Wasteele, sadly.

But Lamme growing angry:

"I know better than you. I say that we are mad,

I, you, and Ulenspiegel, to wear out our eyes for all these princes and great ones of the earth, who would laugh loudly at us if they saw us dying of weariness, losing our sleep to furbish up arms and cast bullets for their service while they drink French wine and eat German capons from golden tankards and dishes of English pewter; they will never ask whether, while we are seeking in the open wild the God by whose grace they have their power, their enemies are cutting off our limbs with their scythes and casting us into the well of death. They, in the meanwhile, who are neither Reformed, nor Calvinists, nor Lutherans, nor Catholics, but sceptics and doubters entirely, will buy or conquer principalities, will devour the wealth of the monks, abbeys, and convents, and will have all: virgins, wives, women and *bona robas*, and will drink from their gold cups to their perpetual jollity, and to our everlasting foolishness, simplicity, stupidity, and to the seven deadly sins which they commit, O *smitte* Wasteele, under the starveling nose of thy enthusiasm. Look upon the fields, the meads, look on the harvest, the orchards, the kine, the gold rising out of the earth; look at the wild things in the woods, the birds of the skies, delicious ortolans, delicate thrushes, wild boars' heads, haunches of buck venison; all is theirs, hunting, fishing, earth, sea, everything. And you, you live on bread and water, and we are killing ourselves here for them, without sleep, without eating, and without drinking. And when we shall be dead they will fetch our carrion a kick and say to our mothers: 'Make us more of these; those ones can do us no service now.'"

Ulenspiegel laughed and said nothing. Lamme

breathed hard with indignation, but Wasteele, speaking in a gentle voice:

"Thou speakest but lightly," said he. "I live not for ham, for beer, or for ortolans, but for the victory of freedom of conscience. The prince of freedom does even as I do. He sacrifices his wealth, his sleep and his happiness to drive out from the Low Countries the butchers and tyranny. Do as he does and try to grow thinner. 'Tis not by the belly that peoples can be saved, but by proud courage and fatigues endured even unto death without a murmur. And now go and lie down, if thou art sleepy."

But Lamme would not, being ashamed.

And they furbished arms and cast bullets until it was morning, and thus for three days.

Then they departed for Ghent, by night, selling bird cages, mouse-traps, and *olie-koekjes*.

And they stopped at Meulestee, the little town of the mills, whose red roofs are seen everywhere, and there they agreed to carry on their trades apart and to meet each other at night before curfew *in de Zwaen*, at the Swan Inn.

Lamme wandered about the streets of Ghent selling *olie-koekjes*, getting a liking for this trade, seeking for his wife, emptying many a quart pot and eating continually. Ulenspiegel had delivered letters from the prince to Jacob Scoelap, licentiate in medicine; to Lieven Smet, cloth seller; to Jan Wulfschaeger, to Gillis Coorne, the scarlet dyer, and to Jan de Roose, tile maker, who gave him the money harvested by them for the Prince, and bade him wait some days longer at Ghent and in the neighbourhood, and he would be given still more.

Those men having been hanged later on the New Gibbet for heresy, their bodies were buried in the Gallows Field, near the Bruges Gate.

XXX

Meanwhile, the provost Spelle le Roux, armed with his red wand, was hurrying from town to town on his lean horse, everywhere setting up scaffolds, lighting fires of execution, digging graves to bury poor women and girls alive in them. And the King inherited.

Ulenspiegel being at Meulestee with Lamme, under a tree, found himself full of weary lassitude. It was cold although the month was June. From the skies, laden with gray clouds, there fell a fine hail.

"My son," said Lamme, "you are for the past four nights shamelessly running wild, gadding after the *bona robas*, you go to sleep *in de Zoeten Inval*, at the Sweet Fall; you will do like the man on the sign, falling head foremost into a hive of bees. Vainly do I wait for you *in de Zwaen*, and I draw evil forebodings from this liquorish living. Why do you not take a wife virtuously?"

"Lamme," said Ulenspiegel, "he to whom one woman is all women, and to whom all women are one in this gentle combat that they call love, must not lightly rush upon his choice."

"And Nele, do you not think at all on her?"

"Nele is at Damme, far away," said Ulenspiegel

While he was in this posture and the hail was falling thick, a young and pretty woman passed by, running and covering up her head in her petticoat.

"Eh," said she, "dreamy one, what dost thou under that tree?"

"I am dreaming," said Ulenspiegel, "of a woman that should make me a roof against the hail with her petticoat."

"Thou hast found her," said the woman. "Rise up."

"Wilt thou leave me alone again?" said Lamme.

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel, "but go *in de Zwaen*, eat a leg of mutton or two, drink a dozen tankards of beer; you will sleep and you will not be forlorn then."

"I will do that," said Lamme.

Ulenspiegel went up to the woman.

"Pick up my skirt on one side," said she, "I will lift it on the other, and now let us run."

"Why run?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"Because," she said, "I am fain to flee from Meulestee; the provost Spelle is in it with two catchpolls and he has sworn to have all the light ladies whipped if they will not pay him five florins each. That is why I am running: run, too, and stay with me to defend me."

"Lamme," cried Ulenspiegel, "Spelle is in Meulestee. Go off and away to Destelberg, to the Star of the Wise Men."

And Lamme, getting up affrighted, took his belly in both hands and began to run.

"Whither is this fat hare going?" said the girl.

"To a burrow where I shall find him again," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Let us run," said she, beating the ground with her foot like a restive filly.

"I would fain be virtuous without running," said Ulenspiegel.

"What does that mean?" asked she.

Ulenspiegel made answer:

"The fat hare wants me to renounce good wine, cervoise ale, and the fresh skin of women."

The girl looked at him with an ugly eye.

"Your breath is short; you must rest," said she.

"Rest myself? I see no shelter," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Your virtue," said the girl, "will serve for a quilt."

"I like your petticoat better," said he.

"My petticoat," said the girl, "would not be worthy to cover a saint such as you would fain be. Take yourself off that I may run alone."

"Do you not know," replied Ulenspiegel, "that a dog goes swifter with four feet than a man with two? And so, having four feet, we shall run better."

"You have a lively tongue for a virtuous man."

"Aye," said he.

"But," said she, "I have always observed that virtue is a quiet, sleepy, thick, and chilly quality. It is a mask to hide grumbling faces, a velvet cloak on a man of stone. I like men that have in their breast a stove well lighted with the fire of virility, which exciteth to valiant and gay enterprises."

"It was ever thus," replied Ulenspiegel, "that the lovely she-devil spake to the glorious Saint Anthony."

There was an inn a score of paces from the road.

"You have spoken well," said Ulenspiegel, "now you must drink well."

"My tongue is still cool and fresh," said the girl.

They went in. On a chest there slumbered a big jug nicknamed "belly," because of its wide paunch.

Ulenspiegel said to the *baes:*

"Dost thou see this florin?"

"I see it," said the *baes*.

"How many patards would thou extract from it to fill up that belly there with *dobbel-clauwert?*"

The *baes* said to him:

"With *negen mannekens* (nine little men), you will be clear."

"That," said Ulenspiegel, "is six Flanders mites, and overmuch by two mites. But fill it, anyhow."

Ulenspiegel poured out a goblet for the woman, then rising up proudly and applying the beak of the belly to his mouth, he emptied it all every drop into his throat. And it was as the noise of a cataract.

The girl, dumbfounded, said to him:

"How did you manage to put so big a belly into your lean stomach?"

Without replying, Ulenspiegel said to the *baes:*

"Bring a knuckle of ham and some bread, and another full belly, that we may eat and drink."

Which they did.

While the girl was munching a piece of the rind he took her so subtly, that she was startled, charmed, and compliant all at once.

Then questioning him:

"Whence," she said, "have they come to your virtue, this thirst like a sponge, this wolf's hunger, and these amorous audacities?"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"Having sinned a hundred ways, I swore, as you know, to do penance. That lasted a whole long hour. Thinking during that hour upon my life that was to come, I saw myself fed meagrely on bread, dully refreshed with water; sadly fleeing from love; daring

neither to move nor sneeze, for fear to commit wickedness; esteemed by all, feared by each; alone like a leper; sad as a dog orphaned of his master, and after fifty years of martyrdom, ending by undergoing my death in melancholy fashion on a pallet. The penance was long enough: so kiss me, my darling, and let us go out from purgatory together."

"Ah!" said she, obeying cheerfully, "what a good sign virtue is to put on the end of a pole!"

Time passed in these amorous doings; nevertheless they must needs rise and go, for the girl feared to see in the midst of their pleasure the provost Spelle suddenly appear with his catchpolls.

"Truss up thy petticoat then," said Ulenspiegel.

And they ran like stags towards Destelberg, where they found Lamme eating at the Star of the Three Wise Men.

XXXI

Ulenspiegel often saw at Ghent, Jacob Scoelap, Lieven Smet, and Jan de Wulfschaeger, who gave him news of the good or bad fortune of the Silent.

And every time that Ulenspiegel came back to Destelberg Lamme said to him:

"What do you bring? Good luck or bad luck?"

"Alas!" said Ulenspiegel, "the Silent, his brother Ludwig, the other chiefs and the Frenchmen were determined to go farther into France and join with the Prince of Condé. Thus they would save the poor Belgian fatherland and freedom of conscience. God willed it otherwise; the German reiters and landsknechts refused to go farther, and said their oath was to go against the Duke of Alba and not against France.

Having vainly entreated them to do their duty, the Silent was forced to take them through Champagne and Lorraine as far as Strasbourg, whence they went back into Germany. All has gone awry through this sudden and obstinate departure: the King of France, despite his contract with the prince, refuses to give over the money he promised; the Queen of England would have sent him money to get back the town and the district of Calais; her letters were intercepted and despatched to the Cardinal at Lorraine, who forged an answer in the contrary sense.

"Thus we see melt away, like ghosts at the crowing of the cock, that goodly army, our hope; but God is with us, and if the earth fail us, the water will do its work. Long live the Beggar!"

XXXII

The girl came one day, all weeping, to say to Lamme and to Ulenspiegel:

"Spelle is allowing murderers and robbers in Meulestee to escape for money. He is putting the innocent to death. My brother Michielkin is among them. Alas! Let me tell you, ye will avenge him, being men. A vile and infamous debauchee, Pieter de Roose, an habitual seducer of children and girls, does all the harm. Alas! my poor brother Michielkin and Pieter de Roose were one evening, but not at the same table, in the tavern of the *Valck*, where Pieter de Roose was avoided by every one like the plague.

"My brother, not willing to see him in the same room as himself, called him a lecherous blackguard, and ordered him to purge the chamber of his presence.

"Pieter de Roose replied:

"'The brother of a public baggage has no need to show such a lofty nose.'

"He lied. I am not public, and give myself only to whomsoever I please.'

"Michielkin, then, flinging his quart of cervoise ale in his face, told him he had lied like the filthy debauchee that he was, threatening, if he did not decamp, to make him eat his fist up to the elbow.

"The other would have talked more, but Michielkin did what he had said: he gave him two great blows on the jaw and dragged him by the teeth, with which he was biting, out on to the road, where he left him battered and bruised, without pity.

"Pieter de Roose, being healed, and unable to live a solitary life, went *in 't Vagevuur*, a veritable purgatory and a gloomy tavern, where there were none but poor people. There also he was left to himself, even by all those ragamuffins. And no man spoke to him, save a few country folk to whom he was unknown, and a few wandering rogues, or deserters from some troop or other. He was even beaten there several times, for he was quarrelsome.

"The provost Spelle had come to Meulestee with two catchpolls, and Pieter de Roose followed them everywhere about like a dog, filling them up at his expense with wine, with meat, and many other pleasures that are bought with money. And so he became their companion and their comrade, and he began to do his wicked best to torment all he hated; which was all the inhabitants of Meulestee, but especially my poor brother.

"First of all he attacked Michielkin. False wit-

nesses, gallows birds, greedy for florins, declared that Michielkin was a heretic, had uttered foulness about Notre Dame, and oftentimes blasphemed the name of God and the saints in the tavern of the Falcon, and that, besides all, he had full three hundred florins in a coffer.

"Notwithstanding that the witnesses were not of good life and conduct, Michielkin was arrested, and the proofs being declared by Spelle and the catchpolls good and sufficient to warrant putting the accused to the torture, Michielkin was hung up by the arms to a pulley fastened to the ceiling, and they put a weight of fifty pounds on each of his feet.

"He denied the charge, saying that if in Meulestee there was a rogue, a blackguard, a blasphemer and a lecherous brute, it was no other than Pieter de Roose, and not he.

"But Spelle would listen to nothing, and bade his catchpolls hoist Michielkin right up to the ceiling, and to let him drop heavily with his weights on his feet. And this they did, and so cruelly that the skin and the muscles of the victim were torn, and that the foot scarcely held to the leg.

"As Michielkin persisted in saying he was innocent, Spelle had him tortured afresh, while giving him to understand that if he would give him a hundred florins he would leave him free and acquitted.

"Michielkin said that he would die first.

"The folk of Meulestee, having learned the fact of the arrest and the torture, desired to be witness *par turbes*, which is the testimony of all the reputable inhabitants of a commune. 'Michielkin,' said they, unanimously, 'is in no way or guise heretical; he goes

every Sunday to mass and to the holy table; he has never said anything else of Our Lady than to call on her to succour him in difficult circumstances; having never spoken ill, even of an earthly woman, he would much less ever have dared to speak ill of the heavenly Mother of God. As for the blasphemies that the false witnesses declared they had heard him utter in the tavern of the Falcon, that was in all points false and lies.'

"Michielkin having been released, the false witnesses were punished, and Spelle cited Pieter de Roose before his court, but set him free without examination or torture, in consideration of one hundred florins paid down in one sum.

"Pieter de Roose, fearing that the money he still had left might attract Spelle's attention to him once again, fled from Meulestee, while Michielkin, my poor brother, died of the gangrene that had caught hold of his feet.

"He who no longer wished to see me, yet had me sent for to bid me beware well of the fire in my body that would bring me into the fire of hell. And I could but weep, for the fire is within me. And he gave up his soul in my arms."

"Ha!" said she, "he who would avenge upon Spelle the death of my beloved kind Michielkin would be my master forever, and I would obey him like a dog."

While she spake, the ashes of Claes beat upon the breast of Ulenspiegel. And he determined to bring Spelle the murderer to the gallows.

Boelkin (that was the girl's name) returned to Meulestee, well assured in her home against the vengeance of Pieter de Roose, for a cattle dealer, passing by Destel-

berg, informed her that the curé and the townsfolk had declared that if Spelle touched Michielkin's sister, they would cite him before the duke.

Ulenspiegel, having followed her to Meulestee, came into a low chamber in Michielkin's house, and saw there a portrait of a master pastry cook which he supposed to be that of the poor victim. . . .

And Boelkin said to him:

"It is my brother's portrait."

Ulenspiegel took the picture and said, going away:

"Spelle shall be hanged!"

"What will you do?" said she.

"If you knew that," said he, "you would have no pleasure in seeing it done."

Boelkin nodded her head and said in a grieving voice:

"You show no confidence in me."

"Is it not," said he, "showing you extreme confidence to say to you 'Spelle shall be hanged!' For with this mere word alone you can have me hanged before him."

"That is true," said she.

"Then," said Ulenspiegel, "go fetch me good potter's clay, a double quart of *bruinbier*, clear water, and a few slices of beef. All separate."

"The beef will be for me, the *bruinbier* for the beef, the water for the clay, and the clay for the portrait."

Eating and drinking Ulenspiegel kneaded the clay, and now and then swallowed a morsel of it, but heeded it little, and looked most attentively at Michielkin's portrait. When the clay was kneaded, he made a mask out of it, with a nose, a mouth, eyes, ears so much like the portrait of the dead man, that Boelkin was astonied at it.

After that he put the mask in the oven, and when it was dry, he painted it the colour corpses are, showing the haggard eyes, the solemn face, and the various contractions of a man in the act of dying. Then the girl, ceasing to be astonied, looked at the mask, without being able to take her eyes off it, grew pale and livid, covered up her face, and said shuddering:

"It is he, my poor Michielkin!"

He made also two bloody feet.

Then having conquered her first fright:

"Blessed will he be," said she, "that will slay the murderer." Ulenspiegel, taking the mask and the feet, said:

"I must have an assistant."

Boelkin replied:

"Go *in den Blauwe Gans*, to the Blue Goose, to Joos Lansaem of Ypres, who keeps this tavern. He was my brother's best friend and comrade. Tell him it is Boelkin that sends you."

Ulenspiegel did as she bade him.

After having laboured for death, the provost Spelle went to drink *in't Valck*, at the Falcon, a hot mixture of *dobbel-clauwert*, with cinnamon and Madeira sugar. They dared refuse him nothing at his inn, for fear of the rope.

Pieter de Roose, having plucked up courage again, had come back to Meulestee. Everywhere he followed Spelle and his catchpolls to have their protection. Sometimes Spelle paid the wherewithal for him to drink. And they drank up merrily the money of the victims.

The inn of the Falcon was not filled now as in the good days when the village lived joyously, serving God after the Catholic fashion; and not tormented because

of religion. Now it was as though in mourning, as could be seen from its numerous houses that were empty or shut up, from its deserted streets in which there wandered a few starved dogs searching among the rubbish heaps for their rotten food.

There was no place now in Meulestee for any but the two evil and cruel men. The timid dwellers in the village saw them by day insolent and noting the houses of future victims, drawing up the lists of death; and by night venturing from the Falcon singing filthy choruses, while two catchpolls, drunk like them, followed them armed to the teeth to be their escort.

Ulenspiegel went *in den Blauwe Gans*, to the Blue Goose, to Joos Lansaem, who was at the bar.

Ulenspiegel took from his pocket a little flask of brandy, and said to him:

"Boelkin has two casks for sale."

"Come into my kitchen," said the *baes*.

There, shutting the door, and looking fixedly at him:

"You are no brandy merchant; what do these winkings of your eyes mean? Who are you?"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"I am the son of Claes that was burned at Damme; the ashes of the dead man beat upon my breast; I would fain kill Spelle, the murderer."

"It is Boelkin who sends you?" asked the host.

"Boelkin sends me," replied Ulenspiegel. "I will kill Spelle; you shall help me in it."

"I will," said the *baes*. "What must I do?"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"Go to the curé, the good pastor, an enemy to Spelle. Assemble your friends together and be with them tomorrow, after the curfew, on the Everghem road, above

Spelle's house, between the Falcon and the house aforesaid. All post yourselves in the shadows and have no white on your clothes. At the stroke of ten you will see Spelle coming out from the tavern and a wagon coming from the other side."

"Do not tell your friends to-night; they sleep too near to their wives' ears. Go and find them to-morrow. Come, now, listen to everything closely and remember well."

"We shall remember," said Joos. And raising his goblet: "I drink to Spelle's halter."

"To the halter," said Ulenspiegel. Then he went back with the *baes* into the tavern chamber where there sate drinking certain old clothes merchants of Ghent who were coming back from the Saturday market at Bruges, where they had sold for high prices doublets and short mantles of cloth of gold and silver bought for a few sous from ruined nobles who desired by their luxury and splendour to imitate the Spaniards.

And they kept revels and feasting because of their big profits.

Ulenspiegel and Joos Lansaem, sitting in a corner, as they drank, and without being heard, agreed that Joos should go to the curé of the church, a good pastor, incensed against Spelle, the murderer of innocent men. After that he would go to his friends.

On the morrow, Joos Lansaem and Michielkin's friends, having been forewarned, left the *Blauwe Gans*, where they had their pints as usual, and so as to conceal their plans went off at curfew by different ways, and came to the Everghem causeway. They were seventeen in number.

At ten o'clock Spelle left the Falcon, followed by

his two catchpolls and Pieter de Roose. Lansaem and his troop were hidden in the barn belonging to Samson Boene, a friend of Michielkin. The door of the barn was open. Spelle never saw them.

They heard him pass by, staggering with drink like Pieter de Roose and his two catchpolls also, and saying, in a thick voice and with many hiccups:

"Provosts! provosts! life is good to them in this world; hold me up, gallows birds that live on my leavings!"

Suddenly were heard upon the road, from the direction of the open country, the braying of an ass and the crack of a whip.

"There is a restive donkey indeed," said Spelle, "that won't go on in spite of that good warning."

Suddenly they heard a great noise of wheels and a cart leaping along and coming down the middle of the road.

"Stop it!" cried Spelle.

As the cart passed beside them, Spelle and his two catchpolls threw themselves on the donkey's head.

"This cart is empty," said one of the catchpolls.

"Lubber," said Spelle, "do empty carts gallop about by night all alone? There is somebody in this cart a-hiding; light the lanterns, hold them up, I am going to look in it."

The lanterns were lighted and Spelle climbed up on the cart, holding his own lamp; but scarcely had he looked than he uttered a great cry, and falling back, said:

"Michielkin! Michielkin! Jesu! have pity upon me!"

Then there rose up from the floor of the cart a man

clad in white as pastry cooks are and holding in his hands two bloody feet.

Pieter de Roose, seeing the man stand up, illuminated by the lanterns, cried with the two catchpolls:

"Michielkin! Michielkin, the dead man! Lord have pity upon us!"

The seventeen came at the noise to look at the spectacle and were affrighted to see in the light of the clear moon how like was the image of Michielkin, the poor deceased.

And the ghost waved his bleeding feet.

It was his same full round visage, but pale through death, threatening, livid, and eaten under the chin by worms.

The ghost, still waving his bleeding feet, said to Spelle, who was groaning, lying flat on his back:

"Spelle, Provost Spelle, awake!"

But Spelle never moved.

"Spelle," said the ghost again, "Provost Spelle, awake or I fetch thee down with me into the mouth of gaping hell."

Spelle got up, and with his hair straight up for terror, cried lamentably:

"Michielkin! Michielkin, have pity!"

Meanwhile, the townsfolk had come up, but Spelle saw nothing save the lanterns, which he took for the eyes of devils. He confessed as much later.

"Spelle," said the ghost of Michielkin, "art thou prepared to die?"

"Nay," replied the provost, "nay, Messire Michielkin; I am nowise prepared for it, and I would not appear before God with my soul all black with sin."

"Dost thou know me?" said the ghost.

"May God be my helper," said Spelle, "yea, I know thee; thou art the ghost of Michielkin, the pastry cook, who died, innocently in his bed, of the after effects of torture, and the two bleeding feet are those upon each of which I had a weight of fifty pounds hung. Ha! Michielkin, forgive me, this Pieter de Roose was so strong a tempter; he offered me fifty florins, which I accepted, to put thy name on the list."

"Dost thou desire to confess thyself?" said the ghost.

"Aye, Messire, I desire to confess myself, to tell all and do penance. But deign to send away these demons that are there, ready to devour me. I will tell all. Take away those fiery eyes! I did the same thing at Tournay, with respect to five townsmen; the same at Bruges, with four. I no longer know their names, but I will tell them you if you insist; elsewhere, too, I have sinned, lord, and of my doing there are nine and sixty innocents in the grave. Michielkin, the king needed money. I had been informed of that, but I needed money even likewise; it is at Ghent, in the cellar, under the pavement, in the house of old Grovels my real mother. I have told all, all: grace and mercy! Take away the devils. Lord God, Virgin Mary, Jesus, intercede for me: save me from the fires of hell, I will sell all I have, I will give everything to the poor, and I will do penance."

Ulenspiegel, seeing that the crowd of the townsmen was ready to uphold him, leapt from the cart at Spelle's throat and would have strangled him.

But the curé came up.

"Let him live," said he; "it is better that he should die by the executioner's rope than by the fingers of a ghost."

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"Accuse him before the duke and have him hanged," replied the curé. "But who art thou?" asked he.

"I," replied Ulenspiegel, "am the mask of Michielkin and the person of a poor Flemish fox who is going back into his earth for fear of the Spanish hunters."

In the meantime, Pieter de Roose was running away at full speed.

And Spelle having been hanged, his goods were confiscated.

And the king inherited.

XXXIII

The next day Ulenspiegel went towards Courtray, going alongside the Lys, the clear river.

Lamme went pitifully along.

Ulenspiegel said to him:

"You whine, cowardly heart, regretting the wife that made you wear the horned crown of cuckoldom."

"My son," said Lamme, "she was always faithful, loving me enough as I loved her over well, sweet Jesus. One day, being gone to Bruges, she came back thence changed. From then, when I prayed her of love, she would say to me:

"'I must live with you as a friend, and not otherwise.'

"Then, sad in my heart:

"'Beloved darling,' I would say, 'we were married before God. Did I not for you everything you ever wished? Did not I many a time clothe myself with a doublet of black linen and a fustian cloak that I

might see you clad in silk and brocade despite the royal ordinances? Darling, will you never love me again?'

"'I love thee,' she would say, 'according to God and His laws, according to holy discipline and penance. Yet I shall be a virtuous companion to thee.'

"'I care naught for thy virtue,' I replied, ''tis thou I want, thou, my wife.'

"Nodding her head:

"'I know thou art good,' she said; 'until to-day thou wast cook in the house to spare me the labour of fricassees; thou didst iron our blankets, ruffs, and shirts, the irons being too heavy for me; thou didst wash our linen, thou didst sweep the house and the street before the door, so as to spare me all fatigue. Now I desire to work instead of you, but nothing more, husband.'

"'That is all one to me,' I replied; 'I will be, as in the past, thy tiring maid, thy laundress, thy cook, thy washwoman, thy slave, thy very own, submissive; but wife, sever not these two hearts and bodies that make but one; break not that soft bond of love that clasped us so tenderly together.'

"'I must,' she replied.

"'Alas!' I would say, 'was it at Bruges that thou didst come to this harsh resolve?'

"She replied:

"'I have sworn before God and His saints.'

"'Who, then,' I cried, 'forced thee to take an oath not to fulfil your duties as a wife?'

"'He that hath the spirit of God, and ranks me among the number of his penitents,' said she.

"From that moment she ceased to be mine as much as if she had been the faithful wife of another man.

I implored her, tormented her, threatened her, wept, begged, but in vain. One night, coming back from Blanckenberghe, where I had been to receive the rent of one of my farms, I found the house empty. Without doubt fatigued with my entreaties, grieved and sad at my distress, my wife had taken flight. Where is she now?"

And Lamme sat down on the bank of the Lys, hanging his head and looking at the water.

"Ah!" said he, "my dear, how plump, tender, and delicious thou wast! Shall I ever find a lass like thee? Daily bread of love, shall I never eat of thee again? Where are thy kisses, as full of fragrance as thyme; thy delicious mouth whence I gathered pleasure as the bee gathers the honey from the rose; thy white arms that wrapped me round caressing? Where is thy beating heart, thy round bosom, and the sweet shudder of thy fairy body all panting with love? But where are thy old waves, cool river that rollest so joyously thy new waves in the sunshine?"

XXXIV

Passing before the wood of Peteghem, Lamme said to Ulenspiegel:

"I am roasting hot; let us seek the shade."

"Let us," replied Ulenspiegel.

They sat down in the wood, upon the grass, and saw a herd of stags pass in front of them.

"Look well, Lamme," said Ulenspiegel, priming his German musket. "There are the tall old stags that still have their dowcets, and carry proud and stately their nine-point antlers; lovely brockets, that are their

squires, trot by their side, ready to do them service with their pointed horns. They are going to their lair. Turn the musket lock as I do. Fire! The old stag is wounded. A brocket is hit in the thigh; he is in flight. Let us follow him till he falls. Do as I do: run, jump, and fly."

"There is my mad friend," said Lamme, "following stags on foot. Fly not without wings; it is labour lost. You will never catch them. Oh! the cruel comrade! Do you imagine I am as agile as you? I sweat, my son; I sweat and I am going to fall. If the ranger catches you, you will be hanged. Stag is kings' game; let them run, my son, you will never catch them."

"Come," said Ulenspiegel, "do you hear the noise of his antlers in the foliage? It is a water spout passing. Do you see the young branches broken, the leaves strewing the ground? He has another bullet in his thigh this time; we will eat him."

"He is not cooked yet," said Lamme. "Let these poor beasts run. Ah! how hot it is! I am going to fall down there without doubt and I shall never rise again."

Suddenly, on all sides, men clad in rags and armed filled the forest. Dogs bayed and dashed in pursuit of the stags. Four fierce fellows surrounded Lamme and Ulenspiegel and brought them into a clearing, in the middle of a brake, where they saw encamped there, among women and children, men in great numbers, armed diversely with swords, arbalests, arquebuses, lances, pikestaff, and reiter's pistols.

Ulenspiegel, seeing them, said to them:

"Are ye the leafmen or Brothers of the Woods, that ye seem to live here in common to flee the persecution?"

"We are Brothers of the Woods," replied an old man sitting beside the fire and frying some birds in a saucepan. "But who art thou?"

"I," replied Ulenspiegel, "am of the goodly country of Flanders, a painter, a rustic, a noble, a sculptor, all together. And through the world in this wise I journey, praising things lovely and good and mocking loudly at all stupidity."

"If thou hast seen so many countries," said the ancient man, "thou canst pronounce: *Schild ende Vriendt*, buckler and friend, in the fashion of Ghent folk; if not, thou art a counterfeit Fleming and thou shalt die."

Ulenspiegel pronounced: *Schild ende Vriendt.*

"And thou, big belly," asked the ancient man, speaking to Lamme, "what is thy trade?"

Lamme replied:

"To eat and drink my lands, farms, fees, and revenues, to seek for my wife, and to follow in all places my friend Ulenspiegel."

"If thou hast travelled so much," said the old man, "thou art not without knowledge of how they call the folk of Weert in Limbourg."

"I do not know it," replied Lamme; "but would you not tell me the name of the scandalous vagabond who drove my wife from her home? Give it to me; I will go and slay him straightway."

The ancient man made answer:

"There are two things in this world which never return once having taken flight: they are money spent and a woman grown tired and run away."

Then speaking to Ulenspiegel:

"Dost thou know," said he, "how they call the men of Weert in Limbourg?"

"*De reakstekers*, the exorcisers of skates," replied Ulenspiegel, "for one day a live ray having fallen from a fishmonger's cart, old women seeing it leap about took it for the devil. 'Let us go fetch the curé to exorcise the skate,' said they. The curé exorcised it, and carrying it off with him, made a noble fricassee in honour of the folk of Weert. Thus may God do with the bloody king."

Meanwhile, the barking of the dogs reëchoed in the forest. The armed men, running in the wood, were shouting to frighten the beast.

"'Tis the stag and the brocket I put up," said Ulenspiegel.

"We shall eat him," said the old man. "But how do they call the folk of Eindhoven in Limbourg?"

"*De pinnemakers*, boltmakers," replied Ulenspiegel. "One day the enemy was at the gate of their city; they bolted it with a carrot. The geese came and ate the carrot with great pecks of their greedy beaks, and the enemies came into Eindhoven. But it will be iron beaks that will eat the bolts of the prisons wherein they seek to lock up freedom of conscience."

"If God be with us, who shall be against us?" replied the ancient man.

Ulenspiegel said:

"Dogs baying, men shouting, branches broken; 'tis a storm in the forest."

"Is it good meat, stag meat?" asked Lamme, looking at the fricassees.

"The cries of the trackers come nearer," said Ulenspiegel to Lamme; "the dogs are close at hand. What thunder! The stag! the stag! take care, my son. Fie! the foul beast; he has flung my big friend down to the

earth in the midst of the pans, saucepans, cooking pots, boilers, and fricassees. There are the women and girls fleeing daft with fright. You are bleeding, my son?"

"You are laughing, scoundrel," said Lamme. "Aye, I am bleeding; he hath landed his antlers in my seat. There, see my breeches torn, and my flesh, too, and all those lovely fricassees on the ground. There, I am losing all my blood down my hose."

"This stag is a foresighted surgeon; he is saving you from an apoplexy," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Fie! rascal without a heart," said Lamme. "But I will follow you no more. I will stay here in the midst of these good fellows and these good women. Can you, without any shame, be so hardhearted to my woes, when I walk at your heels like a dog, through snow, frost, rain, hail, wind, and when it is hot weather, sweating my very soul out through my skin?"

"Your wound is nothing. Clap an *olie-koekje* on it; that will be both plaster and fry to it," answered Ulenspiegel. "But do you know how they call the folk of Louvain? You do not know it, poor friend. Well, then, I am about to tell you to keep you from whimpering. They call them *de koeye-schieters*, cow shooters, for they were one day silly enough to fire on cows, which they took for enemy soldiers. As for us, we fire on Spanish goats; their flesh is stinking stuff, but their skin is good to make drums withal. And the folk of Tirlemont? Do you know it? Not that, either. They carry the proud nickname of *kirekers*. For in their town, in the great church, on Whit Sunday, a drake flies from the rood-loft altar, and that is the image of their Holy Ghost. Put a *koeke-bakke* on your wound. You pick up without a word the cooking pots

and fricassees overturned by the stag. 'Tis kitchen courage. You relight the fire, and set up the soup pot again upon its three stakes; you are busying yourself very attentively with the cooking. Do you know why there are four wonders in Louvain? No. I will tell you why. In the first place, because the living there pass underneath the dead, for the church of Saint-Michel is built close to the gate of the town. Its graveyard is therefore above. Secondly, because the bells there are outside the towers, as is seen at the church of Saint-Jacques, where there is a great bell and a little bell; being unable to place the little one inside the bell tower, they placed it outside. Thirdly, because of the Tower-without-Nails, because the spire of the church of Saint-Gertrude is made of stone instead of being made of wood, and because men do not nail stones, except the bloody king's heart which I would fain nail above the great gate of Brussels. But you are not listening to me. Is there no salt in the sauces? Do you know why the folk of Tirlemont call themselves warming pans, *de vierpannen?* Because a young prince being come in winter to sleep at the inn of the *Arms of Flanders*, the innkeeper did not know how to air the blankets, for he had no warming pan. He had the bed aired by his daughter, who, hearing the prince coming, made off running, and the prince asked why they had not left the warming pan in the bed. May God bring it about that Philip, shut in a box of red-hot iron, may serve as warming pan in the bed of Madame Astarte."

"Leave me in peace," said Lamme; "a fig for you, your *vierpannen*, the Tower-without-Nails, and the rest of your nonsense. Leave me to my sauces."

"Beware," said Ulenspiegel. "The barkings cease

not to reëcho; they become louder; the dogs are roaring, the bugle is sounding. Beware of the stag. You are taking flight! The bugle sounds."

"It is the death quarry," said the old man, "come back, Lamme, to your fricassees, the stag is dead."

"It will be a good meal for us," said Lamme. "You will invite me to the feast, because of the trouble I am taking for you. The sauce for the birds will be good: it crunches a little, however. That is the sand on which they fell when that big devil of a stag tore my doublet and me all together. But are you not afraid of the foresters?"

"We are too numerous," said the old man; "they are afraid and do not disturb us. It is even the same with the catchpolls and the judges. The inhabitants of the towns love us, for we do no harm to any man. We shall live some time longer in peace, unless the Spanish army surrounds us. If that happens, old men and young men, women, girls, lads, and lasses, we will sell our lives dear, and we will kill one another rather than endure a thousand martyrdoms at the hands of the bloody duke."

Ulenspiegel said:

"It is now no longer the time to combat the murderer by land. It is on the sea that we must ruin his power. Go to the Zealand Islands, by way of Bruges, Heyst, and Knoeke."

"We have no money," said they.

Ulenspiegel replied:

"Here are a thousand carolus from the prince. Follow along the waterways, canals, rivers, and streams; when you see ships carrying the sign 'J. H. S.,' let one of you sing like a lark. The clarion of the cock

will answer him. And you will be in friends' country."

"We will do this," said they.

Soon the hunters, followed by the dogs, appeared, pulling after them the dead stag with ropes.

Then all sate down round about the fire. There were full sixty, men, women, and children. Bread was pulled out from satchels, knives from their sheaths; the stag, cut up, stripped, disembowelled, was put on the spit with small game. And at the end of the meal Lamme was seen snoring with his head drooped on his breast and sleeping propped against a tree.

At nightfall, the Brothers of the Wood went back into huts constructed underground to sleep, and Lamme and Ulenspiegel did the same.

Armed men kept watch, guarding the camp. And Ulenspiegel heard the dry leaves protest under their feet.

The next day he departed with Lamme, while the men of the camp said:

"Blessed be thou; we will make towards the sea."

XXXV

At Harlebek, Lamme renewed his stock of *oliekoekjes*, ate twenty-seven and put thirty in his basket. Ulenspiegel carried his cages in his hand. Towards evening they arrived in Courtray and stopped at the inn of *in de Bie*, the Bee, with Gilis van den Ende, who came to his door as soon as he heard someone sing like the lark.

There it was all sugar and honey with them. The host having seen the prince's letters, handed fifty caro-

lus to Ulenspiegel for the prince, and would take no payment for the turkey he served them, nor for the *dobbel-clauwert* with which he washed it down. He warned them, too, that there were at Courtray spies of the Court of Blood, for which cause he ought to well keep his tongue as well as his companion's.

"We shall reconnoitre then," said Ulenspiegel and Lamme.

And they went out from the inn.

The sun was setting, gilding the gables of the houses; the birds were singing under the lime trees; the good-wives gossiped on the thresholds of their doors; the children rolled and tumbled about in the dust, and Ulenspiegel and Lamme wandered haphazard through the streets.

Suddenly Lamme said:

"Martin van den Ende, asked by me if he had seen a woman like my wife—I drew him my pretty portrait, —told me that there were at the house of the woman Stevenyne, on the Bruges road, at the *Rainbow*, outside the town, a great number of women who gather there every evening. I am going there straightway."

"I shall find you again presently," said Ulenspiegel. "I wish to pay the town a visit; if I meet your wife I will presently send her to you. You know that the *baes* has enjoined on you to be silent, if you have any regard for your skin."

As Ulenspiegel wandered at his will, the sun went down, and the day falling swiftly, he arrived in the *Pierpot-Straetje*, which is the lane of the Stone Pot. There he heard the viol played upon melodiously; drawing near he saw from afar a white shape calling him, gliding away from him and playing on the viol. And

it sang like a seraph a sweet slow song, stopping, turning back, still calling him and fleeing from him.

But Ulenspiegel ran swiftly; he overtook her and was about to speak to her when she laid on his mouth a hand perfumed with benjamin.

"Art thou a rustic or a nobleman?" said she.

"I am Ulenspiegel."

"Art thou rich?"

"Enough to pay for a great pleasure, not enough to ransom my soul."

"Hast thou no horses, that thou goest afoot?"

"I had an ass," said Ulenspiegel, "but I left him in the stable."

"How is it thou art alone, without a friend, in a strange city?"

"Because my friend is wandering on his own side, as I am on mine, my curious darling."

"I am not curious," said she. "Is he rich, your friend?"

"In fat," said Ulenspiegel. "Will you soon have finished questioning me?"

"I have done," said she, "now leave me."

"Leave you?" he said; "as well bid Lamme, when he is hungry, leave a dish of ortolans. I want to eat you."

"You have not seen me," she said. And she opened a lantern which shone out suddenly, lighting up her face.

"You are beautiful," said Ulenspiegel. "Ho! the golden skin, the sweet eyes, the red mouth, the darling body! All will be for me."

"All," she said.

She brought him to the woman Stevenyne's, on the

Bruges road, at the Rainbow (*in den Reghen-boogh*). Ulenspiegel saw there a great number of girls wearing on their arms armlets of a colour different from that of their fustian dress.

This one had an armlet of silver cloth on a robe of cloth of gold. And all the girls looked at her jealously. Coming in she made a sign to the *baesine*, but Ulenspiegel never saw it. They sat down together and drank.

"Do you know," said she, "that whoever has loved me is mine forever?"

"Lovely fragrant girl," said Ulenspiegel, "'twould be a delicious feast to me to eat always of this meat."

Suddenly he perceived Lamme in a corner, with a little table before him, a candle, a ham, a pot of beer, and not knowing how to rescue his ham from the two girls, who wanted perforce to eat and drink with him.

When Lamme perceived Ulenspiegel, he stood up and leaped three feet into the air, crying:

"Blessed be God, that restoreth my friend Ulenspiegel to me! Something to drink, *baesine!*"

Ulenspiegel, pulling out his purse, said:

"Bring to drink till this is at an end."

And he made the carolus clink.

"Glory to God!" said Lamme, craftily taking the purse in his hands; "it is I that pay and not you; this purse is mine."

Ulenspiegel wished to get back his purse from him by force, but Lamme held on tenaciously. As they were fighting, the one to keep it, the other to get it back, Lamme speaking disjointedly, said in low tones to Ulenspiegel:

"Listen: . . . catchpolls within . . . four

. . . little room with three girls . . . two outside for you, for me . . . would have gone out . . . prevented. . . . The brocade girl a spy . . . a spy, Stevenyne!"

While they were struggling, Ulenspiegel, listening with all his ears, cried out:

"Give back my purse, rascal!"

"You shall never get it," said Lamme.

And they seized each other by the neck and the shoulders, rolling on the ground while Lamme gave his good advice to Ulenspiegel.

Suddenly the *baes* of the Bee came in followed by seven men, whom he seemed not to know. He crowed like a cock and Ulenspiegel whistled like a lark. Seeing Ulenspiegel and Lamme fighting, the *baes* spoke:

"Who are these two fellows?" he asked the Stevenyne.

The Stevenyne answered:

"Rogues that it would be better to separate rather than leave them here to make such an uproar before going to the gallows."

"Let him dare to separate us," said Ulenspiegel, "and we will make him eat the tiled floor."

"The *baes* to the rescue," said Ulenspiegel in Lamme's ear.

Hereupon the *baes*, scenting some mystery, rushed into their battle, head down. Lamme threw these words into his ear.

"You the rescuer? How?"

The *baes* pretended to shake Ulenspiegel by the ears and said to him in a whisper:

"Seven for thee . . . strong fellows, butchers . . . I'm going away . . . too well

known in town . . . When I am gone, *'tis van te beven de klinkaert* . . . smash everything . . ."

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel, getting up and fetching him a kick.

The *baes* struck him in his turn. And Ulenspiegel said to him:

"You hit thick and fast, my belly boy."

"As hail," said the *baes*, seizing Lamme's purse lightly and giving it to Ulenspiegel.

"Rogue," said he, "pay for me to drink now that you have been restored to your property."

"Thou shalt drink, scandalous rascal," replied Ulenspiegel.

"See how impudent he is," said the Stevenyne.

"As insolent as thou art lovely, darling," answered Ulenspiegel.

Now the Stevenyne was full sixty years old, and had a face like a medlar, but all yellowed with bile and anger. In the middle of it was a nose like an owl's beak. Her eyes were the eyes of a flinty-hearted miser. Two long dog-tusks jutted from her fleshless mouth. And she had a great port-wine stain on her left cheek.

The girls laughed, mocking her and saying:

"Darling, darling, give him somewhat to drink"— "He will kiss you"— "Is it long since you had your first spree?"— "Take care, Ulenspiegel, she will eat you up"— "Look at her eyes; they are shining not with hate but with love"— "You might say she will bite you to death"— "Don't be afraid"— "All amorous women are like that"— "She only wants your money"— "See what a good laughing humour she is in."

And indeed the Stevenyne was laughing and winking at Gilline, the girl in the brocade dress.

The *baes* drank, paid, and went. The seven butchers made faces of intelligence at the catchpolls and the Stevenyne.

One of them indicated by a gesture that he held Ulenspiegel for a ninny and that he was about to fool him to the top of his bent. He said in his ear, putting out his tongue derisively on the side of the Stevenyne who was laughing and showing her fangs:

"'*T is van te beven de klinkaert*" ('tis time to make the glasses clink).

Then aloud, and pointing to the catchpolls:

"Gentle reformer, we are all with thee; pay for us to drink and to eat."

And the Stevenyne laughed with pleasure and also put out her tongue at Ulenspiegel when he turned his back to her. And Gilline of the brocade dress put out her tongue likewise.

And the girls said, whispering:

"Look at the spy who by her beauty brought to cruel torture and more cruel death more than twenty-seven of the Reformed faith; Gilline is in ecstasy thinking of the reward for her informing—the first hundred florins carolus of the victim's estate. But she does not laugh when she thinks that she must share them with the Stevenyne."

And all, catchpolls, butchers, and girls, put out their tongues to mock at Ulenspiegel. And Lamme sweated great drops of sweat, and he was red with anger like a cock's comb, but he would not speak a word.

"Pay for us to drink and to eat," said the butchers and the catchpolls.

"Well, then," said Ulenspiegel, rattling his carolus again, "give us to drink and to eat, O darling Stevenyne, to drink in ringing glasses."

Thereupon the girls began to laugh anew and the Stevenyne to stick out her tusks.

Nevertheless, she went to the kitchens and to the cellar; she brought back ham, sausages, omelettes of black puddings, and ringing glasses, so called because they were mounted on felt and rang like a chime when they were knocked.

Then Ulenspiegel said:

"Let him that is hungry eat; let him that is thirsty drink!"

The catchpolls, the girls, the butchers, Gilline, and the Stevenyne applauded this speech with feet and hands. Then they all ranged themselves as well as they could, Ulenspiegel, Lamme, and the seven butchers at the principal table, the great table of honour, the catchpolls and the girls at two small tables. And they drank and ate with a great noise of jaws, even the two catchpolls that were outside, and whom their comrades made come in to share the feast. And ropes and chains could be seen sticking out from their satchels.

The Stevenyne then putting out her tongue and grinning said:

"No one can go without paying me."

And she went and shut all the doors, the keys of which she put in the pockets.

Gilline, lifting her glass, said:

"The bird is in the cage, let us drink."

Thereupon two girls called Gena and Margot said to her:

"Is this another one that you are going to have put to death, wicked woman?"

"I do not know," said Gilline, "let us drink."

But the three girls would not drink with her.

And Gilline took her viol and sang, in French:

"To viol's tone I sing
'Neath night or noonday skies,
A gay, mad, wanton thing
Who sell Love's merchandise.

"Astarte traced aright
My hips in lines of flame:
Were shoulders ne'er so white
And God's my lovely frame.

"Oh tear each purse's sheath
And let its money glow:
Set tawny gold beneath
My milk-white feet aflow.

"Of Eve the child I seem,
Of Satan too a part;
As fine as is your dream,
Come seek it in my heart.

"My mood is cold or burning,
Or fond with careless ease,
Mad, mild, or melting turning,
My man, your whim to please.

"See every charm that cheers,
Soul, eyes of blue, for hire;
Delights and smiles and tears,
And Death, if you desire.

"To viol's tone I sing
'Neath night or noonday skies,
A gay, mad, wanton thing
Who sell Love's merchandise."

As she sang her song, Gilline was so beautiful, so sweet, and so pretty that all the men, catchpolls, butchers, Lamme, and Ulenspiegel were there, speechless, moved, smiling, captivated by the spell.

All at once, bursting into laughter, Gilline said, looking at Ulenspiegel:

"That is the way birds are put in the cage."

And the spell was broken.

Ulenspiegel, Lamme, and the butchers looked at one another.

"Now, then, will you pay me?" said the Stevenyne, "will you pay me, Messire Ulenspiegel, you that grow so fat on the flesh of preachers?"

Lamme would have spoken, but Ulenspiegel made him hold his tongue, and speaking to the Stevenyne:

"We shall not pay in advance," said he.

"I will pay myself afterwards then out of your estate," said the Stevenyne.

"Ghouls feed on corpses," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Aye," said one of the catchpolls, "those two have taken the preachers' money; more than three hundred florins carolus. That makes a fine tithe for Gilline."

Gilline sang:

"Seek such in other spheres
Take all, my loving squire,
Pleasures, kisses, and tears,
And Death, if you desire."

Then, laughing, she said:

"Let's drink!"

"Let's drink!" said the catchpolls.

"In God's name," said the Stevenyne, "let us drink! The doors are locked, the windows have stout bars, the birds are in the cage, let us drink!"

"Let's drink," said Ulenspiegel.

"Let's drink," said Lamme.

"Let's drink," said the seven.

"Let's drink," said the catchpolls.

"Let's drink," said Gilline, making her viols sing. "I am beautiful; let us drink. I could take the Archangel Gabriel in the nets of my singing."

"Bring us to drink then," said Ulenspiegel, "wine to crown the feast, wine of the best; I would have a drop of liquid fire at every hair of our thirsty bodies."

"Let us drink!" said Gilline; "twenty gudgeons more like you, and the pikes will sing no more."

The Stevenyne brought wine. All were sitting, drinking and eating, the catchpolls and the girls together. The seven, seated at the table of Ulenspiegel and Lamme, threw, from their table to the girls, hams, sausages, omelettes, and bottles, which they caught in the air like carps snatching flies on the surface of a pond. And the Stevenyne laughed, sticking out her tusks and showing packets of candles, five to the pound, that hung above the bar. These were the girls' candles. Then she said to Ulenspiegel:

"When men go to the stake, they carry a tallow candle on the way thither; would you like to have one now?"

"Drink up!" said Ulenspiegel.

"Drink up," said the seven.

Said Gilline:

"Ulenspiegel has eyes shining like a swan about to die."

"Suppose they were given to the pigs to eat?" said the Stevenyne.

"That would be a feast of lanterns; drink up!" said Ulenspiegel.

"Would you like," said the Stevenyne, "when you are on the scaffold, to have your tongue thrust through with a red-hot iron?"

"It would be the better of that for whistling; drink up," answered Ulenspiegel.

"You would talk less if you were hanged," said the Stevenyne, "and your darling might come to look at you."

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel, "but I should weigh heavier, and would fall on your lovely muzzle: drink up!"

"What would you say if you were beaten with cudgels, branded on the forehead and on the shoulder?"

"I would say they had made a mistake in the meat," replied Ulenspiegel, "and that instead of roasting the sow Stevenyne, they had scalded the young porker Ulenspiegel: drink up!"

"Since you do not like any of these," said the Stevenyne, "you shall be taken on to the king's ships, and there condemned to be torn asunder by four galleys."

"Then," said Ulenspiegel, "the sharks will have my four quarters, and you shall eat what they reject: drink up!"

"Why do you not eat one of these candles," said she, "they would serve you in hell to light your eternal damnation."

"I see clear enough to behold your shiny snout, O ill-scalded sow, drink up!" said Ulenspiegel.

Suddenly he struck the foot of the glass on the table,

imitating with his hands the noise an upholsterer makes beating rhythmically the wool of a mattress upon a frame of sticks, but very gently, and saying: "*'T is (tydt) van te beven de klinkaert*" (it is time to make the clinker shiver—the glass that rings).

This is in Flanders the signal for the angry outbreak of drinkers and for the sacking of houses with the red lantern.

Ulenspiegel drank, then made the glass quiver on the table, saying:

"*'T is van te beven de klinkaert.*"

And the seven imitated him.

All kept very still. Gilline grew pale, the Stevenyne appeared astonished. The catchpolls said:

"Are the seven on their side?"

But the butchers, winking, reassured them, at the same time continually repeating in louder and louder tones with Ulenspiegel:

"*'T is van te beven de klinkaert; 't is van te beven de klinkaert.*"

The Stevenyne drank to give herself courage.

Ulenspiegel then struck the table with his fist, with the rhythm and measure of upholsterers beating mattresses; the seven did as he did; glasses, jugs, bowls, quart pots, and goblets came slowly into the dance, overturning, breaking, rising on one side to fall on the other; and still there rang out more threatening, sombre, warlike, and in monotone: "*'T is van te beven de klinkaert.*"

"Alas!" said the Stevenyne, "they are going to smash everything here."

And in her fear her two tusks stuck farther still out of her mouth.

And the blood lit up with wrath and fury in the minds of the seven and Lamme and Ulenspiegel.

Then without stopping their monotonous threatening chant all the men at Ulenspiegel's table took their glasses, and breaking them on the table, keeping time together, they got astride their chairs and drew their cutlasses. And they made such a din with their song that all the window-panes in the house were quaking. Then like a ring of devils they went round about the chamber and all the tables, saying continually: "*'T is van te beven de klinkaert.*"

And the catchpolls then rose up quaking with terror, and took out their ropes and chains. But the butchers, Ulenspiegel, and Lamme, thrusting their cutlasses back into their sheaths, got up, seized their chairs, and brandishing them like cudgels, they ran nimbly through the room hither and thither, striking right and left, sparing only the girls, smashing all the rest, furniture, windows, chests, dishes, quart pots, bowls, glasses, and flasks, beating the catchpolls without pity and always singing to the time of the sound of the upholsterer beating mattresses: "*'T is van te beven de klinkaert;* "*'t is van te beven de klinkaert,*" while Ulenspiegel had given a blow on the face with his fist to the Stevenyne, had taken her keys from her bag, and by force made her eat her candles.

The beauteous Gilline, tearing at the doors, the shutters, the windows, and the glass panes with her nails, seemed to want to scratch her way through everything, like a terrified cat. Then, all livid, she crouched down in a corner, with haggard eyes, showing her teeth, and holding her viol as if she must needs protect it at all costs.

The seven and Lamme said to the girls: "We will do you no hurt"; with their help tied up with their own chains and cords the catchpolls shivering in their shoes and not daring to resist, for they perceived that the butchers, picked out among the strongest by the *baes* of the Bee, would have chopped them to pieces with their cutlasses.

At every candle he made the Stevenyne eat Ulenspiegel said:

"This is for the hanging; that for the cudgelling; this other for the branding; this fourth for my pierced tongue; these two excellent and extra fat ones for the king's ships and the quartering by four galleys; this for your den of spies; that one for your damsel in the brocade dress, and all these others just to please me."

And the girls laughed to see the Stevenyne sneezing with anger and trying to spit out her candles. But in vain, for she had her mouth too full of them.

Ulenspiegel, Lamme, and the seven never ceased singing in time with one another: "*'T is van te beven de klinkaert.*"

Then Ulenspiegel stopped, making sign to them to murmur the refrain softly. They did so while he held this conversation with the girls and the catchpolls:

"If any one of you cries for help, he will be cut down immediately."

"Cut down!" said the butchers.

"We will hold our tongues," said the girls, "do not hurt us, Ulenspiegel."

But Gilline, huddled in her corner, her eyes starting out of her head, her teeth out of her mouth, could not speak, and clasped her viol tightly to her.

And the seven still were murmuring: "'*T is van te beven de klinkaert!*" in measure.

The Stevenyne, pointing to the candles she had in her mouth, made signs that she would hold her tongue likewise. The catchpolls promised the same.

Ulenspiegel continued his discourse:

"Ye are here," said he, "in our power; the night has fallen, we are near the Lys where you drown easily if you are thrust in. The gates of Courtrai are closed. If the night watch have heard the uproar, they will never budge, being too lazy and thinking it is simply good Flemish folk who as they drink are singing merrily to the sound of pots and flasks. Wherefore stay ye still, both men and girls, before your masters."

Then, speaking to the seven:

"Are you going to Peteghem to find the Beggars?"

"We made ready for this at the news of thy coming."

"From thence ye will go to the sea?"

"Aye," said they.

"Do you know among these catchpolls one or two that might be let go to serve us?"

"Two," said they, "Niklaes and Joos, who never hunted down the poor Reformed folk."

"We are faithful!" said Niklaes and Joos.

Then Ulenspiegel said:

"Here are twenty florins carolus for you, twice more than you would have had if ye had taken the vile reward of the informer."

Suddenly the five others exclaimed:

"Twenty florins! We will serve the prince for twenty florins. The king pays ill. Give each of us the half; we will tell the judge whatever you wish."

The butchers and Lamme murmured low:

"'T is van te beven de klinkaert; 't is van te beven de klinkaert."

"So that ye may not talk too much," said Ulenspiegel, "the seven will bring you bound as far as Peteghem, to the Beggars. Ye shall have ten florins when ye are on the sea; we shall be certain till then that the camp victual will keep you faithful to bread and soup. If ye are valiant men, ye shall have your share in the booty taken. If ye try to desert, ye shall be hanged. If ye escape, thus avoiding the rope, ye shall find the knife."

"We serve who pays us," said they.

"'T is van te beven de klinkaert! 'T is van te beven de klinkaert!" said Lamme and the seven striking upon the table with shards of broken pots and glasses.

"Ye shall take with you also," said Ulenspiegel, "Gilline, the Stevenyne, and the three damsels. If one of them tries to escape, ye shall sew her up in a sack and throw her into the river."

"He has not killed me," said Gilline, leaping out from her corner, and brandishing her viol in the air. And she sang:

"Of blood was all my dream
The dream so near my heart,
Of Eve the child I seem,
Of Satan, too, a part."

The Stevenyne and the others were like to weep.

"Fear nothing, darlings," said Ulenspiegel, "you are so soft and sweet, that everywhere they will love you, feast you, and caress you. At every war capture ye shall have your share in the booty."

"They will give nothing to me, for I am an old woman," wept the Stevenyne.

"A sou a day, crocodile," said Ulenspiegel, "for thou shalt be serving woman to these four beauteous damsels; thou shalt wash their petticoats, blankets, and chemises."

"I, Lord God!" said she.

Ulenspiegel replied:

"Thou hast ruled them long, living on the earnings of their bodies and leaving them poor and hungry. Thou mayst whine and bellow, it shall be as I have said."

Thereupon the four girls began to laugh and mock at the Stevenyne, and say to her, putting out their tongues:

"To each her turn in this world. Who would have said it of Stevenyne the miser? She shall work for us as a servant. Blessed be the lord Ulenspiegel!"

Then the three turned to Gilline:

"Thou wast her daughter, her support; thou didst share with her the fruits of thy foul spydom. Wilt thou ever dare again to strike and insult us with thy brocade dress? Thou didst scorn us because we were but fustian. Thou art clothed so richly only with the blood of victims. Let us take her dress so that she may be even like ourselves."

"I will not have it," said Ulenspiegel.

And Gilline, leaping on his neck, said:

"Blessed be thou that hast not killed me, and wouldst not have me ugly!"

And the girls, jealous, looked at Ulenspiegel, and said:

"He has lost his wits for her like all the men."

Gilline sang to her viol.

The seven set out towards Peteghem, taking with them the catchpolls and the girls along by the Lys. As they went on their way they murmured:

"'T is van te beven de klinkaert; 't is van te beven de klinkaert!"

As the sun was rising they came to the camp, sang like the lark, and the clarion of the cock made them answer. The girls and the catchpolls were closely guarded. For all that, on the third day Gilline was found dead, her heart pierced through with a great needle. The Stevenyne was accused by the three girls and brought before the captain of the band, his dizeniers and sergeants formed into a tribunal. There, without their having to put her to the torture, she confessed that she had killed Gilline through jealousy of her beauty and rage because the damsel treated her as her servant pitilessly. And the Stevenyne was hanged, and afterwards buried in the wood.

Gilline, too, was buried, and the prayers for the dead were said above her sweet body.

Meanwhile, the two catchpolls instructed by Ulenspiegel had gone before the castellan of Courtray, for the tumult, uproar, and pillage made in the Stevenyne's house must needs be punished by the said castellan, as the Stevenyne's house was in the castle ward, outside the jurisdiction of the town of Courtray. After having narrated to the lord castellan what had taken place, they told him with great conviction and humble sincerity of language:

"The murderers of the preachers are in no wise Ulenspiegel and his trusty and well-beloved Lamme Goedzak, who went to the *Rainbow* purely for their repose and refreshment. They even have passes from the duke, and we have seen these ourselves. The real culprits are two Ghent merchants, one a lean man and the other very fat, who went away towards France,

after breaking everything at Stevenyne's, taking her away with her four girls along with them for their pleasure. We had them well and duly taken prisoners, but there were in the house seven butchers, the strongest in the town, who took their side. They tied us all up and only let us go when they were far away on the French soil. And here are the marks of the ropes. The four other catchpolls are on their tracks, waiting for a reinforcement to lay hands on them."

The castellan gave each of them two carolus and a new coat for their loyal services.

He then wrote to the Council of Flanders, to the Sheriff's Court at Courtray, and to other courts of justice to announce to them that the real murderers had been discovered.

And he recounted to them the whole adventure in detail and at length.

Whereat the people of the Council of Flanders and the other courts of justice shuddered.

And the castellan was greatly praised for his perspicacity.

And Ulenspiegel and Lamme journeyed in peace upon the road from Peteghem to Ghent, along the Lys, wishing to arrive at Bruges, where Lamme hoped to find his wife, and at Damme, where Ulenspiegel, all a-dream, would have wished to be already, to see Nele, who lived in sadness with Katheline the madwife.

XXXVI

During a long while, in the country of Damme and round about, there had been committed several abominable crimes. Lasses, young men, old men, who had

been known to go forth carrying money in the direction of Bruges, Ghent, or some other town or village of Flanders, were found dead, naked as worms and bitten in the back of the neck by teeth so long and so sharp that they all had the bones of their necks broken.

Physicians and barber-surgeons declared that these were the teeth of a huge wolf. "Robbers," said they, "had doubtless come up, after the wolf, and had stripped the victims."

Despite all search, no man could ever discover who were the robbers. Soon the wolf was forgotten.

Several townsmen of note, who had proudly set forth on their way without an escort, disappeared without any one knowing what had become of them, save that at times some country fellow, going out in the morning to plough the earth, found wolf tracks in his field, while his dog, digging in the furrows with his paws, brought to light a poor dead corpse carrying the marks of the wolf's teeth on the nape or under the ear, and oftentimes on the leg, too, and always behind. And always the neckbone and legbone were broken.

The peasant, affrighted, would go off at once to give information to the bailiff, who would come with the clerk of the court, two aldermen, and two surgeons to the place where lay the body of the murdered man. Having visited it diligently and carefully, having sometimes when the face was not eaten by worms recognized its quality, even its name and lineage, they were nevertheless always astonied that the wolf, a beast that kills for hunger, should not have carried off some part of the dead man.

And the folk of Damme were sore terrified, and no woman dared to go out by night without an escort.

Now it came that several valiant soldiers were sent out to look for the wolf, with orders to hunt for it day and night in the dunes, along by the sea.

They were then near Heyst, among the great dunes. Night had come. One of them, confident in his strength, wanted to leave them to go alone on the hunt, armed with a musket. The others allowed him, certain that, valiant and armed as he was, he would kill the wolf if he dared to show himself.

Their comrade having gone, they lit a fire and played at dice while drinking brandy out of their flasks.

And from time to time they called out:

"Now, then, comrade, come back; the wolf is afraid; come and drink!"

And he made no answer.

Suddenly, hearing a great cry as of a man that is at the point of death, they ran in the direction whence the cry came, saying:

"Hold on, we are coming to the rescue!"

But they were long before they found their comrade, for some said the cry came from the valley, others that it came from the highest dune.

At length, when they had well searched dune and valley with their lanterns, they found their comrade bitten in the leg and in the arm, from behind, and his neck broken like the other victims.

Lying on his back, he was holding his sword in his clenched fist; his musket was on the sand. By his side were three severed fingers, which they carried off, and which were not his fingers. His pouch had been taken.

They took up on their shoulders their comrade's body, his good sword, and his gallant musket, and

grieved and angry, they carried the corpse to the bailiff's where the bailiff received them in the company of the clerk of the court, two aldermen, and two surgeons.

The severed fingers were examined and recognized as the fingers of an old man, who was no worker at any trade, for the fingers were long and tapering, and the nails were long as the nails of lawyers and churchmen.

Next day the bailiff, the aldermen, the clerk, the surgeons, and the soldiers went to the place where the poor slain man had been bitten, and saw that there were drops of blood upon the grass and footmarks that went as far as the sea, where they ceased.

XXXVII

It was at the time of the ripened grapes, in the wine month and the fourth day of it, when in the city of Brussels they throw, from the top of the tower of Saint Nicholas after high mass, bags of walnuts down to the people.

At night Nele was awakened by cries coming from the street. She looked for Katheline in the room and found her not. She ran down and opened the door, and Katheline came in saying:

"Save me! Save me! the wolf! the wolf!"

And Nele heard in the country far-off howlings. Trembling, she lighted all the lamps, wax tapers, and candles.

"What has happened, Katheline?" said she, clasping her in her arms.

Katheline sat down, with haggard eyes, and said, looking at the candles:

"'Tis the sun, he driveth away evil spirits. The wolf, the wolf is howling in the countryside."

"But," said Nele, "why did you leave your bed where you were warm, to go and take a fever in the damp nights of September?"

And Katheline said:

"Hanske cried last night like an osprey; and I opened the door. And he said to me: 'Take the drink of vision,' and I drank. Hanske is goodly to look upon. Take away the fire. Then he brought me down to the canal and said to me: 'Katheline, I will give thee back the seven hundred carolus; thou shalt restore them to Ulenspiegel the son of Claes. Here be two to buy thee a robe; thou shalt have a thousand soon.' 'A thousand,' said I, 'my beloved, I shall then be rich.' 'Thou shalt have them,' said he. 'But is there none in Damme who, woman or damsel, is now as rich as thou wilt be?' 'I know not,' I answered. But I had no mind to tell their names for fear he might love them. Then he said to me: 'Find this out and tell me their names when I come back.'

"The air was chill, the mist rolled over the meadows, the dry twigs were falling from the trees upon the roadway. And the moon was shining, and there were fires on the water of the canal. Hanske said to me: 'It is the night of the were-wolves; all guilty souls come forth out of hell. Thou must make the sign of the cross thrice with the left hand and cry: Salt! Salt! Salt! which is the emblem of immortality, and they will do thee no hurt.' And I said: 'I shall do what thou desirest, Hanske, my darling.' He kissed me, saying: 'Thou art my wife.' 'Aye,' said I. And at his gentle word a heavenly happiness glided over my

body like an ointment. He crowned me with roses and said to me: 'Thou art fair.' And I said to him: 'Thou art fair, too, Hanske, my darling, and goodly in thy fine raiment of green velvet with gold trimmings, with thy long ostrich feather that floats from thy bonnet, and thy face pale as the fire upon the waves of the sea. And if the girls of Damme saw thee, they would all run after thee, beseeching thee for thy heart; but thou must give it only to me alone, Hanske.' He said: 'Endeavour to know which are the richest; their fortune will be for thee.' Then he went away, leaving me after straitly forbidding me to follow him.

"I stayed there, chinking the three carolus in my hand, all shivering and frozen by reason of the mist, when I saw coming up from a steep bank and climbing the slope a wolf that had a green face and long reeds among his white hair. I cried out: Salt! Salt! Salt! making the sign of the cross, but he seemed to be in no dread of it. And I ran with all my might, I crying, he howling, and I heard the dry clashing of his teeth close upon me, and once so near to my shoulder that I thought that he was about to catch me. But I ran faster than he did. By great good luck, I met at the corner of the street of the Heron the night watch with his lantern. 'The wolf! the wolf!' I cried. 'Be not afraid,' said the watchman to me, 'I will take you home, Katheline the madwife.' And I felt that his hand, holding me, was shaking. And he was afraid like me."

"But he hath got back his courage," said Nele. "Do you hear him now chanting in a drawling voice: '*De clock is tien tien aen de clock*': It is ten o' the clock, o' the clock ten! And he springs his rattle."

"Take away the fire," said Katheline, "my head burns. Come back, Hanske, my darling."

And Nele looked on Katheline, and she prayed Our Lady the Virgin to take away from her head the fire of madness; and she wept over her mother.

XXXVIII

At Belleau, on the banks of the Bruges canal, Ulenspiegel and Lamme met a horseman wearing three cock's feathers in his felt hat and riding at full speed towards Ghent. Ulenspiegel sang like a lark and the horseman, pulling up, answered with the clarion of Chanticleer.

"Dost thou bring tidings, headlong horseman?" said Ulenspiegel.

"Great tidings," said the horseman. "On the advice of M. de Châtillon who is in the land of France the admiral of the sea, the prince of freedom hath given commissions to equip ships of war, beyond those that are already armed at Emden and in East Frisia. The valiant men who have received these commissions are Adrien de Berghes, Sieur de Dolhain; his brother Louis of Hainaut; the Baron of Montfaucon; the Sieur Louis de Brederode; Albert d'Egmont the son of the beheaded count and no traitor like his brother; Berthel Enthens of Mentheda, the Frisian; Adrien Menningh; Hembuyse the hot and proud man of Ghent; and Jan Brock.

"The prince hath given all his having, more than fifty thousand florins."

"I have five hundred for him," said Ulenspiegel.

"Take them to the sea," said the horseman.

And he went off at a gallop.

"He gives all his having," said Ulenspiegel. "We others, we give nothing but our skins."

"Is that nothing then," said Lamme, "and shall we never have aught talked of but sack and massacre? The orange is on the ground."

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel, "on the ground, like the oak; but with the oak they build the ships of freedom!"

"For his profit," said Lamme. "But since there is no danger now, let us buy asses again. I like to march sitting, for my part, and without having a chime of blister-bells on the soles of my feet."

"Let us buy asses," said Ulenspiegel; "these are beasts it is easy to sell again."

They went to market and found there, by paying for them, two fine asses with their equipment.

XXXIX

As they rode on astraddle, they came to Oost-Camp, where there is a great wood the fringe of which touched the canal.

Seeking therein shade and sweet fragrance, they went into it, without seeing anything but the long forest alleys going in every direction towards Bruges, Ghent, South Flanders, and North Flanders.

Suddenly Ulenspiegel jumped down from his ass.

"Dost thou see nothing yonder?"

Lamme said:

"Aye, I see." And trembling: "My wife, my good wife! 'Tis she, my son. Ha! I cannot walk to her. To find her thus!"

"What are you complaining of?" said Ulenspiegel.

"She is beautiful thus half-naked, in this muslin tunic cut in open work that lets the fresh skin be seen. That one is too young; she is not your wife."

"My son," said Lamme, "it is she, my son; I know her. Carry me. I can go no more. Who would have thought it of her? To dance clad in this way like an Egyptian, shamelessly! Aye, it is she; see her shapely legs, her arms bare to the shoulder, her breasts round and golden half emerging from her muslin tunic. See how with that red flag she excites that great dog jumping up at it."

"'Tis a dog of Egypt," said Ulenspiegel; "the Low Countries give none of that kind."

"Egypt . . . I do not know. . . . But it is she. Ha! my son, I can see no more. She plucks up her breeches higher to show more of her round legs. She laughs to show her white teeth, and loudly to let the sound of her sweet voice be heard. She opens her tunic at the top and throws herself back. Ha! that swan neck amorous, those bare shoulders, those bright bold eyes! I run to her!"

And he leaped from his ass.

But Ulenspiegel, stopping him:

"This girl," said he, "is not your wife. We are near a camp of Egyptians. Beware . . . See you the smoke behind the trees? Hear you the barking of the dogs? There, here are some looking at us, ready to bite perhaps. Let us hide deeper in the brake."

"I will not hide," said Lamme; "this woman is mine, as Flemish as ourselves."

"Blind and madman," said Ulenspiegel.

"Blind, nay! I see her well, dancing, half-naked,

laughing and teasing this great dog. She feigns not to see us. But she does see us, I assure you. Thyl, Thyl! there is the dog hurling himself on her and throws her down to have the red flag. And she falls, uttering a plaintive cry."

And Lamme suddenly dashed towards her, saying to her:

"My wife, my wife! where are you hurt, darling? Why do you laugh so loud? Your eyes are haggard."

And he kissed her and caressed her and said:

"That beauty spot you had under the left breast, I see it not. Where is it? Thou art not my wife. Great God of Heaven!"

And she never stopped laughing.

Suddenly Ulenspiegel cried out:

"Guard thee, Lamme!"

And Lamme, turning about, saw before him a great blackamoor of an Egyptian, of a sour countenance, brown as *peper-koek*, which is ginger bread in the land of France.

Lamme picked up his pikestaff, and putting himself to his defence, he cried out:

"To the rescue, Ulenspiegel!"

Ulenspiegel was there with his good sword.

The Egyptian said to him in High German:

"*Gibt mi ghelt, ein Richsthaler auf tsein.*" (Give me money, a ricksdaelder or ten.)

"See," said Ulenspiegel, "the girl goes away laughing loudly and even turning round to ask to be followed."

"*Gibt mi ghelt*," said the man. "Pay for your amours. We are poor folk and wish you no harm."

Lamme gave him a carolus.

"What trade dost thou follow?" said Ulenspiegel.

"All trades," replied the Egyptian: "being master of arts in suppleness, we do miraculous and magic tricks. We play on the tambourine and dance Hungarian dances. More than one among us make cages and gridirons to roast fine carbonadoes therewith. But all, Flemings and Walloons, are feared of us and drive us forth. As we cannot live by trade, we live by marauding, that is to say, on vegetables, meat, and poultry that we must needs take from the peasant, since he will neither give nor sell them to us."

Lamme said to him:

"Whence comes this girl, who is so like to my wife?"

"She is our chief's daughter," said the blackamoor.

Then speaking low like a man in fear:

"She was smitten by God with the malady of love and knows naught of woman's modesty. As soon as she seeth a man, she entereth on gaiety and wildness, and laughs without ceasing. She saith little; she was long thought to be dumb. By night, in sadness, she stays before the fire, weeping at whiles or laughing without reason, and pointing to her belly, where, she saith, she hath a hurt. At the hour of noon, in summer, after the meal, her sharpest madness cometh upon her. Then she goeth to dance near naked on the outskirts of the camp. She will wear naught but raiment of tulle or muslin, and in winter we have great trouble to cover her with a cloak of cloth of goat's hair."

"But," said Lamme, "hath she not some man friend to prevent her from abandoning herself thus to all comers?"

"She hath none," said the man, "for travellers, coming near her and beholding her eyes distraught,

have more of fear than desire for her. This big man was a bold one," said he, pointing to Lamme.

"Let him talk, my son," said Ulenspiegel; "it is the *stockvisch* slandering the whale. Which of the two is the one that gives most oil?"

"You have a sharp tongue this morning," said Lamme.

But Ulenspiegel, without listening to him, said to the Egyptian:

"What doth she when others are as bold as my friend Lamme?"

The Egyptian answered sadly:

"Then she hath pleasure and gain. Those who win her pay for their delight, and the money serves to clothe her and also for the necessities of the old men and the women."

"She obeyeth none then?" said Lamme.

The Egyptian answered:

"Let us allow those whom God hath smitten to do as they wish. Thus he marks his will. And such is our law."

Ulenspiegel and Lamme went away. And the Egyptian returned thence to his camp, grave and proud. And the girl, laughing wildly, danced in the clearing.

XL

Going on their way to Bruges, Ulenspiegel said to Lamme:

"We have disbursed a heavy sum of money in the enlisting of soldiers, in payment to the catchpolls, the gift to the Egyptian girl, and those innumerable *olie-koekjes* that it pleased you to eat without ceasing rather than to sell a single one. Now notwithstanding

your belly-will, it is time to live more circumspectly. Give me your money. I will keep the common purse."

"I am willing," said Lamme. And giving it to him: "All the same, do not leave me to die of hunger," said he, "for think on it, big and strong as I am, I must have substantial and abundant nourishment. It is well for you, a thin and wretched fellow, to live from hand to mouth, eating or not eating what you pick up, like planks that live on air and rain on the quays. But for me, whom air hollows and rain hungers, I must needs have other feasts."

"You shall have them," said Ulenspiegel, "feasts of virtuous Lents. The best filled paunches cannot resist them; deflating little by little, they make the heaviest light. And presently will Lamme my darling be seen sufficiently thinned down, running like a stag."

"Alas!" said Lamme. "What henceforth will be my starveling fate? I am hungry, my son, and would fain have supper."

Night was falling. They arrived in Bruges by the Ghent gate. They showed their passes. Having had to pay one demi-sol for themselves and two for their asses, they entered into the town; Lamme, thinking of Ulenspiegel's word, seemed brokenhearted.

"Shall we have supper, soon?" said he.

"Aye," replied Ulenspiegel.

They alighted *in de Meermin*, at the Siren, a weather-cock which is fixed all in gold above the gable of the inn.

They put their asses in the stable, and Ulenspiegel ordered, for his supper and Lamme's, bread, beer, and cheese.

The host grinned when serving this lean meal: Lamme ate with hungry teeth, looking in despair at

Ulenspiegel labouring with his jaws upon the too-old bread and the too-young cheese, as if they had been ortolans. And Lamme drank his small beer with no pleasure. Ulenspiegel laughed to see him so miserable. And there was also someone that laughed in the court-yard of the inn and came at whiles to show her face at the window. Ulenspiegel saw that it was a woman that hid her face. Thinking it was some sly servant he thought no more of it, and seeing Lamme pale, sad, and livid because of his thwarted belly loves, he had pity and thought of ordering for his companion an omelette of black puddings, a dish of beef and beans, or any other hot dish, when the *baes* came in and said, doffing his headgear:

"If messires the travellers desire a better supper, they will speak and say what they want."

Lamme opened wide eyes and his mouth wider still and looked at Ulenspiegel with an anguished distress.

The latter replied:

"Wandering workmen are not rich men."

"It nevertheless happens," said the *baes*, "that they do not always know all their possessions." And pointing to Lamme: "That good phiz is worth two. What would Your Lordships please to eat and to drink—an omelette with fat ham, *choesels*, we made some to-day, castrelins, a capon melting under the tooth, a fine grilled carbonado with a sauce of four spices, *dobbel-knol* of Antwerp, *dobbel-cuyt* of Bruges, wine of Louvain prepared after the manner of Burgundy? And nothing to pay."

"Bring all," said Lamme.

The table was soon laid, and Ulenspiegel took his delight to see poor Lamme who, more famished than

ever, precipitated himself upon the omelette, the *choesels*, the capon, the ham, the carbonadoes, and poured down his throat in quarts the *dobbel-knol*, the *dobbel-cuyt* and the Louvain wine prepared after the manner of Burgundy.

When he could eat no more, he puffed with comfort like a whale, and looked about him over the table to see if there was nothing left to put under his tooth. And he ate the crumbs of the castrelins.

Neither he nor Ulenspiegel had seen the pretty face look smiling through the panes, pass and repass in the courtyard. The *baes* having brought some wine mulled with cinnamon and Madeira sugar, they continued to drink. And they sang.

At the curfew, he asked them if they would go upstairs each to his large and goodly bedchamber. Ulenspiegel replied that a small one would suffice for them both. The *baes* replied:

"I have none such; ye shall each have a lord's chamber, and nothing to pay."

And indeed and in verity he brought them into chambers richly adorned with furniture and carpets. In Lamme's there was a great bed.

Ulenspiegel, who had well drunk and was falling with sleep, left him to go to bed and promptly did likewise.

The next day, at the hour of noon, he entered Lamme's chamber and saw him sleeping and snoring. Beside him was a pretty little satchel full of money. He opened it and saw it was gold carolus and silver patards.

He shook Lamme to wake him. The other came out of his sleep, rubbed his eyes and, looking round him uneasily, said:

"My wife! where is my wife?"

And showing an empty place beside him in the bed.

"She was there but now," said he.

Then leaping out of the bed, he looked everywhere again, searched in all the nooks and corners of the chamber, the alcove and the cupboards, and said, stamping his foot:

"My wife! Where is my wife?"

The *baes* came up at the noise.

"Rascal," said Lamme, catching him by the throat, "where is my wife? What hast thou done with my wife?"

"Impatient tramper," said the *baes*, "thy wife? What wife? Thou didst come alone. I know naught."

"Ha! he knows naught," said Lamme, ferreting once more in all the nooks and corners of the room. "Alas! she was there, last night, in my bed, as in the time of our good loves. Aye. Where art thou, my darling?"

And flinging the purse on the ground:

"'Tis not thy money I want, 'tis thou, thy sweet body, thy kind heart, O my beloved! O heavenly joys! Ye will come back no more. I had grown hardened not to see thee, to live without love, my sweet treasure. And lo, having come to me again, thou dost abandon me. But I will die. Ha! my wife? Where is my wife?"

And he wept with scalding tears on the ground where he had cast himself. Then all at once opening the door, he started to run throughout the whole of the inn, and into the street, in his shirt, crying:

"My wife? Where is my wife?"

But soon he came back, for the mischievous boys hooted him and threw stones at him.

And Ulenspiegel said to him, forcing him to clothe himself:

"Do not be so overwhelmed; you shall see her again, since you have seen her. She loves you still, since she came back to you, since it was doubtless she that paid for the supper and for the lordly chambers, and that put on your bed this full pouch. The ashes tell me that this is not the doing of a faithless wife. Weep no more, and let us march forth for the defence of the land of our fathers."

"Let us still remain in Bruges," said Lamme; "I would fain run through the whole town, and I will find her."

"You will not find her, since she is hiding from you," said Ulenspiegel.

Lamme asked for explanations from the *baes*, but the other would tell him nothing.

And they went away towards Damme.

While they went on their way, Ulenspiegel said to Lamme:

"Why do you not tell me how you found her beside you, last night, and how she left you?"

"My son," replied Lamme, "you know that we had feasted on meat, on beer, on wine, and that I could hardly breathe when we went off to bed. I held a wax candle in my hand, like a lord, to light me and had put down the candlestick on a chest to sleep; the door had remained ajar, the chest was close to it. Undressing, I looked on my bed with great love and desire for sleep; the wax candle suddenly went out. I heard as it were a breath and a sound of light feet in my chamber; but being more sleepy than afraid, I lay down heavily. As I was about to fall asleep, a voice—her voice, O my wife, my poor wife!—said to me: 'Have you

supped well, Lamme?' and her voice was beside me, and her face, too, and her sweet body."

XLI

On that day Philip the king, having eaten too much pastry, was more melancholy than usual. He had played upon his living harpsichord, which was a case containing cats whose heads came out through round openings above the keys. Every time the king struck a key, the key in turn struck a cat with a dart, and the beast mewed and complained by reason of the pain.

But Philip never laughed.

Unceasingly, he sought in his mind how he could conquer the great queen, Elizabeth, and set up Mary Stuart on the throne of England. With this object he had written to the Pope who was needy and full of debts; the Pope had replied that for this enterprise he would gladly sell the holy vessels of the temples and the treasures of the Vatican.

But Philip never laughed.

Ridolfi, Queen Mary's favourite, who hoped, by delivering her, to marry her afterwards and become king of England, came to see Philip and with him plot the murder of Elizabeth. But he was so "parlanchin," as the king wrote, so given to talking, that his designs were openly talked about in the Antwerp Bourse; and the murder was never committed.

And Philip never laughed.

Later, in accordance with the king's orders, the bloody duke sent two couples of assassins into England. They succeeded in getting hanged.

And Philip never laughed.

And thus God brought to naught and thwarted the ambition of this vampire, who looked to remove her son from Mary Stuart and to reign in his stead, with the Pope, over England. And the murderer was irritated to see this noble country so great and powerful. He never ceased to turn his pale eyes towards it, seeking how he might crush it so as to reign thereafter over the whole world, exterminate the reformers, and especially the rich, and inherit the victim's wealth.

But he never laughed.

And mice and field mice were brought to him in an iron box, with high sides, and open of one side; and he put the bottom of the box on a hot fire and took his pleasure in seeing and hearing the poor little beasts leaping, moaning, and dying.

But he never laughed.

Then pale and with trembling hand he went to the arms of Madame d'Eboli, to slake the fire of his lust lit by the torch of cruelty.

And he never laughed.

And Madame d'Eboli received him for fear and not for love.

XLII

The air was warm: from the quiet sea there came not a breath of wind. Scarce did the trees by the canal of Damme shiver, the grasshoppers dwelt in the meadows, while in the fields men from the churches and the abbeys came to fetch the thirteenth part of the harvest for the curés and the abbots. Out of the sky, blue, ardent, deep, the sun poured down warmth and Nature slept under his rays like a fair girl naked and swooning under her lover's caresses. The carps were cutting

capers above the surface of the canal to seize the flies that buzzed like a kettle; while the swallows, with their long bodies and great wings, disputed the prey with them. From the earth rose a warm vapour, wavering and shimmering in the light. The beadle of Damme announced from the top of the tower, by means of a cracked bell sounding like a pot, that it was noon and time for the country folk working at the haymaking to go to dinner. Women cried long and loud, holding their closed hands funnel-wise, calling in their men, brothers or husbands, by name: Hans, Pieter, Joos; and one might see their red hoods above the hedges.

Far off, in the eyes of Lamme and Ulenspiegel, rose lofty, square, and massive the tower of Notre Dame, and Lamme said:

"There, my son, are thy griefs and thy love."

But Ulenspiegel made no answer.

"Soon," said Lamme, "shall I see my ancient home and perchance my wife."

But Ulenspiegel made no answer.

"Man of wood," said Lamme, "heart of stone, nothing then can affect you, neither the nearness of the places in which you spent your boyhood, nor the dear shades of poor Claes and poor Soetkin, the two martyrs. What! you are neither sad nor glad; what then hath dried up your heart in this way? Look at me, anxious, uneasy, bounding in my belly; look at me. . . ."

Lamme looked at Ulenspiegel and saw him with head livid, pale and hanging, his lips trembling, and weeping without saying a word.

And he held his tongue.

They marched thus in silence as far as Damme, and came into it by the street of the Heron, and saw no one

in it, because of the heat. The dogs, with their tongues hanging out, lying on their sides, were gaping before the thresholds of the doors. Lamme and Ulenspiegel passed directly in front of the Townhall, before which Claes had been burned; the lips of Ulenspiegel trembled more, and his tears dried up. Finding himself over against the house of Claes, occupied by a coalman, he said to him as he went within:

"Dost thou know me? I am fain to rest here."

The master coalman said:

"I know thee; thou art the son of the victim. Go wherever thou wouldst in this house."

Ulenspiegel went into the kitchen, then into the bedchamber of Claes and Soetkin, and there he wept.

When he had come down thence, the master coalman said to him:

"Here are bread, cheese, and beer. If thou art hungry, eat; if thou art thirsty, drink."

Ulenspiegel signed with his hand that he was neither hungry nor thirsty.

He walked thus with Lamme, who stayed astraddle on his ass, while Ulenspiegel held his by the halter.

They arrived at Katheline's cottage, tied up their asses, and went in. It was meal time. There were on the table haricots in their pods mixed with great white beans. Katheline was eating; Nele was standing and ready to pour into Katheline's plate a vinegar sauce she had just taken from the fire.

When Ulenspiegel came in, she was so startled that she put the pot and all the sauce in Katheline's plate, who, nodding her head, began to hunt for the beans around the saucepot with her spoon, and striking herself on the forehead, repeated like a madwoman:

"Take away the fire! My head is burning!"

The smell of the vinegar made Lamme hungry.

Ulenspiegel remained standing, looking at Nele, smiling with love through his great sadness.

And Nele, without a word, threw her arms about his neck. She, too, seemed bereft of her wits; she wept, laughed; and red with great and sweet joy, she said only: "Thyl! Thyl!" Ulenspiegel, happy, gazed at her; then she left him, went and stationed herself farther off, contemplated him with joy and from there once again sprang upon him, throwing her arms about his neck; and so several times over. He held her, very happy, unable to sever from her, until she fell upon a chair, wearied out and as though out of her senses; and she said without any shame:

"Thyl! Thyl! my beloved, and so there you are back again!"

Lamme was standing at the door; when Nele was calmed, she said, pointing to him:

"Where have I seen this big man?"

"This is my friend," said Ulenspiegel. "He is seeking for his wife in my company."

"I know thee," said Nele, speaking to Lamme; "thou didst use to dwell in the street of the Heron. Thou art seeking thy wife; I saw her at Bruges, living in all piety and devoutness. Having asked her why she had so cruelly abandoned her husband, she answered me: 'Such was the holy will of God and the order of the holy Penance, but I cannot live with him henceforth.'"

Lamme was sad at this word, and looked at the beans in vinegar. And the larks, singing, sprang aloft in the sky, and Nature in ecstasy allowed herself to be

caressed by the sun. And Katheline with her spoon picked out all round the pot the white beans, the green pods, and the sauce.

XLIII

At this time a girl of fifteen went from Heyst to Knokke, alone, in broad daylight, through the dunes. No one had any fears for her, for it was well known that weer-wolves and evil spirits of the damned bite only by night. She was carrying in a pouch forty-eight sols in silver, of the value of four florins carolus, which her mother Toria Pieterson, who lived at Heyst, owed, out of the proceeds of a sale, to her uncle, Jan Rapen, who lived at Knokke. The girl, by name Betkin, having donned all her best finery, had gone off gaily.

That night her mother was uneasy not to see her come home; still, thinking she had slept at her uncle's house, she reassured herself.

The next day certain fishermen, coming back from sea with a boat full of fish, hauled their boat up on the beach and unloaded their fish into carts, to sell it by auction, cart by cart, in Heyst. They climbed up the road, strewn with broken shells, and found among the dunes a young girl stripped quite naked, even of her chemise, and blood around her. Coming near, they saw in her poor broken neck the marks of long, sharp teeth. Lying on her back, her eyes were open, staring at the sky, and her mouth was open, too, as if to cry out on death!

Covering the girl's body with an *opperst-kleed*, they brought it to Heyst, to the Townhall. Thither speedily assembled the aldermen and the barber-surgeon, who declared that those long teeth were never wolf's teeth as

they were made by Nature, but belonged to some wicked and evil and infernal *weer-wolf*, and that it behoved all men to pray to God to deliver the land of Flanders.

And in all the country and especially at Damme, Heyst, and Knokke, were ordained prayers and orisons.

And the people, groaning, remained in the churches.

In the church of Heyst, where the corpse of the young girl was laid out and exposed, men and women wept, seeing her neck all bloody and torn. And the mother said in the very church:

"I will go to the *weer-wolf* and kill him with my teeth."

And the women, weeping, egged her on to do this. And some said:

"Thou wilt never come back."

And she went, with her husband and her two brothers well armed, to hunt for the wolf by beach, dune, and valley, but never found him. And her husband was obliged to take her home, for she had caught fever by reason of the night cold; and they watched beside her, mending their nets for the next fishing day.

The bailiff of Damme, bethinking himself that the *weer-wolf* is a beast that lives on blood and does not strip the dead, said that this one was doubtless followed by robbers wandering about the dunes seeking their evil gain. Wherefore he summoned by the sound of the church bell all and sundry, directing them to fall well armed and furnished with cudgels upon all beggars and tramping ruffians, to apprehend their persons and search them to see if they might not have in their satchels gold carolus or any portion of the victim's raiment. And after this the able-bodied beggars and

tramps should be taken to the king's galleys. And the aged and infirm should be allowed to go their ways.

But they found nothing.

Ulenspiegel went to the bailiff's and said to him:

"I mean to slay the *weer-wolf*."

"What gives thee this confidence?" asked the bailiff.

"The ashes beat upon my heart," answered Ulenspiegel. "Grant me permission to work in the forge of the commune."

"Thou mayst do so," said the bailiff.

Ulenspiegel, without saying a word of his project to any man or woman in Damme, went off to the forge and there in secret he fashioned a fine and large-sized engine to trap wild beasts.

The next day, being Saturday, a day beloved of the *weer-wolf*, Ulenspiegel, carrying a letter from the bailiff for the curé of Heyst, and the engine under his cloak, armed also with a good crossbow and a well-sharpened cutlass, departed, saying to the folk in Damme.

"I am going to shoot sea-mews and I will make pillows for the bailiff's wife with their down."

Going towards Heyst, he came upon the beach, heard the boisterous sea curling and breaking in big waves, roaring like thunder, and the wind came from England whistling in the rigging of shipwrecked boats. A fisherman said to him:

"This is ruin to us, this ill wind. Last night the sea was still, but after sunrise it got up suddenly into fury. We shall not be able to go a-fishing."

Ulenspiegel was glad, assured thus of having help during the night if there should be need.

At Heyst he went to the curé, and gave him the letter from the bailiff. The curé said to him:

"Thou art bold: yet know that no man passes alone at night, by the dunes, on Saturday without being bitten and left dead on the sand. The workmen on the dykes and others go there only in bands. Night is falling. Dost thou hear the *weer-wolf* howling in his valley? Will he come again as he did this last night, to cry terribly in the graveyard the whole night long? God be with thee, my son, but go not thither."

And the curé crossed himself.

"The ashes beat upon my heart," answered Ulenspiegel.

The curé said:

"Since thou hast so stout a mind, I will help thee."

"Master curé," said Ulenspiegel, "you would do a great boon to me and to the poor desolated country by going to the house of Toria, the mother of the slain girl, and to her two brothers likewise to tell them that the wolf is close at hand, and that I mean to await and kill him."

The curé said:

"If thou dost not yet know on what path thou shouldst take up thy stand, stay in that one that leads to the graveyard. It is between two hedges of broom. Two men could not walk in it side by side."

"I will take my stand there," said Ulenspiegel. "And do you, valiant master curé, co-worker of deliverance, order and enjoin the girl's mother, with her husband and her brothers, to be in the church, all armed, before the curfew. If they hear me whistling like the sea-mew, it will mean that I have seen the *weer-wolf*. They must then sound *wacharm* on the bell and come to my rescue. And if there are any other brave men? . . ."

"There are none, my son," replied the curé. "The

fishermen fear the *weer-wolf* more than the plague and death. But go not thither."

Ulenspiegel replied:

"The ashes beat upon my heart."

The curé said then:

"I shall do as thou wishest; be thou blessed. Art thou hungry or thirsty?"

"Both," replied Ulenspiegel.

The curé gave him beer, bread, and cheese.

Ulenspiegel drank, ate, and went away.

Going along and raising his eyes, he saw his father Claes in glory, by the side of God, in the sky where the clear moon was shining, and looked at the sea and the clouds and he heard the tempestuous wind blowing out of England.

"Alas!" said he, "black clouds that pass so swift, be ye like Vengeance upon the heels of Murder. Roaring sea, sky that dost make thee black as the mouth of hell, waves with the fire foam running along the sombre water, shaking impatient, wrathful, ye animals innumerable of fire, oxen, sheep, horses, serpents that wallow upon the sea or rise up into the air, belching out a flaming rain, O sea all black, sky black with mourning, come with me to fight against the *weer-wolf*, the foul murderer of little girls. And thou, wind that wailest plaintively in the bents on the dunes and in the cordage of the ships, thou art the voice of the victims crying out for vengeance to God; may He be my helper in this enterprise."

And he went down into the valley, tottering on his two natural posts as if he had had the drunkard's wine-lees in his head and a cabbage-indigestion on his stomach.

And he sang hiccuping, zigzagging, yawning, spitting, and stopping, playing at a pretence of vomiting, but in reality opening his eyes wide to study closely everything about him, when suddenly he heard a shrill howling; he stopped short, vomiting like a dog, and saw in the light of the strong shining moon the long shape of a wolf walking towards the cemetery.

Tottering again he entered on the path marked out among the broom. There, feigning to fall, he set the engine on the side whence the wolf was coming, made ready his crossbow, and moved away ten paces, standing in a drunken attitude, continually pretending to stagger about, to hiccup and vomit, but in verity stringing up his wits like a bow and keeping eyes and ears wide open.

And he saw nothing, nothing but the black clouds running like mad things over the sky and a large thick and short shape coming towards him; and he heard nothing but the wind wailing plaintively, the sea roaring like thunder, and the shell-strewn road crackling under a heavy, stumbling tread.

Feigning to want to sit down, he fell on the road like a drunkard, heavily. And he spat.

Then he heard as it were iron clicking two paces from his ear, then the noise of his engine shutting up and a man's cry.

"The *weer-wolf*," he said, "has his front paws taken in the trap. He gets up howling, shaking the engine, trying to run. But he will never escape."

And he sped a crossbow dart into his legs.

"And now he falls, wounded," said he.

And he whistled like a sea-mew.

Suddenly the church bell rang out the *wacharm*, a shrill lad's voice cried through the village:

"Awake, ye sleeping folk, the *weer-wolf* is caught."

"Praise be to God!" said Ulenspiegel.

Toria, Betkin's mother, Lansaem her husband, Josse and Michiel her brothers, came the first with their lanterns.

"He is taken?" said they.

"See him on the roadway," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Praise be to God!" said they.

And they made the sign of the cross.

"Who is that ringing?" asked Ulenspiegel.

Lansaem replied:

"My eldest boy; the youngest is running through the village knocking at the doors and crying that the wolf is taken. Praise be to thee!"

"The ashes beat upon my heart," replied Ulenspiegel.

Suddenly the *weer-wolf* spake and said:

"Have pity upon me, pity, Ulenspiegel."

"The wolf talks," said they, crossing themselves. "He is a devil and he knows Ulenspiegel's name already."

"Have pity, pity," said the voice, "bid the bell be quiet; it is ringing for the dead; pity, I am no wolf. My wrists are pierced by the engine; I am old and I bleed; pity! What is this shrill boy's voice awaking the village? Pity!"

"I heard thy voice of old," said Ulenspiegel, vehemently. "Thou art the fishmonger, the murderer of Claes, the vampire of the poor little young girls. Men and women, have no fear. 'Tis the demon, he through whom Soetkin died for grief and pain."

And holding him by the neck beneath the chin with one hand, with the other he drew his cutlass.

But Toria, Betkin's mother, stayed him in this movement.

"Take him alive," she cried.

And she plucked out his white hairs by handfuls, and tore his face with her nails.

And she howled with grief and fury.

The *weer-wolf*, his hands fast in the engine and stumbling about the roadway, through his keen sufferings:

"Pity," said he, "pity! take this woman away. I will give two carolus. Break those bells! Where are those children that are calling?"

"Keep him alive!" cried Toria, "keep him alive, let him pay! The bells for the dead, the death bells for thee, murderer. By slow fire, by red-hot pincers. Keep him alive! let him pay!"

Meanwhile, Toria had picked up on the road a waffle iron with long arms. Looking closely at it in the light of the torches, she saw it deeply engraved between the two iron plates with lozenges in the Brabant fashion, but armed besides, like an iron mouth, with long sharp teeth. And when she opened it, it was like the mouth of a greyhound.

Then Toria, holding the waffle iron, opening it and shutting it and making the iron ring, seemed as though she had lost her wits for male fury, and gnashing her teeth and with hoarse rattle breath like a woman dying, bit the prisoner with this engine in the arms, the legs, everywhere, seeking most of all his neck, and with every bite saying:

"Thus he did to Betkin with the iron teeth. He pays. Dost thou bleed, murderer? God is just. The bells for the dead! Betkin is calling me to revenge. Dost thou feel the teeth? 'Tis the mouth of God."

And she bit him without ceasing and without pity,

striking him with the waffle iron when she could not bite him with it. And because of her great thirst for revenge she did not kill him.

"Show compassion," cried the prisoner. "Ulenspiegel, strike me with thy knife, I shall die quicker. Take this woman away. Break the bells for the dead; kill those calling children."

And Toria still kept biting him, until an old man, in pity, took the waffle iron out of her hands.

But Toria then spat on the *weer-wolf's* face and tore out his hairs, crying:

"Thou shalt pay, by slow fire, by burning pincers, thy eyes to my nails!"

In the meantime were come all the fishermen, rustics, and women of Heyst, at the report that the *weer-wolf* was a man and not a devil. Some carried lanterns and flaming torches. And all were crying out:

"Robber and murderer, where dost thou hide the gold stolen from the poor victims? Let him give all back."

"I have none: have pity," said the fishmonger.

And the women threw stones and sand upon him.

"He pays, he pays!" cried Toria.

"Pity," he groaned, "I am all wet with my own blood running. Pity!"

"Thy blood?" said Toria. "There will be enough left for thee to pay with. Cover his wounds with ointment. He will pay by the slow fire, his hand cut off, with red-hot pincers. He shall pay, he shall pay!"

And she would have struck him; then out of her senses she fell upon the sand as though dead, and she was left there till she came back to herself.

Meanwhile, Ulenspiegel, taking the prisoner's hands

out of the engine, saw that there were three fingers lacking on the right hand.

And he gave orders to bind him straitly and to put him in a fisherman's hamper. Men, women, and children then departed, taking turns to carry the hamper, wending their way towards Damme to seek justice there. And they carried torches and lanterns.

And the fishmonger kept repeating without ceasing:

"Break the bells; kill the children that are calling."

And Toria said:

"Let him pay, by slow fire, by red-hot pincers, let him pay!"

Then both held their peace. And Ulenspiegel heard no more, save the laboured breathing of Toria, the heavy steps of the men on the sand, and the sea roaring like thunder.

And sad in his heart, he looked at the clouds running like mad things in the sky, the sea where the sheep of fire were to be seen, and in the light of the torches and the lanterns the livid face of the fishmonger staring on him with cruel eyes.

And the ashes beat upon his heart.

And they marched for four hours till they came to where was the populace assembled in one mass, knowing the news already. All wishing to see the fishmonger, they followed the band of fishermen shouting, singing, dancing, and saying:

"The *weer-wolf* is taken! he is taken, the murderer! Blessed be Ulenspiegel! Long life to our brother Ulenspiegel! *Lange leven onsen broeder Ulenspiegel.*"

And it was like a revolt of the people.

When they passed before the bailiff's house, he came out at the noise and said to Ulenspiegel:

"Thou art the victor; praise be to thee!"

"The ashes of Claes were beating upon my heart," replied Ulenspiegel.

The bailiff then said:

"Thou shalt have the half of the murderer's estate."

"Give it to the victims," replied Ulenspiegel.

Lamme and Nele came; Nele, laughing and weeping for gladness, kissed her friend Ulenspiegel; Lamme, jumping heavily, smote him on the stomach, saying:

"This is a brave, a trusty, a faithful one; 'tis my beloved companion; ye have none such, ye others, ye folk of the flat country."

But the fishermen laughed, mocking at him.

XLIV

The bell called *Borgstrom* rang next day to summon the bailiff, aldermen, and clerks of the court to the *Vierschare* on the four turf benches, under the tree of justice, which was a noble lime tree. All around were the common folk. Being interrogated the fishmonger would confess nothing, even when he was shown the three fingers severed by the soldier, and missing from his right hand. He kept saying:

"I am poor and old; have compassion."

But the common folk hooted him, saying:

"Thou art an old wolf, a child killer; do not have pity on him, judges."

The women said:

"Look not on us with thy cold eyes; thou art a man and not a devil; we do not fear thee. Cruel beast, more coward than a cat devouring small birds in the

nest, thou didst kill poor little girls asking to live their pretty little lives in all honesty."

"Let him pay by slow fire, by red-hot pincers," cried Toria.

And in spite of the sergeants of the commune, the mothers egged on the lads to throw stones at the fishmonger. And the boys did so eagerly, hooting him every time he looked at them and crying incessantly: "*Blood-zuyger*, blood-sucker! *Sla dood*, kill, kill!"

And Toria cried without ceasing:

"Let him pay by slow fire; by red-hot pincers let him pay!"

And the populace growled.

"See," said the women among each other, "how cold he is under the sun that shines in the sky, warming his white hairs and his face torn by Toria."

"And he shivers with pain."

"'Tis the justice of God."

"And he stands there with a lamentable air."

"See his murderer's hands tied before him and bleeding from the wounds of the trap."

"Let him pay, let him pay!" cried Toria.

He said, bemoaning himself:

"I am poor, let me go."

And everyone, nay, even the judges, mocked as they listened to him. He wept feigningly, meaning to touch their hearts. And the women laughed.

The evidence being sufficient to warrant torture, he was condemned to be put on the bench until he had confessed how he killed, whence he came, where were the spoils of the victims, and the place where he had his gold hidden.

Being in the torture chamber, and shod with foot-

gear of new leather too small for him, and the bailiff asking him how Satan had come to suggest to him such black designs and crimes so abominable, he replied:

"Satan is myself, my natural being. Already when a small boy, but ugly to look on, unfit for all bodily exercise, I was held a ninny by everybody and often beaten. Lad nor lass had pity never. In my adolescence no women would have me, not even though I paid. Then I put on cold hatred against every being born of a woman. That was why I denounced Claes, beloved of all. And I loved but Money only, that was my darling, white or golden; to have Claes killed I found both profit and pleasure. After I must live like a wolf more than ever, and I dreamed of biting. Passing through Brabant, I saw there the waffle irons of that country and thought that one of them would be a good iron mouth for me. Why do not I have you by the neck, you evil tigers, that delight in an old man's torment! I would bite you with greater joy than the soldier and the little girl. For her, when I saw her so sweet, sleeping on the sand in the sun, holding the little bag of money in her hands, I felt love and pity; feeling myself too old and not being able to take her, I bit her. . . ."

The bailiff asking him where he lived, the fishmonger replied:

"At Ramskapelle, whence I go to Blanckenberghe, to Heyst, even as far as Knokke. On Sundays and feast days, I make waffles, after the fashion of those of Brabant, in all the villages with yonder machine. It is always very clean and well oiled. And this novelty of foreign parts was well received. If you

should please to know more, and how it was that no one could recognize me, I will tell you that by day I reddened my face with rouge and painted my hair red. As for the wolf skin you are pointing to with your cruel finger, questioning me, I will tell you, defying you, that it comes from two wolves killed by me in the woods of Raveschoot and of Maldeghen. I had but to sew the skins together to cover myself with them. I hid it in a box in the dunes of Heyst; there are also the clothes stolen by me to sell later at a fit opportunity."

"Take him from before the fire," said the bailiff. The tormentor obeyed.

"Where is thy gold?" said the bailiff again.

"The king shall never know," replied the fishmonger.

"Burn him with the candles nearer him," said the bailiff. "Put him closer to the fire."

The tormentor obeyed and the fishmonger cried:

"I will say nothing. I have spoken too much; ye will burn me. I am no sorcerer; why do ye set me at the fire again? My feet are bleeding from the burns. I will say nothing. Why nearer now? They bleed, I tell you, they bleed; these slippers are boots of red-hot iron. My gold? Ah, well, my only friend in this world, it is . . . take me away from the fire; it is in my cave at Ramskapelle, in a box . . . leave it to me; grace and mercy, master judges; cursed tormentor, take the candles away. . . . He burns me more . . . it is in a box with a false bottom wrapped in wool, so as to avoid a noise if any one shakes the box; now I have told all; take me away."

When he was taken away from before the fire, he smiled maliciously.

The bailiff asked him why.

"'Tis for comfort at being eased," replied he.

The bailiff said to him:

"Did no one ever ask thee to let him see thy toothed waffle iron?"

The fishmonger replied:

"It was seen like any other, save that it is pierced with holes in which I was wont to screw the iron teeth at dawn I took them out; the peasant sprefer my waffles to those of the other sellers; and they call them '*Waefels met brabandsche knoopen*', 'waffles with brabant buttons', because when the teeth are away, the empty holes make little half spheres like buttons."

But the bailiff:

"When didst thou bite the poor victims?"

"By day and by night. By day I used to wander about the dunes and the highways, carrying my waffle iron, keeping in hiding, and especially on Saturday, the day of the great Bruges market. If I saw some rustic pass, wandering melancholy, I left him alone, judging that his trouble was a flux of the purse; but I used to walk along by him whom I saw journeying merrily; when he did not look for it I would bite him in the neck and take his satchel. And not only in the dunes, but on all the byways and highways of the flat country."

The bailiff then said:

"Repent and pray unto God."

"It is the Lord God that willed I should be what I am. I did all without my will, egged on by Nature's will. Wicked tigers, ye will punish me unjustly. But do not burn me . . . I did all without my will; have pity, I am poor and old; I shall die of my wounds; do not burn me."

He was then taken to the *Vierschare*, under the lime tree, there to hear his sentence in the presence of all the people assembled.

And he was condemned, as a horrible murderer, robber, and blasphemer, to have his tongue pierced with a red-hot iron, his right hand cut off, and to be burned alive in a slow fire, until death ensued, before the doors of the Townhall.

And Toria cried:

"It is just; he pays!"

And the people cried:

"*Lang leven de Heeren van de Wet*," long life to the men of the law.

He was taken back into prison, where he was given meat and wine. And he was merry, saying that he had never till then eaten or drunk, either, but that the king, inheriting his goods, could well pay for his last meal for him.

And he laughed sourly.

The next day, at the first of dawn, while they were taking him to execution, he saw Ulenspiegel standing beside the stake, and he cried out, pointing to him with his finger:

"That one there, murderer of an old man, ought to die as well; he flung me into the canal of Damme, ten years ago, because I had denounced his father, wherein I had served His Catholic Majesty as a faithful subject."

The bells of Notre Dame rang for the dead.

"For thee even as for me are those bells tolling," said he to Ulenspiegel; "thou shalt be hanged, for thou hast killed."

"The fishmonger lies," cried all the common folk; "he lies, the murdering ruffian."

And Toria, like a madwoman, cried out, flinging a stone at him that cut his forehead:

"If he had drowned thee, thou wouldst not have lived to bite my poor girl, like a bloodsucking vampire."

As Ulenspiegel uttered no word, Lamme said:

"Did any see him throw the fishmonger in the water?"

Ulenspiegel made no answer.

"No, no," shouted the people; "he lied, the murderer!"

"No, I lied not," cried the fishmonger, "he threw me in, while I implored him to forgive me, and by the same token, I got out by the help of a skiff tied up alongside the high bank. Wet through and shivering, I could scarcely get back to my poor home. I had the fever then, none looked after me, and I deemed I must die."

"Thou liest," said Lamme; "no man saw it."

"No, no man saw it," cried Toria. "To the fire with the murderer. Before he dies he wants an innocent victim; let him pay! He has lied. If thou didst do it, confess not, Ulenspiegel. There are no witnesses. Let him pay by slow fire, by red-hot pincers."

"Didst thou commit the murder?" the bailiff asked Ulenspiegel.

Ulenspiegel replied:

"I flung the murderer, the denouncer of Claes, into the water. My father's ashes were beating on my heart."

"He confesseth," said the fishmonger; "he shall die even as I. Where is the gallows, that I may see it? Where is the executioner with the sword of justice?

The death bells are ringing for thee, rascal, murderer of an old man."

Ulenspiegel said:

"I threw thee into the water to kill thee; the ashes were beating on my heart."

And among the people, the women said:

"Why confess it, Ulenspiegel? No man saw it, now thou shalt die."

And the prisoner laughed, leaping for bitter joy, waving his arms that were tied and covered with blood-stained wrappings.

"He will die," he said, "he will pass from earth into hell, the rope about his neck, as a ragamuffin, a robber, a rascal: he will die, God is just."

"He shall not die," said the bailiff. "After ten years, murder may not be punished in the soil of Flanders. Ulenspiegel committed a bad action, but through filial love: Ulenspiegel will not be prosecuted for this deed."

"Long live the law!" cried the people. "*Lang leven de Wet.*"

The bells of Notre Dame rang for the dead. And the prisoner gnashed his teeth, drooped his head, and wept his first tear.

And he had his hand cut off, and his tongue pierced with a hot iron, and he was burned alive by a slow fire before the doorway of the Townhall.

At the point of death he yelled:

"The king shall not have my gold; I lied. . . . Evil tigers, I will come back to bite you."

And Toria cried:

"He pays, he pays! They writhe and twist, the arms and the legs that ran to murder: it smokes, the

murderer's body; his white hair, hyæna's hair, burns on his pale face. He pays! He pays!"

And the fishmonger died, howling like a wolf.

And the bells of Notre Dame tolled for the dead.

And Lamme and Ulenspiegel mounted upon their asses again.

And Nele, sad and grieving, dwelt with Katheline, who said, without ceasing:

"Take away the fire! my head is burning; come back, Hanske, my darling."

Book IV

BOOK IV

I

BEING at Heyst, upon the dunes, Ulenspiegel and Lamme see, coming from Ostend, from Blanckenberghe, from Knokke, many fishing boats full of armed men, adherents of the Beggars of Zealand, who wear in their headgear the silver crescent with this inscription: "Better to serve the Turk than the Pope."

Ulenspiegel is glad; he whistles like the lark; from all sides answers the warlike clarion of the cock.

The boats, sailing or fishing and selling their fish, come to land, one after the other, at Emden. There William of Blois is detained, who is equipping a ship under commission from the Prince of Orange.

Très-Long, having been at Emden for eleven weeks, was bitterly sick of waiting. He went from his ship to land and from the land to his ship, like a bear on a chain.

Ulenspiegel and Lamme, wandering about on the quays, saw there a lord of a jovial visage, somewhat melancholy and at a loss to heave up one of the paving-stones of the quay with a pikestaff. Not succeeding in this he still bent every effort to carry out his undertaking, while a dog gnawed at a bone behind him.

Ulenspiegel came to the dog and pretended to want to rob him of his bone. The dog growls; Ulenspiegel

does not stop: the dog makes a great uproar of doggish wrath.

The lord, turning at the noise, said to Ulenspiegel:

"What good does it do thee to torment this beast?"

"What good does it do you, Messire, to torment this pavement?"

"It is not the same thing at all," said the lord.

"The difference is not extreme," replied Ulenspiegel; "if the dog sets store by his bone and wants to keep it, this pavement holds to its quay and is fain to remain on it. And it is the very least that folk like us may do, turning to busy ourselves about a dog when folk like you busy yourselves about a paving stone."

Lamme remained behind Ulenspiegel, not daring to speak.

"Who art thou?" asked the lord.

"I am Thyl Ulenspiegel, the son of Claes, who died in the flames for his faith."

And he whistled like the lark and the lord crowed like the cock.

"I am Admiral Très-Long," said he; "what wouldst thou with me?"

Ulenspiegel narrated to him his adventures, and gave him five hundred carolus.

"Who is this big man?" asked Très-Long, pointing a finger at Lamme.

"My comrade and friend," replied Ulenspiegel: "he desires, like myself, to sing on your ship, with the fine voice of a musket, the song of deliverance for the land of our fathers."

"Ye are brave men both," said Très-Long, "and ye shall go on my ship."

They were then in the month of February; sharp was the wind, keen the frost. After three weeks of grudging waiting Très-Long left Emden under protest. Thinking to enter the Texel, he went out from Vlie, but was forced to go in to Wieringen, where his ship was locked up in the ice.

Soon there was a merry spectacle all about: sledges and skaters all in velvet; women skating in jackets and skirts broidered with gold, pearl, scarlet, azure; lads and lasses went, came, glided, laughed, following one another in line, or two by two, in pairs, singing the song of love upon the ice, or going to eat and drink in booths decked out with flags, brandy, oranges, figs, *peperkoek*, *schols*, eggs, hot vegetables, and *eete-kocken*, which are pancakes and pickled vegetables, while all about them sleds and sailing sleighs made the ice cry out under their runners.

Lamme, seeking his wife, went wandering on skates like the jolly men and women, but he fell often.

Meanwhile, Ulenspiegel went to drink and to feed in a small inn on the quay where he had not to pay too dear for his daily rations; and he liked to talk with the old *baesine*.

One Sunday about nine he went in there asking them to give him his dinner.

"But," said he to a pretty woman coming forward to serve him, "*baesine* rejuvenated, what hast thou done with thy old wrinkles? Thy mouth hath all its teeth, white and girlish, and its lips are red as cherries. Is it for me, that soft and cunning smile?"

"No, no," said she; "but what must I give you?"

"Thyself," said he.

The woman answered:

"That would be too much for a starveling like you; would you not like other meat?"

Ulenspiegel making no reply:

"What have you done," she said, "with that handsome, well-made, corpulent man whom I often saw with you?"

"Lamme?" said he.

"What have you done with him?" she said.

Ulenspiegel replied:

"He eats, in the booths, hard eggs, smoked eels, salt fish, *zuertjes*, and all that he can put under his tooth; and all to look for his wife. Why art thou not his wife, pretty one? Wouldst thou like fifty florins? Wouldst thou like a gold necklace?"

But she, crossing herself:

"I am not to buy or to take," said she.

"Dost thou love naught?" said he.

"I love thee as my neighbour, but I love above all my Lord Christ and Madame the Virgin, who bid me live a chaste life. Hard and heavy are its duties, but God is our helper, we poor women. Yet there are some that succumb. Is thy big friend happy?"

Ulenspiegel replied:

"He is gay when he is eating, sad when fasting, and always pensive. But thou, art thou happy or sad?"

"We women," said she, "are slaves of that that rules us!"

"The moon?" said he.

"Aye," said she.

"I am going to tell Lamme to come to see thee."

"Do not so," said she; "he would weep and I in likewise."

"Didst thou ever see his wife?" asked Ulenspiegel.

Sighing, she answered:

"She sinned with him and was condemned to a cruel penance. She knows that he goeth on the sea for the triumph of heresy, and that is a hard thing for a Christian heart to think on. Defend him if he is attacked; care for him if he is wounded: his wife bade me make this request of you."

"Lamme is my brother and my friend," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Ah!" she said, "why do ye not return to the bosom of our Mother Holy Church?"

"She devours her children," answered Ulenspiegel.

And he went his way.

One morning in March, since the wind, that was blowing sharp and cutting, ceased not to thicken the ice, and Très-Long's ship could not leave, the sailors and the soldiers of the vessel were holding feasting and revel on sledges and on skates.

Ulenspiegel was at the inn, and the pretty woman said to him, all woeful and as if bereft of her wits:

"Poor Lamme! poor Ulenspiegel!"

"Why do you lament?" asked he.

"Alas! Alas!" said she, "why do ye not believe in the mass. Ye would go to paradise, without a doubt, and I could save you in this life."

Seeing her go to the door and listen attentively, Ulenspiegel said to her:

"It is not the snow falling that you are listening to?"

"No," said she.

"It is not the moaning wind that you give ear to?"

"No," she said again.

"Nor to the merry din that our valiant sailors are making in the tavern close by?"

"Death cometh as a thief," she said.

"Death!" said Ulenspiegel. "I do not understand thee; come inside and speak."

"They are there," she said.

"Who?"

"Who?" she answered. "The soldiers of Simonen-Bol, who are to come, in the name of the duke, to throw themselves on all of you; if you are so well treated here, it is like the bullocks that are meant for the slaughter. Ah! why," said she all in tears, "why did I not know it save but just now."

"Do not weep, nor cry out," said Ulenspiegel, "and stay where you are!"

"Do not betray me," said she.

Ulenspiegel went out from her house, ran, made his way to all the booths and taverns, whispering into the ears of the seamen and the soldiers these words: "The Spaniard is coming."

All ran to the ship, preparing with the utmost haste all that was needed for battle, and they awaited the enemy. Ulenspiegel said to Lamme:

"Seest thou yon pretty woman standing upon the quay, with her black dress embroidered with scarlet, and hiding her face under her white hood?"

"It is all one to me," replied Lamme. "I am cold; I want to sleep."

And he rolled his head up in his *opperst-kleed.* And like that he was as a man deaf.

Ulenspiegel then recognized the woman and called to her from the ship:

"Dost thou wish to follow us?"

"To the grave," said she, "but I cannot. . . ."

"Thou wouldst do well," said Ulenspiegel; "yet think of this: when the nightingale stays in the forest, it is happy and sings; but if it leaves the forest and risks its little wings in the wind of the great sea, it breaks them and dies."

"I have sung in my house," said she, "and would sing outside if I could." Then drawing closer to the ship: "Take this ointment," she said, "for thyself and thy friend who sleeps when he should wake . . ."

And she went away saying:

"Lamme! Lamme! God keep thee from harm; come back safe."

And she uncovered her face.

"My wife, my wife!" cried Lamme.

And he would have leaped down on the ice.

"Thy faithful wife!" said she.

And she ran away swiftly.

Lamme would have leaped from off the deck down on the ice, but he was prevented by a soldier, who held him back by his *opperst-kleed*. He cried, wept, implored that he might be given leave to go. But the provost said to him:

"Thou shalt be hanged if thou dost leave the ship."

Again Lamme would have cast himself on the ice, but an old Beggar held him back, saying to him:

"The floor is damp, you might get your feet wet."

And Lamme fell on his behind, weeping and saying without ceasing:

"My wife, my wife! let me go to my wife!"

"Thou shalt see her again," said Ulenspiegel. "She loves thee, but she loves God more than thee."

"The mad she-devil," cried Lamme. "If she loves God more than her husband, why does she show herself to me lovely and desirable? And if she loves me, why does she leave me?"

"Dost thou see clear in a deep well?" asked Ulenspiegel.

"Alas!" said Lamme, "I shall die before long."

And he stayed upon the deck, livid and distraught.

Meanwhile, had come up the men of Simonen-Bol, with a great artillery.

They fired against the ship, which replied to them. And their cannon balls broke the ice all about it. Towards evening a warm rain fell.

The wind blowing from the west, the sea grew angry under the ice, and heaved it up in immense blocks, which were seen rising up on high, falling back again, clashing against one another, one mounting on top of another, not without peril to the ship, which when dawn broke through the clouds of night, opened out its canvas wings like a bird of freedom and sailed towards the free ocean.

There they joined up with the fleet of Messire de Lumey de la Marche, admiral of Holland and Zealand, and chief and captain-general, and as such carrying a lantern at his ship's peak.

"Look well at him, my son," said Ulenspiegel; "that one will never spare thee, if thou shouldst wish to leave the ship against orders. Hearest thou his voice breaking forth like thunder? See how broad and strong he is in his great stature! Look

at his long hands with the crooked nails! See his round eyes, eagle eyes and cold, and his long pointed beard that he means to leave to grow until he has hanged all the monks and priests to avenge the death of the two counts! See him redoubtable and cruel; he will have thee hanged high on a short rope, if thou dost continue to whine and cry always: 'My wife!'"

"My son," replied Lamme, "he that talks of a halter for his neighbour has already the hempen cravat on his own neck."

"Thou thyself shalt be the first to wear it. Such is my vow as a friend," said Ulenspiegel.

"I shall see thee on the gallows," replied Lamme, "thrust out thy poisonous tongue a fathom out of thy mouth."

And both were in mere jest.

On that day Très-Long's ship took a ship from Biscay laden with mercury, gold dust, wines, and spices. And the ship was emptied of its marrow, men, and booty, as a beef bone under a lion's teeth.

It was at this time also that the duke ordained in the Low Countries cruel and abominable imposts, obliging all the inhabitants who sold real or personal estate to pay one thousand florins in ten thousand. And this tax was a permanent one. All sellers and buyers whatsoever must pay the king the tenth part of the purchase price, and it was said among the people that if goods were sold ten times within a week the king should have all.

And thus commerce and industry took the way towards Ruin and Death.

And the Beggars took Briele, a strong seaboard

fortress that was christened the Orchard of Freedom.

II

In the first days of May, under a clear sky, with the ship sailing proudly along the sea, Ulenspiegel sang:

"The ashes beat upon my heart.
The butchers are come; they have struck
With poignard, fire, violence, the sword.
They have paid for foulest spying.
Where once were Love and Faith, mild virtues,
They have set Denunciation and Mistrust.
May the butchers be smitten,
Beat the drum of war.

"Long live the Beggar! Beat upon the drum!
Briele is taken,
Flessingue, too, the key of the Scheldt;
God is good, Camp-Veere is taken,
Where Zealand kept her artillery!
We have bullets, powder, and shot,
Iron shot and leaden shot.
God is with us, who then is against?

"Beat upon the drum of war and glory!
Long live the Beggar! Beat upon the drum!

"The sword is drawn, be our hearts high,
Firm be our arms, the sword is drawn.
Out upon the tenth tithe, the whole of ruin,
Death to the butcher, halter to the spoiler,
For a perjured king a rebel folk.
The sword is drawn for our rights,
For our houses, our wives, and our children.
The sword is drawn, beat upon the drum!

"High are our hearts, stout are our arms.
Out upon the tenth tithe, out upon the infamous pardon.
Beat upon the drum of war, beat upon the drum!"

"Aye, good fellows and friends," said Ulenspiegel; "aye, they have set up at Antwerp, before the Town-hall, a dazzling scaffold covered with red cloth; the duke is seated upon it like a king upon his throne in the midst of liverymen and soldiers. Meaning to smile benevolently, he makes a sour grimace. Beat upon the war drum!

"He hath accorded a pardon, make silence, his gilded cuirass shines in the sun; the grand provost is on horseback beside the dais; lo here cometh the herald with his kettle-drums; he reads; it is a pardon for all those that have not sinned; the others will be punished cruelly.

"Oyez, good fellows, he reads the edict that orders, on penalty as for rebellion, the payment of the tenth and twentieth deniers."

And Ulenspiegel sang:

"O Duke! hearest thou the voice of the people,
The strong dull clamour? Tis the sea that rises
In the hour of the mighty surges.
Enough of gold, enough of blood.
Enough of ruins. Beat upon the drum!
The sword is drawn. Beat upon the drum of woe!

"It is the nails tearing the bleeding wound,
Robbery after murder. Must thou then
Mix all our gold with our blood for your drink?
We moved in ways of duty, faithful and true
To the King's Majesty. His Majesty is perjured,
We are free of our oaths. Beat upon the drum of war.

"Duke of Alba, bloody duke,
See these booths, these shops shut fast,
See these brewers, bakers, grocers,
Refusing to sell so as not to pay.
Who then salutes thee when thou art passing?
No man. Feelest thou, like a steaming plague
Hate and Scorn enwrap thee round?

"The fair land of Flanders,
The gay country of Brabant,
Are sad as graveyards.
There where of old, in freedom's days,
Sang the viols, squealed the fifes,
There are silence now and death.
Beat upon the drum of war.

"Instead of jolly faces
Of drinkers, and singing lovers
There are pallid faces now
Of men that wait, resigned,
The stroke of the sword of injustice.
Beat upon the drum of war.

"No man now hears in the taverns
The jolly clink of pots,
Nor the clear voices of girls
Singing in bands about the streets.
And Brabant and Flanders, lands of mirth,
Are become the lands of tears.
Beat upon the drum of woe.

"Land of our fathers, sufferer beloved,
Stoop not your brow to the murderer's foot,
Toilsome bees, rush in your swarms,
Upon the hornets from Spain.
Corpses of women and girls buried alive,
Cry out to Christ: 'Vengeance!'

"Wander in the fields by night, poor souls,
Cry unto God! The arm quivers to strike,
The sword is drawn, Duke; we will tear out thy entrails
And flog thy face with them.
Beat upon the drum. The sword is drawn.
Beat upon the drum. Long live the Beggar!"

And all the seamen and the soldiers of Ulenspiegel's ship and of the other ships sang likewise:

"The sword is drawn, long live the Beggar!"

And their voices growled like a thunder of deliverance.

III

The world was in January, the cruel month that freezes the calf in the cow's belly. It had snowed, and frozen over and above. The lads were taking with birdlime sparrows seeking some poor food on the hardened snow, and carried off this game into their cottages. Against the gray clear sky stood out motionless the skeletons of the trees, whose branches were covered with snowy cushions that covered also the cottages and the coping of walls on which were seen the prints of the paws of cats, which, like the boys, were hunting sparrows over the snow. At a distance the meadows were hidden over by this marvellous fleece, keeping the earth warm against the bitter cold of winter. The smoke of houses and cottages rose up black into the sky, and there was no noise heard of any kind.

And Katheline and Nele were alone in their house; and Katheline, nodding her head, said:

"Hans, my heart turns to thee. Thou must give

back the seven hundred carolus to Ulenspiegel, the son of Soetkin. If thou art poor, come none the less that I may see thy shining face. Take away the fire, my head burns. Alas! where are thy snow-cold kisses? Where is thy icy body, Hans, my beloved?"

And she kept at the window. Suddenly there passed, running at full speed, a *voet-looper*, a courier carrying bells at his belt, and calling out:

"Here cometh the bailiff, the high bailiff of Damme!"

And he went thus as far as the Townhall, so as to assemble there the burgomasters and the sheriffs.

Then in the thick silence Nele heard two clarions sound. All the people of Damme came to their doors, believing it was His Majesty the king who announced himself by such flourishes.

And Katheline also went to the door with Nele. From afar they saw resplendent horsemen riding in a band, and before them, also on horseback, a personage covered in an *opperst-kleed* of black velvet laced with fine gold, and boots of yellow calfskin furred with marten. And they recognized the high bailiff.

Behind him there rode young lords, who, notwithstanding the ordinance of his late Imperial Majesty, wore on their velvet accoutrements embroideries, trimmings, bands, edgings, of gold, of silver, and of silk. And their *opperst-kleederen*, under their outer garments, were edged with fur like those of the bailiff. They rode gaily along, shaking in the wind the long ostrich feathers that adorned their bonnets, gold buttoned and gold laced.

And they seemed to be all of them good friends and companions of the grand bailiff, and notably a lord of sharp visage clad in green velvet trimmed with gold

lace, and a cloak of black velvet like his bonnet adorned with long plumes. And he had a nose shaped like a vulture's beak, a thin mouth, red hair, a pale face, and haughty carriage.

While the troop of these lords was passing in front of Katheline's house suddenly she darted to the bridle of the pale lord's horse, and beside herself with joy, she cried out:

"Hans! my beloved, I knew it; thou art back. Thou art goodly thus in velvet and all in gold like a sun upon the snow! Dost thou bring me the seven hundred carolus? Shall I hear thee once more crying like the sea-eagle?"

The high bailiff stopped the troop of gentlemen, and the pale lord said:

"What doth this beggar want with me?"

But Katheline, still keeping hold of the horse by the bridle:

"Do not go away again," said she, "I have wept so much for thee. Sweet nights, my beloved, kisses of snow—body of ice. The child is here!"

And she pointed him to Nele who was looking at him in anger, for he had raised his whip to Katheline: but Katheline, weeping:

"Ah!" said she, "dost thou not remember at all? Have pity on thy handmaiden. Take her with thee wherever thou wilt. Take away the fire, Hans; pity!"

"Begone!" said he.

And he drove his horse on so hard that Katheline, loosing the bridle, fell; and the horse stepped on her and gave her a bloody wound in the forehead.

The bailiff then said to the pale lord:

"Messire, do you know this woman?"

"I do not know her at all," said he, "doubtless it is some mad creature."

But Nele, having raised Katheline from the ground:

"If this woman is mad, I am not, Monseigneur, and I pray that I may die here of this snow that I eat"—and she took up snow in her fingers—"if this man has not known my mother, if he did not borrow all her money, if he did not kill Claes's dog in order to take from the wall of the well at our house seven hundred carolus belonging to the poor dead man."

"Hans, my darling," wept Katheline, bleeding, and on her knees, "Hans, my beloved, give me the kiss of peace: see the blood flowing: my soul has made the hole and would fain come forth: I shall die presently: leave me not." Then in a whisper: "Long ago thou didst slay thy comrade for jealousy, along by the dyke." And she stretched out her finger in the direction of Dudzeele. "Thou didst love me well in those days."

And she caught the gentleman's knee and embraced it, and she took his boot and kissed it.

"What is this slain man?" asked the high bailiff.

"I do not know, Monseigneur," said he. "We have nothing to do with the talk of this beggarwoman; let us forward."

The populace was assembling around them; the townsmen great and small, artisans and rustics, taking Katheline's part, cried out:

"Justice, Monseigneur Bailiff, justice."

And the bailiff said to Nele:

"What is this slain man? Speak in accordance with God and the truth."

Nele spoke and said, pointing to the pale gentleman:

"This man came every Saturday to the *keet* to see my mother and to take her money: he killed a friend of his, Hilbert by name, in the field of Servaes van der Vichte, not for love, as this innocent distracted woman thinks, but to have for himself alone the seven hundred carolus."

And Nele told of Katheline's loves and what she heard when she was hidden by night behind the dyke that ran through the field of Servaes van der Vichte.

"Nele is bad," said Katheline; "she speaks hardly of Hans, her father."

"I swear," said Nele, "that he used to cry like a sea-eagle to announce his presence."

"Thou liest," said the gentleman.

"Oh, no!" said Nele, "and monseigneur the bailiff and all these noble lords here present see it well: thou art pale not for cold, but with fear. Whence comes it that thy face no longer shines: thou hast then lost thy magic compound wherewith thou wast wont to rub it that it might appear bright, like the waves in summer when it thunders? But sorcerer accursed, thou shalt be burned before the doors of the Townhall. 'Tis thou that didst cause Soetkin's death, thou that didst reduce her orphan son to want; thou, a man of noble rank, doubtless, and who wast wont to come to us burgesses to bring my mother money once only and to take money from her all the other times."

"Hans," said Katheline, "thou wilt bring me again to the Sabbath and wilt rub me again with ointment; do not listen to Nele, she is bad: thou seest the blood, the soul has made the hole and would come forth: I shall die soon and I shall go into limbo where it burneth not."

"Hold thy tongue, mad witch, I know thee not," said the gentleman, "and know not what thou wouldst say."

"And yet," said Nele, "it was thou that camest with a companion and wouldst have given him to me for a husband: thou knowest that I would have none of him; what did he do, thy friend Hilbert, what did he do with his eyes after I had sunk my nails into them?"

"Nele is bad," said Katheline, "do not believe her, Hans, my darling: she is angry against Hilbert who would have taken her by force, but Hilbert cannot do it now; the worms have eaten him: and Hilbert was ugly. Hans, my darling, thou alone art goodly; Nele is bad."

Upon this the bailiff said:

"Women, go in peace."

But Katheline would by no means leave the place where her friend was. And they must needs bring her to her house by force.

And all the people there assembled cried out:

"Justice, Monseigneur, justice!"

The constables of the commune having come up at the noise, the bailiff bade them remain, and he said to the lords and gentlemen:

"Messeigneurs and Messires, notwithstanding all privileges protecting the illustrious order of nobility in the country of Flanders I must needs, upon the accusations and especially upon that of witchcraft, laid against Messire Joos Damman, have his person apprehended until he be judged according to the laws and ordinances of the Empire. Give me your sword, Messire Joos."

"Monseigneur Bailiff," said Joos Damman, with the utmost hauteur and pride of nobility, "in apprehending my person you are transgressing the law of Flanders, for you are not yourself a judge. Now you are aware that it is permitted to arrest without a warrant from a judge only false coiners, robbers on public roads and highways; fire-raisers, ravishers of women; gendarmes deserting their captain; enchanters making use of poison to poison water springs; monks or nuns that have renounced their vows and banished men. And now, Messires and Messeigneurs, defend me!"

Some would have obeyed, but the bailiff said to them:

"Messeigneurs and Messires, as representing here our king, count, and overlord, to whom is reserved the decision of difficult cases, I command and order you, upon pain of being proclaimed rebels, to return your swords to their scabbards."

The gentlemen having obeyed, and Messire Joos Damman still hesitating, the people cried out:

"Justice, Monseigneur, justice; let him give up his sword."

He did so then against his will, and dismounting from his horse, he was brought by two constables to the prison of the commune.

All the same, he was not shut up in the cellars, but in a barred chamber, where he had, for payment, a good fire, a good bed, and good food, the half of which the gaoler took.

IV

On the next day the bailiff, the two clerks of the court, two aldermen, and a barber-surgeon went by Dudzeele to see if they might find in the field of Ser-

vaes van der Vichte the body of a man along by the dyke running through the field.

Nele had said to Katheline: "Hans, thy darling, asks for the severed hand of Hilbert: this evening he will cry like the sea-eagle; he will come into the cottage, and will bring thee the seven hundred florins carolus."

Katheline had replied: "I will cut it off." And indeed, she took a knife and went forth accompanied by Nele and followed by the officers of justice.

She walked swiftly and proudly beside Nele, whose pretty face the keen air made all rosy and glowing.

The officers of justice, old and coughing, followed her, frozen with cold; and they were all like black shadows on the white plain; and Nele carried a spade.

When they arrived in the field of Servaes van der Vichte and on the dyke, Katheline, walking up to the middle of it, said, pointing to the meadow on her right hand: "Hans, thou didst not know that I was hidden there, shivering at the noise of the swords. And Hilbert cried out: 'This iron is cold.' Hilbert was ugly; Hans is goodly. Thou shalt have his hand; leave me alone."

Then she went down on the left hand, knelt in the snow and cried three times into the air to call the spirit.

Nele then gave her the spade, upon which Katheline made the sign of the cross thrice; then she traced upon the ice the shape of a coffin and three crosses reversed, one on the side of the east, one on the side of the west, and one on the south; and she said: "Three, it is Mars beside Saturn, and three is discovery under Venus, the bright star." She traced after, about the coffin, a great circle, saying: "Begone, evil demon that

guardest corpses." Then falling on her knees in prayer: "Devil friend, Hilbert," said she, "Hans, my master and lord, bids me come here and cut off thy hand and bring it to him. I owe him obedience: make not the earth-fire to leap out against me, because I disturb thy noble burying place: and forgive me in the name of God and of the Saints."

Then she broke the ice, following the outline of the coffin: she came to the damp sword, then to the sandy soil, and monseigneur the bailiff, his officers, Nele, and Katheline beheld the body of a young man, chalk-white by reason of the soil. He was clad in a doublet of gray cloth with a cloak of the same; his sword was laid by his side. At his belt he had a chain purse, and a big poignard planted under his heart; and there was blood upon the cloth of the doublet; and that blood had flowed under his back. And the man was young.

Katheline cut off his hand and put it in her pouch. And the bailiff let her do what she would, then bade her to strip the body of all its insignia and clothing. Katheline having asked if Hans had thus commanded, the bailiff replied that he did nothing save by his orders; and Katheline then did what he wished.

When the body was stripped, it was seen to be dry as wood, but not decayed: and the bailiff and the officers of the commune departed, having covered it again with sand: and the constables carried the cloth.

Passing the front of the prison of the commune, the bailiff said to Katheline that Hans was awaiting her there; she went in joyously.

Nele wanted to prevent her, and Katheline always replied: "I would see Hans, my lord."

And Nele wept on the threshold, knowing that

Katheline was arrested as a witch for the conjurations and figures she had made upon the snow.

And in Damme men said there could be no pardon for her.

And Katheline was put in the western cellar of the prison.

V

The next day, the wind blowing from Brabant, the snow melted and the meadows were flooded.

And the bell called *borgstorm* called the judges to the tribunal of the *Vierschare*, under the penthouse, because of the dampness of the turf.

And the populace surrounded the tribunal.

Joos Damman, being interrogated, confessed that he had killed his friend Hilbert in single combat with the sword. When they said to him: "He was smitten with a poignard," Joos Damman replied: "I struck him on the ground because he died not quick enough. I confess this murder of my own will, being under the protection of the laws of Flanders which forbid the prosecution, after ten years, of a manslayer."

The bailiff, addressing him:

"Art thou not a sorcerer?" said he.

"No," replied Damman.

"Prove this," said the bailiff.

"I will prove it at the proper time and place," said Joos Damman, "but it pleaseth me not to do so as now."

The bailiff then questioned Katheline; she never listened to him, and gazing at Hans:

"Thou art my green lord, lovely as the sun. Take away the fire, my darling!"

Nele, then speaking for Katheline, said:

"She can confess naught but what ye know already, Monseigneur and Messieurs; she is no witch, and only bereft of her wits."

The bailiff then spoke and said:

"A sorcerer is one that, by diabolical means wittingly employed, endeavours to attain somewhat. Now, these twain, man and woman, are sorcerers by intent and deed: he, in having given the ointment for the sabbath, and in having made his face bright like Lucifer in order to obtain money and the satisfying of lewdness; she, in having submitted herself to him, taking him for a devil, and for having given herself up to his desires: the one being the worker of witchcraft, the other his manifest accomplice. There can therefore be no pity, and I must say this, for I perceive the aldermen and the populace over-indulgent in the case of the woman. She has not, it is true, killed or robbed, nor bewitched either beasts or mankind, nor healed any sick by remedies extraordinary, but only by known simples, as an honest and Christian physician; but she would have given up her daughter to the devil, and if this maid had not in her youth resisted with frank and valiant courage she would have yielded to Hilbert and would have become a sorceress like the other. Accordingly, I put it to the members of this tribunal if they are not of the opinion to put both these two to the torture?"

The aldermen made no answer, showing sufficiently that this was not their desire with regard to Katheline.

The bailiff then said, continuing his discourse:

"I am, like yourselves, touched with pity and compassion for her, but this sorceress, bereft of her wits,

so obedient to the devil, might she not, had her lewd co-defendant so bidden her, have been capable of cutting off her daughter's head with a sickle, even as Catherine Daru, in the country of France, did to her two daughters at the invitation of the devil? Might she not, if her black husband had so bidden her, have put animals to death; turned the butter in the churn by throwing sugar in it; been present in the body at all the worship and homage to the devil, dance, abominations, and copulations of sorcerers? Might she not have eaten human flesh, killed children to make pasties of them and sell them, as did a pastry cook in Paris; cut off the thighs of hanged men and carry them away to bite into them raw and thus commit infamous robbery and sacrilege? And I ask of the tribunal that in order to discover whether Katheline and Joos Damman have not committed other crimes than those already known and called into account, they be both put to the torture. Joos Damman refusing to confess anything further than the murder, and Katheline not having told everything, the laws of the empire enjoin upon us to proceed as I indicate."

And the aldermen gave sentence of torture for the Friday which was the day after the morrow.

And Nele cried: "Grace, Messeigneurs!" and the people cried with her. But it was in vain.

And Katheline, looking at Joos Damman, said:

"I have Hilbert's hand; come and take it to-night, my beloved."

And they were taken back to the prison.

There by order of the tribunal, the gaoler was ordered to assign two guardians to each of them, to beat them every time they would have slept; but the two guardians

of Katheline left her to sleep all night, and those of Joos Damman beat him cruelly every time he closed his eyes or even nodded his head.

They were hungry all day on Wednesday, the same night and all Thursday until night, when they were given food and drink, meat salted and saltpetred, and water salted and saltpetred likewise. That was the beginning of their torment And in the morning they brought them, crying out for thirst, into the torture chamber.

There they were set face to face with one another, and bound each upon a bench covered with knotted ropes which made them suffer grievously.

And they were each forced to drink a glass of water, full of salt and saltpetre.

Joos Damman beginning to sleep upon his bench, the constables struck him.

And Katheline said:

"Do not strike him, sirs; you break his poor body. He only committed one crime, for love, when he killed Hilbert. I am athirst, and thou, too, Hans my beloved. Give him to drink first. Water! Water! my body burns. Spare him, I will die soon in his place. A drink!"

Joos said to her:

"Ugly witch, die and burst like a bitch. Throw her in the fire, Messieurs the Judges. I am athirst!"

The clerks took down all he said.

The bailiff then said to him:

"Hast thou nothing to confess?"

"I have nothing more to say," replied Damman; "you know all."

"Since he persists," said the bailiff, "in his denials,

he shall remain on these benches and on these cords until he makes a fresh and full confession, and he shall be athirst, and he shall be kept from sleeping."

"I will stay here," said Joos Damman, "and I will take my pleasure in seeing that witch suffer on this bench. How do you find the marriage bed, my love?"

And Katheline replied, groaning:

"Cold arms and hot heart, Hans, my beloved. I am athirst; my head burns!"

"And thou, woman," said the bailiff, "hast thou naught to say?"

"I hear," said she, "the chariot of death and the dry noise of bones. I thirst! And he taketh me to a great river where there is water, water fresh and clear; but this water it is fire. Hans, my dear, deliver me from these cords. Yea, I am in purgatory and I see on high Monseigneur Jesus in his paradise and Madame Virgin so full of compassion. O our dear Lady, give me one drop of water: do not eat those lovely fruits all alone."

"This woman is smitten with cruel madness," said one of the aldermen. "She must be taken from the bench of torment."

"She is no more mad than I," said Joos Damman; "it is mere play and acting." And in a threatening voice: "I shall see thee in the fire," he said to Katheline, "thou playest the madwoman so well."

And grinding his teeth, he laughed at his cruel lie.

"I thirst," said Katheline; "have pity, I thirst. Hans, my beloved, give me to drink. How white thy face is! Let me come to him, Messieurs the Judges." And opening her mouth wide: "Yea, yea, they are now

putting fire in my breast, and the devils fasten me on this cruel bed. Hans, take thy sword and slay them, thou so mighty. Water, to drink, to drink!"

"Perish, witch," said Joos Damman; "they ought to thrust a choke-pear into her mouth to keep her from setting herself up thus, a low creature like her, against me, a man of rank."

At this word one of the aldermen, an enemy of the nobility, replied:

"Messire Bailiff, it is contrary to the laws and customs of the empire to put a choke-pear into the mouth of any that are being interrogated, for they are here to tell the truth, and for us to judge them from what they say. That is permitted only when the accused being condemned might, upon the scaffold, speak to the people, and in this way move them, and stir up popular feelings."

"I thirst," said Katheline, "give me to drink, Hans, my darling."

"Ah!" said he, "thou dost suffer, accursed witch, sole cause of all the torments I am enduring; but in this torture chamber thou shalt undergo the pain of the candles, the strappado, the wooden splinters under the nails of thy feet and hands. They will make thee ride naked astride a coffin whose back will be sharp as a blade, and thou shalt confess that thou art not mad, but a foul witch to whom Satan hath given it in charge to work evil upon noble men. A drink!"

"Hans, my beloved," said Katheline, "be not wroth with thy handmaiden! I suffer a thousand pangs for thee, my lord. Spare him, Messieurs the Judges. Give him a full goblet to drink, and keep but one drop for me. Hans, is it not yet the hour of the sea-eagle?"

The bailiff then said to Joos Damman:

"When thou didst kill Hilbert, what was the motive of this combat?"

"It was," said Joos, "for a girl at Heyst we both wished to have."

"A girl at Heyst!" cried Katheline, trying at all costs to rise up from her bench; "thou art deceiving me for another, traitor devil. Didst thou know that I was listening to thee behind the dyke when thou saidst that thou wouldst fain have all the money, which was Claes's money? Without doubt it was to go and spend it with her in liquorishness and revelling! Alas! and I that would have given him my blood if he could have made gold of it! And all for another! Be accursed!"

But suddenly, weeping and trying to turn round on her bench of torture:

"Nay, Hans, say that thou wilt still love thy poor handmaid, and I shall scratch the earth with my fingers and find thee a treasure; aye, there is such; and I will go with the hazel twig that bends this way and that where there are metals; and I will find it and bring it back to thee; kiss me, darling, and thou shalt be rich; and we shall eat meat, and we shall drink beer every day; aye, aye, all these folk also drink beer; fresh, foaming beer. Oh! sirs, give me but one single drop; I am in the fire; Hans, I know well where there are hazel trees, but we must wait for the spring time."

"Hold thy tongue, witch," said Joos Damman; "I know thee not. Thou hast taken Hilbert for me: it was he that came to see thee. And in thy wicked mind thou didst call him Hans. Know that I am not called Hans, but Joos: we were of the same height,

Hilbert and I. I do not know thee; it was Hilbert, without doubt, that stole the seven hundred florins carolus; give me to drink; my father will pay a hundred florins for a little goblet of water; but I know not this woman."

"Monseigneur and Messires," exclaimed Katheline, "he saith he knows me not, but I know him well, I, and know that he hath upon his back a mole, brown, and of the size of a bean. Ah! thou didst love a girl at Heyst! Doth a good lover blush for his lover? Hans, am I not still fair?"

"Fair!" said he, "thou hast a face like a medlar and a body like a century of faggots: see the trash that would be loved by noble men! Give me to drink!"

"Thou didst not speak so, Hans, my sweet lord," said she, "when I was sixteen years younger than I am now." Then, beating her head and her breast: "'Tis the fire that is there," said she, "and dries up my heart and withers my face. Do not reproach me with it; dost thou remember when we ate salt meat to drink better, so thou saidst? Now the salt is in us, my beloved, and monseigneur the bailiff is drinking Romagna wine. We do not want wine: give us water. It runs among the grass, the streamlet that makes the clear spring; the good water, it is cold. Nay, it burns. It is water of hell." And Katheline wept, and she said: "I have done ill to no one, and the whole world casteth me into the fire. Give me to drink; men give water to straying dogs. I am a Christian woman. Give me to drink. I have done no ill to any. Give me to drink."

An alderman then spoke and said:

"This witch is mad only in what concerns the fire

she saith burns her head, but she is nowise mad upon other matters, since she helped us with a clear head to discover the remains of the dead man. If the mole is there upon the body of Joos Damman, that sign sufficeth to establish his identity with the devil Hans, for whom Katheline was out of her wits; tormentor, let us see the mark."

The tormentor, uncovering Damman's neck and shoulder, showed the mole, brown and hairy.

"Ah!" said Katheline, "how white is thy skin! One would say a girl's shoulders; thou art goodly, Hans, my beloved: give me to drink!"

The tormentor then thrust a long needle into the mole. But it did not bleed.

And the aldermen said one to the other:

"This man is a devil, and he must have killed Joos Damman and taken his shape the more securely to deceive the poor world."

And the bailiff and the aldermen fell into fear.

"He is a devil and there is witchcraft in it."

And Joos Damman said:

"Ye know there is no witchcraft, and that there are such fleshy excrescences that can be pricked without bleeding. If Hilbert hath taken this witch's money, for it is she that confesseth to have lain with the devil, he could well have done so by the good and free will of this foul hag. And was thus, being a man of rank, paid for his caresses even as *bona robas* are every day. Are there not in the world, the same as girls, gay fellows that make women pay for their strength and comeliness?"

The aldermen said one to another:

"See you his diabolical assurance? His hairy wart

hath not bled: being an assassin, a devil, and a magician, he would fain pass simply for a duellist, throwing his other crimes on to the devil his friend, whose body he has killed, but not his spirit. . . . And consider how pale his face is."—"Thus appear all the devils, red in hell, and pale on earth, for they have none of the fire of life that giveth ruddiness to the countenance, and they are ashes within."—"We must put him in the fire that he may be red and that he may burn."

Then said Katheline:

"Yea, he is a devil, but a kind devil, a sweet devil. And Monseigneur Saint Jacques, his patron, has given him licence to come out of hell. He prays Monseigneur Jesus for him every day. He will have but seven thousand years of purgatory: Madame Virgin wishes it, but Monsieur Satan is against it. None the less Madame does what she has a mind to. Will he go against her? If ye consider well, ye shall see he hath kept naught of his estate and condition as a devil, save the cold body, and also the face luminous as are the waves of the sea in August when it is like to thunder."

And Joos Damman said:

"Hold thy tongue, witch, thou wilt burn me." Then speaking to the bailiff and the aldermen: "Look at me, I am no devil; I have flesh and bones, blood and water. I drink and eat, digest and void like yourselves; my skin is like yours, my foot likewise; tormentor, take my boots off, for I cannot budge with my feet bound."

The tormentor did so, not without fear.

"Look," said Joos, showing his white feet: "are

those cloven feet, devil's feet? As for my paleness, is there none of you that is pale like me? I see more than three among you. But the sinner is not I, but verily this ugly witch, and her daughter, the evil accuser. Whence did she have the money she lent to Hilbert; whence came those florins that she gave him? Was it not the devil that paid her to accuse and bring death to men of noble birth and guiltless? It is those twain that should be asked who killed the dog in the yard, who dug the hole and went off leaving it empty, doubtless to hide the stolen treasure in another place. Soetkin the widow had placed no trust in me, for she never knew me, but in them, and saw them every day. It is they that stole the Emperor's property."

The clerk wrote, and the bailiff said to Katheline:

"Woman, hast thou naught to say for thy defence?"

Katheline, looking upon Joos Damman, said most amorously:

"It is the hour of the sea-eagle. I have Hilbert's hand, Hans, my beloved. They say that thou wilt give me back the seven hundred carolus. Take away the fire! Take away the fire!" cried she after that. "Give me to drink! to drink! my head burns. God and the angels are eating apples in the sky."

And she lost consciousness.

"Loosen her from the bench of torment," said the bailiff.

The tormentor and his assistants obeyed. And she was seen staggering and with feet swollen out, for the tormentor had pulled the cords too tight.

"Give her to drink," said the bailiff.

Cold water was given her, and she swallowed it

greedily, holding the goblet in her teeth as a dog does with a bone and not willing to let it go. Then they gave her more water, and she would have gone to take it to Joos Damman, but the tormentor took the goblet out of her hands. And she fell sleeping like a lump of lead.

Joos Damman cried out furiously:

"I, too, I thirst and am sleepy. Why do you give her to drink? Why do you leave her to sleep?"

"She is weak, a woman, and out of her wits," replied the bailiff.

"Her madness is a game," said Joos Damman, "she is a witch. I want to drink, I want to sleep!"

And he shut his eyes, but the tormentor's *knechts* struck him on the face.

"Give me a knife," he shouted, "till I cut these clowns to pieces: I am a man of rank, and I have never been struck in the face. Water, let me sleep, I am innocent. It was not I that took the seven hundred carolus, it was Hilbert. Give me to drink! I never committed sorceries or incantations. I am innocent. Let me go. Give me to drink!"

The bailiff then:

"How," he asked, "hast thou spent thy time since thou didst leave Katheline?"

"I know not Katheline; I have never left her," said he. "Ye question me on matters foreign to the case. I need not answer you. Give me to drink; let me sleep. I tell you it was Hilbert that did all."

"Untie him," said the bailiff. "Take him back to his prison. But let him thirst and have no sleep until he hath confessed his sorceries and incantations."

And that was a cruel torture to Damman. He cried

out in his cell: "Give me to drink! Give me to drink!" so loud that the people heard him, but without any pity. And when his guardians struck him in the face as he was falling with sleep, he was like a tiger and cried:

"I am a man of rank and will kill you, ye clowns. I will go to the king, our head. Give me to drink." But he confessed nothing, and they left him alone.

VI

They were then in May, the lime tree of justice was green; green, too, were the turf seats upon which the judges placed themselves; Nele was called as witness. On this day sentence was to be pronounced.

And the people, men, women, townsfolk, and artisans were all round about in the field; and the sun shone bright.

Katheline and Joos Damman were brought before the tribunal; and Damman appeared paler than ever by reason of the torture of the thirst and the nights spent without sleep.

Katheline, who could not maintain herself on her shaking legs, said, pointing to the sun:

"Take away the fire; my head burns!"

And she looked on Joos Damman with tender love.

And he looked at her with hate and contempt.

And the lords and gentlemen his friends, having been summoned to Damme, were all present as witnesses before the tribunal.

Then the bailiff spake and said:

"Nele, the girl who defends her mother Katheline with such great and courageous affection, found in the

pocket stitched in her mother's jacket, a jacket for feast days, a note signed 'Joos Damman.' Among the belongings taken from the corpse of Hilbert Ryvish I found in the dead man's satchel another letter addressed to him by the said Joos Damman, the defendant here present before you. I have kept both these letters in my custody, in order that at the appropriate moment, which is the present, you might judge of this man's obstinacy and acquit or condemn him in accordance with law and justice. Here is the parchment found in the satchel; I have never touched it, and know not whether it is legible or not."

The judges were then in great perplexity.

The bailiff endeavoured to undo the parchment ball; but it was in vain, and Joos Damman laughed.

An alderman said:

"Let us put the ball in water, and then before the fire. If there is in it any secret of adhesion, the fire and the water will melt it."

The water was brought; the executioner lit a great fire of wood in the field; the smoke rose up blue into the clear sky through the verdurous branches of the lime tree of justice.

"Do not put the letter in the basin," said an alderman "for if it is written with sal ammoniac dissolved in water, you will efface the characters."

"Nay," said the surgeon, who was there, "the characters will not be effaced; the water will soften only the point that keeps the magic ball from opening up."

The parchment was dipped in the water and being softened, was unfolded.

"Now," said the surgeon, "put it before the fire."

"Aye, aye," said Nele, "put the paper before the

fire; master surgeon is on the road to the truth, for the murderer grows pale and trembles in his limbs."

Thereupon, Messire Joos Damman said:

"I neither grew pale nor trembled, thou little common harpy that art fain of the death of a man of rank; thou shalt never succeed; this parchment must needs be rotten, after sixteen years' sojourning in the earth."

"The parchment is not decayed," said the sheriff, "for the satchel was lined with silk; silk is not consumed in the earth, and the worms have not gone through the parchment."

The parchment was put in front of the fire.

"Monseigneur Bailiff, Monseigneur Bailiff," said Nele, "there is the ink appearing before the fire; give orders that the writing be read."

As the surgeon was about to read it, Messire Joos Damman would have stretched out his arms to seize the parchment; but Nele flung herself upon his arm quick as the wind and said:

"Thou shalt not touch it, for thereon is written thy death or the death of Katheline. If now thy heart bleeds, murderer, there are fifteen years through which ours have been bleeding; fifteen years that Katheline suffers; fifteen years she had her brain in her head burned by thee; fifteen years that Soetkin is dead by consequence of the torture; fifteen years that we are needy, ragged, and live in abject want, but proudly. Read the paper, read the paper! The judges are God upon earth, for they are Justice; read the paper!"

"Read the paper!" cried the men and women, weeping. "Nele is a brave lass! read the paper! Katheline is no witch!"

And the clerk read:

"To Hilbert, son of Willem Ryvish, Esquire, Joos Damman, greeting.

"Blessed friend, lose thy money no more in gambling dens, at dice, and other follies. I will tell thee how it can be won for very certain. Let us make us devils, handsome devils, beloved of women and of girls. Let us take the fair and rich, let us leave the ugly and poor; let them pay for their pleasure. I made, at this trade, in six months five thousand rixdaeldars in the country of Germany. Women will give their petticoat and chemise to their man when they love him; flee from the miserly ones with pinched up nose that take time to pay for their pleasures. For thy own affair, and to appear goodly and a true devil, an incubus, if they accept thee for the night, announce thy coming by crying like a night bird. And to make thee a veritable devil's face, of a terrifying devil, rub thy visage with phosphorus, which is luminous in spots when it is damp. Its odour is disagreeable, but they will believe that it is the odour of hell. Slay what is in thy way, man, woman, or beast.

"We shall soon go together to the house of Katheline, a fine good-natured wench; her daughter Nele, a child of my own, if Katheline was faithful to me, is comely and pretty; thou wilt take her easily; I give her to thee, for I care but little for these bastards that cannot for certain be recognized as one's own offspring. Her mother gave me already more than twenty-three carolus, all she possessed. But she hath a treasure hidden, which is, unless I be a fool, the inheritance of Claes, the heretic burned at Damme: seven hundred florins carolus liable to confiscation, but the good King Philip, who had so many of his subjects burned to inherit after them, could never lay his claw on this sweet treasure. It will weigh

more in my pouch than in his. Katheline will tell me where it is; we shall divide. Only thou must leave me the greater part for the discovery.

"As for the women, being our gentle handmaids and slaves in love, we shall take them to the land of Germany. There we shall teach them to become female demons and succubae, drawing the love of all the rich burgesses and men of birth; there we shall live, they and we, upon love paid for with good rixdaeldars, velvets, silk, gold, pearls, and jewels; we shall thus be rich without fatigue, and, unknown to the succubae devils, beloved by the most lovely, always exacting payment besides. All women are fools and ninnies for the man that can light the fire of love that God set beneath their girdles. Katheline and Nele will be more so than others, and believing us to be devils, will obey us in all things: thou, do thou keep thy forename, but never give the name of thy father, Ryvish. If the judge seizes the women, we shall depart without their knowing us or being able to denounce us. To the rescue, my trusty comrade. Fortune smiles on the young, as was wont to say his late Sainted Majesty Charles the Fifth, past master in affairs of love and of war."

And the clerk, making an end of reading, said:

"Such is this letter, and it is signed, 'Joos Damman, esquire'."

And the people shouted:

"To the death with the murderer! To the death with the sorcerer! To the fire the turner of women's wits! To the gallows with the robber!"

The bailiff said then:

"People, keep silence, that in all freedom we may judge this man."

And speaking to the aldermen:

"I will," said he, "read to you the second letter, found by Nele in the pocket of Katheline's festal jacket; it is conceived as follows:

"Darling Witch, here is the recipe of a compound sent me by the very wife of Lucifer: by the help of this compound thou wilt be able to transport thyself to the sun, the moon, and the stars, converse with the elemental spirits that carry the prayers of men unto God, and to traverse all the towns and burgs and rivers and fields of the whole universe. Thou art to bruise together in equal quantities: stramonium, sleep-solanum, henbane, opium, the fresh tips of hemp, belladonna, and datura.

"If thou wilt, we shall go this night to the sabbath of the spirits: but thou must love me better and not be miserly again like the other night, when thou didst refuse me ten florins, saying thou didst not have them. I know that thou dost hide a treasure and wilt not tell me of it. Dost thou love me no longer, my sweetheart?"

"Thy cold devil,
"HANSKE."

"To the death with the sorcerer!" cried the people.

The bailiff said:

"We must compare the two writings."

This being done, they were adjudged to be similar. The bailiff then said to the lords and gentlemen there present:

"Do ye recognize this man for Messire Joos Damman, son of the alderman of La Keure of Ghent?"

"Aye," said they.

"Did ye know," said he, "Messire Hilbert, son of Willem Ryvish, Esquire?"

One of the gentlemen, who was called Van der Zickelen, spoke and said:

"I am from Ghent; my house is in St. Michael's Place; I know Willem Ryvish, Esquire, sheriff of La Keure of Ghent. He lost, fifteen years past, a son of twenty-three years of age, debauched, a gamester, an idler; but everyone forgave it him because of his youth. Since that time no man has had news of him. I ask to see the sword, the poignard, and the satchel of the dead man."

Having them before him, he said:

"The sword and the poignard carry on the pommel of the hilt the arms of the Ryvishes, which are three silver fish on an azure field. I see the same arms reproduced on a gold shield between the meshes of his pouch. What is that other poignard?"

The bailiff speaking:

"It is that poignard," said he, "which was found planted in the body of Hilbert Ryvish, the son of Willem."

"I recognize on it," said the lord, "the arms of the Dammans; the tower gules on a silver field. So keep me God and all his saints."

The other gentlemen also said:

"We recognize the aforesaid arms for those of Ryvish and of Damman. So keep us God and all his saints."

Then the bailiff said:

"From the evidence heard and read by the tribunal of aldermen, Messire Joos Damman is the sorcerer, a murderer, a seducer of women, a robber of the king's goods, and as such guilty of the crime of treason human and divine."

"You say so, Messire Bailiff," rejoined Joos, "but

you will not condemn me, lacking sufficient proofs: I am not nor ever was a sorcerer; I did but play at the game of being a devil. As for my shining face, you have the recipe for it and that for the unguent, the which, while containing henbane, is merely soporific. When this woman, a real witch, used it, she fell in a trance, and thought she went to the sabbath and there danced in the ring with her face to the outside of the circle, and adored a devil with the shape of a goat, set upon an altar.

"The dance being over, she thought she went and kissed him under the tail, as sorcerers do, to give herself up thereafter with me, her friend, to strange copulations pleasing to her perverted mind. If I had, as she says, cold arms and cool body, it was a mark of youth, not of sorcery. In the works of love coolness doth not endure. But Katheline would fain believe what she desired, and take me for a devil notwithstanding that I am a man of flesh and bone, in everything as yourselves that look at me. She alone is guilty: taking me for a demon and receiving me in her bed, she sinned both in intention and deed against God and the Holy Spirit. It is therefore she, and not I, that committed the crime of sorcery; it is she that is to be made to pass through the fire, as a furious and malignant witch that seeks to make herself pass for a madwoman, in order to hide her cunning."

But Nele:

"Do ye hear him," said she, "the murderer? He hath, like a girl for sale, with the armlet on her arm, made a trade and merchandise of love. Do ye hear him? He means, to save himself, to have her burned that gave him all."

"Nele is bad," said Katheline, "do not listen to her, Hans, my beloved."

"Nay," said Nele, "nay, thou art no man: thou art a cowardly cruel devil." And taking Katheline in her arms: "Messieurs Judges," exclaimed she, "listen not to this pale evil one: he hath but one wish, to see my mother burn, she that did no other crime but to be smitten by God with madness, and to believe the phantoms of her dreams real. She hath already suffered much in her body and in her mind. Do not put her to death, Messieurs the Judges. Leave the innocent to live out her sad life in peace."

And Katheline said: "Nele is bad; thou must not believe her, Hans my lord."

And among the common folk the women were weeping and the men said: "Pardon for Katheline."

The bailiff and the aldermen gave their sentence on Joos Damman, upon a confession which he made after being tortured afresh: he was condemned to be degraded from his noble estate and burned alive in a slow fire until death ensued, and suffered the penalty the next day before the doors of the Townhall, still saying: "Put the witch to death; she alone is guilty! Cursed be God! my father will slay the judges."

And he rendered up the ghost.

And the people said: "See him cursing and a blasphemer: he dies like a dog."

Next day the bailiff and the aldermen gave their sentence upon Katheline, who was condemned to undergo the trial by water in the Bruges Canal. Floating, she should be burned as a witch; going to the bottom and dying, she should be regarded as dying

like a Christian, and as such should be interred in the garden of the church, which is the graveyard.

The day after, Katheline, holding a wax taper in her hand, barefooted and clad in a chemise of black linen, was brought to the bank of the canal, all along by the trees, in grand procession. Before her marched, singing the prayers for the dead, the dean of Notre Dame, his vicars, the beadle carrying the cross; and behind, the bailiffs of Damme, the aldermen, the clerks and recorders, the constables of the commune, the provost, the executioner and his two assistants. Upon the banks there was a great crowd of women weeping and men growling, in pity for Katheline, who walked as a lamb suffering herself to be led she knew not whither, and always saying: "Take away the fire, my head burns! Hans, where art thou?"

In the midst of the women Nele cried: "I want to be thrown in with her." But the women did not suffer her to come near to Katheline.

A sharp wind blew from the sea; from the gray sky a fine hail was falling into the water of the canal; a bark was there, which the executioner and his men seized in the name of His Majesty the king. At their command, Katheline went into it; the executioner was seen, standing in it, and at the signal of the provost lifting his wand of justice, he cast Katheline into the canal: she struggled, but not for long, and went to the bottom, having cried out: "Hans! Hans! help!"

And the people said: "This woman is no witch."

Men plunged into the canal and pulled Katheline out from it, unconscious and rigid as a corpse. Then she was brought into a tavern and placed before a great fire; Nele took off her clothes and her wet linen, to give

her others; when she came back to herself, she said, trembling and chattering her teeth:

"Hans, give me a woollen cloak."

And Katheline could not get back her warmth. And she died on the third day. And she was interred in the garden of the church.

And Nele, orphaned, departed to the land of Holland, to Rosa van Auweghen.

VII

Upon the hulls of Zealand, on *boyers*, on *croustèves*, away goes Thyl Claes Ulenspiegel.

The free sea wafts the valiant flyboats on which are eight, ten or twenty guns all of iron: they belch forth death and massacre on the traitor Spaniards.

He is an expert gunner, Thyl Ulenspiegel, son of Claes, lo how he aims straight and true, and pierces like a wall of butter the carcases of the butchers.

In his hat he wears the silver crescent, with this legend: "*Liever de Turc als den Paus*": "Rather to serve the Turk than the Pope."

The sailors that see him climb up upon their ships, agile as a cat, supple as a squirrel, singing some song or other, with some gay jest in his mouth, would ask him curiously:

"Whence is it, little man, that thou hast so young a mien, for they say thou wert born long ago at Damme?"

"I am no body, but a spirit," said he, "and Nele, my sweetheart, is like me. Spirit of Flanders, love of Flanders, we shall never die."

"And yet," said they, "when thou art cut, thou dost bleed."

"Ye see but the appearance of it," answered Ulenspiegel, "it is wine and not blood."

"We will broach thy belly, then!"

"I would be the only one to drain it," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Thou art mocking us."

"He that beats the case will hear the drum," answered Ulenspiegel.

And the embroidered banners of the Roman Catholic processions floated from the masts of the ships. And clad in velvet, in brocade, in silk, in cloth of gold and of silver, such as abbots wear at solemn masses, bearing mitre and crozier, drinking the monks' wine, the Beggars kept guard on their ships.

And it was a strange sight to behold appearing from out of these rich vestments those coarse hands that held arquebus or arbalest, halberd or pike, and all men of hard physiognomy, girt about with pistols and cutlasses gleaming in the sun, and drinking from golden chalices the abbots' wine that had become the wine of liberty.

And they sang and they shouted: "Long live the Beggar!" and thus they scoured the ocean and the Scheldt.

VIII

At this time the Beggars, among whom were Lamme and Ulenspiegel, took Gorcum. And they were commanded by Captain Marin: this Marin, who had been a workman on the dykes, disported himself with great haughtiness and sufficiency, and signed with Gaspard Turc, the defender of Gorcum, a capitulation whereby Turc, the monks, burgesses, and soldiers shut up in the

citadel were to come forth freely, bullet in mouth, musket on shoulder, with all that they could carry, save that the goods of the Church should be left to the assailants.

But Captain Marin, upon an order from Messire de Lumey, held the thirteen monks as prisoners, and let the soldiers and the citizens go free.

And Ulenspiegel said:

"The word of a soldier should be a word of gold. Why doth he fail of his?"

An ancient Beggar made answer to Ulenspiegel:

"The monks are sons of Satan, the leprosy of nations, the shame of countries. Since the coming of the Duke of Alba, these fellows lifted up their noses high in Gorcum. There is among them one, the priest Nicolas, prouder than a peacock and fiercer than a tiger. Every time he passed in the street with his pyx in which was his host made with dog's fat, he would look with eyes full of fury at the houses from which the women did not come and kneel, and would denounce to the judge all that did not bend the knee before his idol of dough and gilded brass. The other monks imitated him. That was the cause of many great oppressions, burnings, and cruel punishments in the town of Gorcum. Captain Marin does well to keep prisoner the monks who would else go off with their likes into villages, burgs, towns, and townlets, to preach against us, stirring up the populace and causing the poor reformers to be burned. Mastiffs are put on the chain until they die: to the chain with the monks; to the chain with the *bloed-honden*, the duke's blood-hounds; to the cage with the butchers. Long live the Beggar!"

"But," said Ulenspiegel, "Monseigneur d'Orange,

our prince of liberty, wills that we should respect, among those who surrender, the property of individuals and freedom of conscience."

The ancient Beggars replied:

"The admiral wills it not for the monks: he is master; he took Briele. To the cage with the monks!"

"Word of a soldier, word of gold! why does he fail of it?" answered Ulenspiegel. "The monks kept in prison suffer a thousand insults."

"The ashes beat no longer upon thy heart," said they: "a hundred thousand families, in consequence of the edicts, have taken over yonder, to the north-west, to the land of England, the trades, the industry, the wealth of our country; bemoan then those that wrought our ruin! Under the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Butcher the First, under this one, the king of Blood, Butcher the Second, one hundred and eighteen thousand persons have perished by execution. Who carried the taper of the obsequies in murder and in tears? Monks and soldiers of Spain. Dost thou not hear the souls of the dead lamenting?"

"The ashes beat upon my heart," said Ulenspiegel. "Word of a soldier, 'tis word of gold."

"Who then," said they, "would by excommunication have put the country under the ban of all nations? Who would have armed against us, had it been possible, earth and sky, God and the devil, and their serried ranks of saints, both male and female? Who made the sacred host bleed with the blood of an ox, who made wooden statues weep? Who had the *De Profundis* sung in the land of our fathers, if not this accursed clergy, these hordes of lazy monks, in order that they might keep their riches, their influence over idol

worshippers, and reign over the poor country by ruin, blood, and fire. To the cage with the wolves that rush upon men on earth; to the cage with the hyænas! Long live the Beggar!"

"Word of a soldier, word of gold," said Ulenspiegel.

The next day a message came from Messire de Lumey, with orders to transfer from Gorcum to Briele, where the admiral was, the nineteen monks that were prisoners.

"They will be hanged," said Captain Marin to Ulenspiegel.

"Not while I am alive," replied he.

"My son," said Lamme, "speak not thus to Messire de Lumey. He is fierce, and will hang thee with them without mercy."

"I shall speak according to the truth," replied Ulenspiegel; "word of a soldier, word of gold."

"If thou canst save them," said Marin, "take their boat to Briele. Take with thee Rochus the pilot and thy friend Lamme if thou wilt."

"I do wish it," answered Ulenspiegel.

The boat was moored at the Green quay; the nineteen monks entered into it; Rochus the timid was set at the helm; Ulenspiegel and Lamme, well armed, took their place at the prow of the ship. Certain rascal troopers that had come among the Beggars for pillage were beside the monks, who were hungry. Ulenspiegel gave them drink and food. "That one is going to turn traitor!" said the rascal troopers. The nineteen monks, seated amidships, were all gaping and shivering, though it was July, and the sun was bright and hot, and a gentle breeze filled out the sails of the ship as she glided massive and bulging over the green waves.

Father Nicolas then spake and said to the pilot:

"Rochus, are we being brought to the Gallows Field?"

Then turning towards Gorcum: "O town of Gorcum!" said he, standing and stretching out his hand, "town of Gorcum! how many woes hast thou to suffer: thou shalt be accursed among cities, for thou hast grown within thy walls the grain of heresy! O town of Gorcum! And the angel of the Lord shall watch no longer at thy gates. He will have no more care of thy virgins' modesty, the courage of thy men, the fortune of thy merchants! O town of Gorcum! thou art accursed, unfortunate!"

"Accursed, accursed," answered Ulenspiegel, "accursed as the comb that hath passed through and taken away the Spanish lice, accursed as the dog breaking his chain, as the proud horse shaking a cruel rider from off his back! Accursed thyself, booby preacher, who findest ill that the rod should be broken, were it an iron rod upon the tyrants' back!"

The monk held his tongue, and lowering his eyes, appeared steeped in holy hate.

The rascal soldiers that had come among the Beggars for the sake of pillage were close by the monks, who soon were hungry. Ulenspiegel asked biscuit and herrings for them; the ship master answered:

"Let them be thrown into the Meuse, they can have fresh herring to eat then."

Ulenspiegel then gave the monks all the bread and sausage he had for himself and for Lamme. The shipmaster and the rascal Beggars said one to another:

"This one is a traitor, he is feeding the monks; we must denounce him."

AttDordrecht the ship stopped in the Harbour at the Bloemen-Key, the Flower quay; men, women, lads, and lasses ran up in crowds to see the monks, and said to one another pointing at them with a finger or threatening them with their fist:

"Look at those clowns, manufacturers of Bons Dieux that bring men's bodies to the stake and their souls to the fire everlasting; look at the fat tigers and big-bellied jackals."

The monks hung their heads and dared not speak. Ulenspiegel saw them trembling once more.

"We are hungry again," said they, "compassionate soldier."

But the ship master:

"What is always drinking? Dry sand. Who eats without ceasing? The monk."

Ulenspiegel went up the town to find bread for them, ham, and a great jug of beer.

"Eat and drink," said he; "ye are our prisoners, but I shall save you if I can. Word of a soldier, word of gold."

"Why dost thou give them that? They will never pay you," said the rascal Beggars; and talking among themselves they whispered these words in each other's ears: "He has promised to save them; let us keep good watch upon him."

At dawn they came to Briele. The gates having been opened to them, a *voet-looper*, a courier, went to inform Messire de Lumey of their coming.

As soon as he had the news, he came on horseback, having just put on his clothes, and accompanied by some horsemen and foot-soldiers, with their weapons.

And Ulenspiegel could see once more the fierce admiral clad like a proud lord living in opulence.

"Hail and greeting," said he, "Messires the monks. Lift up your hands. Where is the blood of Messieurs d'Egmont and de Hoorn? Ye show me clean white paws; 'tis well for you."

A monk called Leonard answered:

"Do with us as thou wilt. We are monks; no one will claim us."

"He hath well said," said Ulenspiegel; "for the monk having broken with the world, which is father and mother, brother and sister, spouse and lover, finds at the hour of God no soul that claims him. And yet, Your Excellency, I will do so. Captain Marin, when he signed the capitulation of Gorcum, agreed that these monks should be free as all those that were taken in the citadel, and who came out from it. And yet they were held prisoner without cause; I hear it said they shall be hanged. Monseigneur, I address myself humbly to you, speaking to you on their behalf, for I know that the word of a soldier is word of gold."

"Who art thou?" asked Messire de Lumey.

"Monseigneur," answered Ulenspiegel, "Fleming am I from the goodly land of Flanders, clown, nobleman, all at once, and through the world in this wise I go wandering, praising things good and lovely, and mocking folly without stint. And I will praise you if you keep to the promise made by the captain: word of a soldier, word of gold."

But the rascally Beggars that were upon the ship:

"Monseigneur," said they, "that fellow is a traitor: he hath promised to save them; he hath given them bread, ham, sausages, and beer, and to us nothing."

Messire de Lumey said then to Ulenspiegel:

"Fleming gadabout and monk feeder, thou shalt be hanged with them."

"I have no fear," answered Ulenspiegel, "word of a soldier, word of gold."

"Thou carriest thy comb high," said de Lumey.

"The ashes beat upon my heart," said Ulenspiegel.

The monks were brought into a barn, and Ulenspiegel with them: there they would fain have converted him by theological disputations; but he fell asleep listening to them.

Messire de Lumey being at table, full of wine and meat, a messenger arrived from Gorcum, from Captain Marin, with a copy of letters from the Silent, Prince of Orange, "commanding all governors of cities and other places to hold the ecclesiastics in like safeguard, safety, and privilege as the rest of the people."

The messenger asked to be brought before de Lumey to give the copy of the letters into his own hands.

"Where is the original?" de Lumey asked him.

"With my master," said the messenger.

"And the clown sends me the copy!" said de Lumey. "Where is thy passport?"

"Here it is, Monseigneur," said the messenger.

Messire de Lumey read it in a loud voice:

"Monseigneur and master Marin Brandt enjoins upon the ministers, governors, and officers of the republic that they suffer to pass safely," etc.

De Lumey, striking his fist on the table and tearing up the passport:

"God's blood!" said he, "what is he meddling with, this Marin, this trash, who had not, before the taking of Briele, the backbone of a red herring to put be-

tween his teeth? He dubs himself monseigneur and master, and sends me his order. He enjoins and ordains! Tell thy master that since he is so much captain and monseigneur, and so much bidding and forbidding, the monks shall be hanged high and short at once, and thou with them if thou dost not take thyself off."

And fetching him a kick, he sent him out of the chamber.

"Give me to drink," he cried. "Have you seen the insolence of this Marin? I could spit out my breakfast with rage. Let them hang the monks immediately in their barn, and bring me their Flemish conductor, after he has seen their execution. We shall see if he will dare to tell me I have done wrong. God's blood! what are these jugs and glasses wanted here for still?"

And he broke with a great crashing the cups and dishes, and no man dared speak to him. The servants would have picked up the pieces; he did not allow them, and drinking out of the flasks immoderately, he became more and more angry, striding about and crushing the bits and trampling on them furiously.

Ulenspiegel was brought before him.

"Well!" said he, "dost thou bring tidings of thy friends the monks?"

"They are hanged," said Ulenspiegel; "and a cowardly executioner, killing them for hire, opened the belly and sides of one of them after death, like a disembowelled pig, to sell the fat to an apothecary. Word of a soldier is no longer word of gold."

De Lumey, trampling among the broken crockery:

"Thou bravest me," said he, "four-foot rascal, but

thou, too, shalt be hanged, not in a barn, but ignominiously on the open square, in the eyes of everybody."

"Shame upon you," said Ulenspiegel, "shame upon us: word of a soldier no longer word of gold."

"Wilt thou hold thy tongue, mule!" said Messire de Lumey.

"Shame upon thee," said Ulenspiegel; "word of a soldier is no more word of gold. Punish rather the rascally vendors of human fat."

Then Messire de Lumey, rushing on him, raised his hand to strike him.

"Strike," said Ulenspiegel; "I am thy prisoner, but I have no fear of thee; word of a soldier is no more word of gold."

Messire de Lumey then drew his sword and would certainly have slain Ulenspiegel if Messire de Tres-Long, holding back his arm, had not said:

"Have pity! he is brave and valiant; he hath committed no crime!"

De Lumey, then controlling himself:

"Let him ask pardon," said he.

But Ulenspiegel, remaining upright:

"I will not," said he.

"Let him say at least that I was not wrong," cried de Lumey, becoming furious.

Ulenspiegel made answer:

"I do not lick the boots of lords: word of a soldier is no more word of gold."

"Let them erect the gallows," said de Lumey, "and let them bring him to it; that will be a hempen word for him."

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel, "and I shall cry out in

the presence of all the people: 'Word of a soldier is no more word of gold!' "

The gallows was set up on the great marketplace. The news ran swiftly about the town that they were about to hang Ulenspiegel, the valiant Beggar. And the people were moved with pity and compassion. And they ran together in a crowd to the great market; Messire de Lumey came thither also on horseback, wishing himself to give the signal for the execution.

He looked with no mildness upon Ulenspiegel on the ladder, arrayed for death, in his shirt, his arms tied to his body, his hands folded, the rope about his neck, and the executioner ready to do his work.

Tres-Long said to him:

"Monseigneur, pardon him; he is no traitor, and no one ever saw a man hanged because he was sincere and merciful."

And the men and women of the people, hearing Tres-Long speak, cried: "Pity, Monseigneur, grace and pity for Ulenspiegel."

"That mule-headed fellow braved me," said de Lumey: "let him repent and say I did right."

"Wilt thou repent and say that he did right?" said Tres-Long to Ulenspiegel.

"Word of a soldier is no more word of gold," replied Ulenspiegel.

"Put on the rope," said de Lumey.

The executioner was about to obey; a young girl, all clad in white and garlanded with flowers, ran up the stairs of the scaffold, leaped on Ulenspiegel's neck, and said:

"This man is mine; I take him for my husband."

And the people applauded and the women cried out:

"Long live, long live the girl who is Ulenspiegel's saviour!"

"What is this?" asked Messire de Lumey.

Tres-Long answered:

"After the use and custom of the town, it is by right and law that a young maiden and unmarried woman can save a man from the rope by taking him for husband at the foot of the gallows."

"God is with him," said de Lumey; "untie him."

Then riding up to the scaffold, he saw the girl prevented from cutting Ulenspiegel's ropes and the executioner seeking to oppose her efforts and saying:

"If you cut them, who will pay for them?"

But the girl paid no heed to him.

Seeing her so light, so loving, and so subtle, he was touched.

"Who art thou?" said he.

"I am Nele, his betrothed," said she, "and I come from Flanders to seek him."

"Thou didst well," said de Lumey in a naughty voice.

And he went away.

Tres-Long then coming up:

"Little Fleming," said he, "once thou art married wilt thou be a soldier still in our ships?"

"Aye, Messire," answered Ulenspiegel.

"And thou, girl, what wilt thou do without thy man?" Nele answered:

"If you are willing, Messire, I will be fifer in his ship."

"I am willing," said Tres-Long.

And he gave her two florins for the wedding feast.

And Lamme, weeping and laughing with pleasure, said:

"Here are three florins more: we shall eat it all; I am paying. Let us go to the Golden Comb. He is not dead, my friend. Long live the Beggar!"

And the people applauded, and they went off to the Golden Comb, where a great feast was ordered: and Lamme threw deniers to the people out of the windows.

And Ulenspiegel said to Nele:

"Darling beloved, there thou art then beside me! Hurrah! She is here, flesh, heart, and soul, my sweet friend. Oh! the sweet eyes and lovely red lips whence there came never aught but kind words! She saved my life, the dear beloved! Thou shalt play the fife of deliverance on our ships. Dost thou remember . . . but no. . . . Ours is the present hour full of gladness, and mine thy face sweet as June flowers. I am in paradise. But," said he, "thou art weeping. . . ."

"They have killed her," said she.

And she told him the tale of mourning.

And, looking on one another, they wept with love and grief.

And at the feast they drank and ate, and Lamme looked on them woefully, saying:

"Alas! my wife, where art thou?"

And the priest came and married Nele and Ulenspiegel.

And the morning sun found them one beside the other in their bridal bed.

And Nele lay with her head on Ulenspiegel's shoulder. And when she awoke in the sunshine, he said:

"Fresh face and sweet heart, we shall be the avengers of Flanders."

She, kissing him on the mouth:

"Wild head and stout arms," said she, "God will bless the fife and the sword."

"I will make thee a soldier's garb."

"At once?" said she.

"At once," replied Ulenspiegel; "but who said that strawberries are good in the morning? Thy mouth is far better."

IX

Ulenspiegel, Lamme, and Nele had, like their friends and comrades, taken from the convents the wealth gotten from the people by the help of processions, feigned miracles, and other Roman mummeries. This was against the orders of the Silent, the prince of liberty, but the money helped with the charges of the war. Lamme Goedzak, not content with providing himself with money, looted from out the convents hams, sausages, flasks of beer and wine, and came back from them joyously carrying across his breast a baldric of fowls, geese, turkeys, capons, hens and pullets, and leading behind him on a rope certain monastical calves and pigs. And this by right of war, said he.

Rejoicing in each prize, he fetched it to the ship that there might be revel and feast, but lamented all the same that the master cook was so ignorant in the science of sauces and fricassees.

Now on that day the Beggars, having looked victoriously upon the cup, said to Ulenspiegel:

"Thou hast thy nose always in the wind to smell out news of terra firma; thou knowest all the adventures of the war: sing them to us. And Lamme shall beat the drum the while and the pretty little fifer shall squeal to the measure of thy song."

And Ulenspiegel said:

"One bright cool day in May, Ludwig of Nassau, thinking to enter into Mons, finds not his footmen nor his horse. A few trusty men held a gate open and a drawbridge down, that he might have the town. But the citizens seized the gate and the drawbridge. Where are the soldiers of Count Louis? The citizens are about to hoist up the bridge. Count Louis winds his horn."

And Ulenspiegel sang:

"Where are thy footmen and thy horse?
They are in the woods, treading all down:
Dry twigs, and lily of the valley in bloom.
Master Sun makes all shine,
Their ruddy warrior faces,
The polished rumps of their horses;
Count Ludwig winds his horn:
They hear it. Softly beat the drum.

"Full trot, bridle loose!
Speed of the lightning, speed of the cloud:
Water spout of clinking iron;
They fly, the heavy horsemen!
Haste! haste! to the rescue!
The bridge rises . . . Send the spur
Into the chargers' bloody flanks.
The bridge rises: The town is lost!

"They are before it. Is it too late?
Ride like the wind! Bridle loose!
Guitoy de Chaumont on his Spanish steed
Leaps on the bridge that falls again.
The town is won! Do ye hear
Along the paven streets of Mons
Speed of the lightning, speed of the cloud,
Waterspout of clinking iron!

"Hurrah for Chaumont and his Spanish steed!
Sound the clarion of joy, beat upon the drum:
'Tis the hay month, fragrant are the meadows;
The lark mounts up, singing in the sky:
Long live the bird of freedom!
Beat upon the drum of glory.
Hurrah for Chaumont and the Spanish steed.
Hey there. Drink up there.
The town is won! . . . Long live the Beggar!"

And the Beggars sang on the ships: "Christ look down upon thy soldiers. Furbish our weapons, Lord. Long live the Beggar!"

And Nele, smiling, made the fife squeal amain, and Lamme beat the drum, and aloft, towards the sky, God's temple, there were raised golden cups and hymns of liberty. And the waves, like sirens, bright and cool about the ships, murmured in harmony.

X

One day in the month of August, a hot and heavy day, Lamme was plunged in melancholy. His jolly drum was dumb and sleeping, and he had thrust the drumsticks into the mouth of his satchel. Ulenspiegel and Nele, smiling with amorous delight, were warming themselves in the sun: the look-out men stationed in the tops were whistling or singing, searching over the wide ocean if they could not see some prey on the horizon. Très-Long kept questioning them; they still replied: "*Niets*," nothing.

And Lamme, pale and broken down, sighed piteously. And Nele said to him:

"Whence cometh it, Lamme, that thou art so woebegone?"

And Ulenspiegel said to him:

"Thou art growing thin, my son."

"Aye," said Lamme, "I am woebegone and thin. My heart loses its gaiety and my jolly face its freshness. Aye, laugh at me, ye that have found one another again through a thousand perils. Mock you at poor Lamme, who lives a widower, being married, while she," said he, pointing to Nele, "must needs tear her man away from the kisses of the rope, his last lover. She did well, God be praised; but let her not laugh at me. Aye, thou must not laugh at poor Lamme, Nele, my dear. My wife laughs enough for ten. Alas, ye females, ye are cruel towards others' woes. Aye, I have a grieved heart, stricken with the sword of desertion, and nothing will ever comfort it, if not she."

"Or some fricassee," said Ulenspiegel.

"Aye," said Lamme, "where is the meat in this miserable ship? On the king's vessels, they have meat four times a week, if there be no fast, and fish three times. As for the fish, God destroy me if this tow—I mean their flesh—does anything but kindle my blood for nothing, my poor blood that will go to water before long. They have beer, cheese, soup, and good drink. Aye! they have everything for the comfort of their stomachs: biscuit, rye bread, beer, butter, smoked meat, yea, all, dried fish, cheese, mustard seed, salt, beans, peas, barley, vinegar, oil, tallow, wood, and coal. We, we have just been forbidden to take the cattle of any so-ever, be he citizen, abbot, or gentleman. We eat herrings and drink small beer. Alas! I have nothing left now: neither love of women, nor good wine, nor *dobbele-bruinbier*, nor good food. Where are our joys here?"

"I will tell thee, Lamme," answered Ulenspiegel. "Eye for eye, tooth for tooth: at Paris, on Saint Bartholomew's night, they killed ten thousand free hearts in Paris city alone; the king himself shot at his folk. Awake, Fleming; seize the axe without mercy: there are our joys; smite the Spaniard and Roman enemy wherever thou shalt find him. Let be thy eatables. They have taken the dead or living victims to their rivers, and by full cartloads, and have flung them in the water. Dead or alive, dost thou hear, Lamme? The Seine ran red for nine days, and the ravens settled down in clouds upon the town. At La Charité, at Rouen, Toulouse, Lyons, Bordeaux, Bourges, Meaux, terrible was the massacre. Seest thou the troops of dogs satiate with eating, lying beside the bodies? Their teeth are tired. The flight of the ravens is heavy, so laden are their stomachs with the flesh of the victims. Hearest thou, Lamme, the voice of their spirits crying vengeance and pity? Awake, Fleming! Thou dost speak of thy wife. I do not believe her unfaithful, but bereft of her wits, and she loveth thee still, poor friend of mine: she was not among those court ladies who on the very night of the massacre stripped the bodies with their fine hands to see how great or how small were their carnal members. And they laughed, these ladies great in lewdness. Rejoice, my son, notwithstanding thy fish and thy small beer. If the after taste of the herring is insipid, more insipid still is the smell of this foulness. Those that slew took their meals, and with ill-washen hands carved fat geese to offer the wings, legs, and rump to the charming Paris damozels. They had but lately felt other meat, cold meat."

"I will complain no more, my son," said Lamme, rising up: "the herring is ortolan; malvoisie is small beer to free hearts."

And Ulenspiegel said:

"Long Live the Beggar! Let us not weep, brothers.
In ruins and blood

"Flowers the rose of liberty.
If God is with us, who shall be against?

"When the hyæna triumphs,
Comes the lion's turn,
With one stroke of his paw he flings him, disbowelled,
on the ground.
Eye for eye, tooth for tooth. Long live the Beggar!"

And the Beggars on the ship sang:

"The Duke keeps the same fate for us.
Eye for eye, tooth for tooth,
Wound for wound. Long live the Beggar!"

XI

On a black night the tempest growled in the depths of the clouds. Ulenspiegel was on the deck of the ship with Nele, and said:

"All our lights are out. We are foxes, watching by night for the passing of the Spanish poultry, which is to say their two and twenty *assabres*, rich ships with lanterns burning, that will be to them stars of ill fortune. And we shall rush upon them."

Nele said:

"This night is a witches' night. This sky is black

as the mouth of hell; these lightnings gleam like the smile of Satan; the distant thunderstorm is growling dully; the sea-mews pass, uttering loud cries; the sea rolls its phosphorescent waves like silver serpents. Thyl, my beloved, come into the world of the spirits. Take the powder of vision."

"Shall I see the Seven, my darling?"

And they took the powder of vision.

And Nele shut Ulenspiegel's eyes, and Ulenspiegel shut Nele's eyes. And they beheld a cruel spectacle.

Heaven, earth, sea were full of men, of women, of children, toiling, wandering, journeying, or dreaming. The sea cradled them; the earth carried them. And they swarmed like eels in a basket.

Seven men and women were in the middle of the firmament, seated upon thrones, their brows girt with a brilliant star, but they were so shadowy that Nele and Ulenspiegel could see only their stars with any distinctness.

The sea rose up to the sky, tumbling in its foam the innumerable multitude of ships whose masts and rigging clashed together, interlocked, broke one another, crushed each other, following the tempestuous moving of the waves. Then one ship appeared in the midst of all the others. Its bottom was of flaming iron. Its keel was made of steel shaped and sharpened like a knife. The water cried out, groaning, when it went through. Death was upon the stern of the ship, seated, grinning, holding his scythe in one hand and in the other a whip which he smote upon seven personages. One was a man woebegone, thin, haughty, silent. He held in one hand a sceptre and in the other a sword. Beside him, mounted upon a goat, there

was a ruddy girl, with bared breast, her robe open, and a sprightly eye. She was stretched out lasciviously beside an old Jew picking up bits of rubbish and a big bloated fellow that fell down every time she set him on his feet, while a thin and angry woman beat them both. The big man never avenged himself nor did his red-faced she-companion. A monk in their midst was eating sausages. A woman lying on the earth, was crawling like a serpent among the others. She bit the old Jew because of his old rubbish, the bloated man because he was too comfortable, the red woman for the dewy brightness of her eyes, the monk for his sausage, and the thin man because of his sceptre. And soon all of them fell a-fighting.

When they passed, the battle was horrible on the sea, in the sky, and on the earth. It rained blood. The ships were broken with blows of axes, arquebuses, and cannon shot. The shattered fragments flew into the air in the midst of the powder smoke. On the earth armies clashed together like walls of bronze. Towns, villages, harvests burned amid cries and tears: tall spires, stone lace-work, held up their proud silhouettes in the midst of the fire, then fell down with a crash like oak trees laid low. Black horsemen, numerous and close arrayed as bands of ants, sword in hand, pistol in hand, were smiting men, women, children. Some made holes in the ice and buried old men alive in them; others cut off women's breasts and sprinkled pepper on the place; others hanged children in the fireplaces. Those who were tired of killing violated some girl or some woman; drank, played dice, and tossing over piles of gold, the fruit of pillage, dabbled their red fingers in it.

The Seven, crowned with stars, cried: "Pity for the poor world!"

And the phantoms grinned with laughter. And their voices were as the voices of a thousand sea-eagles crying together. And Death brandished his scythe.

"Dost thou hear them?" said Ulenspiegel; "they are the birds of prey of poor mankind. They live on small birds, which are the simple and the good."

The Seven, crowned with stars, cried: "Love, justice, compassion!"

And the Seven phantoms laughed loudly. And their voices were like the voices of a thousand sea-eagles crying all together. And Death struck them with his whip.

And the ship passed over the sea, cutting in two boats, vessels, men, women, children. On the sea reëchoed the plaints of the victims crying: "Pity!"

And the red ship passed over them all, while the phantoms, laughing, cried like sea-eagles.

And Death, laughing loud, drank the water that was full of blood.

And the ship having disappeared in the mist, the battle ceased, and the Seven crowned with stars vanished away.

And Ulenspiegel and Nele saw nothing now save the black sky, the surging sea, the dark clouds coming forward on the phosphorescent sea, and close at hand, red stars.

These were the lanterns of the two and twenty *assabres*. The sea and the thunder were growling dully and faintly.

And Ulenspiegel rang the bell for the *wacharm* softly, and cried: "The Spaniard, the Spaniard! He is

sailing for Flessingue!" And the cry was repeated throughout the whole fleet.

And Ulenspiegel said to Nele:

"A gray hue is spreading over the sky and over the sea. The lanterns burn now but feebly; the dawn lifts, the wind is freshening, the waves throw their spume over the decks of the ships; a thick rain is falling and speedily ceases; the sun rises radiant, gilding the crest of the waves: it is thy smile, Nele, fresh as the morning, sweet as the sun's ray."

The two and twenty *assabres* pass: on the ships of the Beggars the drums are beating, the fifes are squealing: de Lumey cries: "In the Prince's name, to the chase!" Ewont Pietersen Wort, sub-admiral, cries: "In the name of Monseigneur d'Orange and the admiral, to the chase!" On all the ships, the *Johannah*, the *Swan*, *Anne-Mic*, the *Beggar*, the *Compromise*, the *d'Egmont*, the *de Hoorn*, on the *Willem de Zwyger* (the *William the Silent*,) all the captains cry: "In the name of Monseigneur d'Orange and the admiral!"

"To the chase! Long live the Beggar!" cry the soldiers and sailors. Très-Long's *houlque*, on which are Lamme and Ulenspiegel, and called *Briele*, followed closely by the *Johannah*, the *Swan*, and the *Beggar*, take four *assabres*. The Beggars fling everything Spanish into the sea, make the inhabitants of the Low Countries prisoners, empty the ships like eggshells, and leave them to float without masts or sails in the roadstead. Then they pursue the other eighteen. The wind blows violently; coming from Antwerp, the sides of the swift ships bend over in the water of the river beneath the weight of the sails swollen like a monk's cheeks in the wind that comes

from kitchens; the *assabres* go swiftly; the Beggars pursue them into the very roadstead of Meddleburg under the fire from the forts. There a bloody battle joins: the Beggars carrying axes rush on the decks of the ships, soon strewn with lopped-off arms and legs, that have to be thrown into the waves after the combat ends. The forts fire on them: they take no heed, and to the shout of "Long live the Beggar!" take from out the *assabres* powder, artillery, bullets, and corn; burn the boats when they have emptied them; and make off to Flessingue, leaving them smoking and flaming in the roadsteads.

From there they will send squadrons to pierce the dykes of Zealand and Holland, to help in the construction of fresh ships, and notably of flyboats of one hundred and forty tons carrying up to twenty cannon of cast iron.

XII

On the ships it is snowing. The air is all white as far as eye can see, and the snow falls without ceasing, falls softly upon the black water where it melts.

On the earth it is snowing: all white are the roadways, all white the black silhouettes of the trees bereft of their leaves. No sound but the distant bells of Haarlem striking the hour, and the gay chime sending its muffled notes through the thick air.

Bells, ring not; bells, play not your sweet and simple airs: Don Frederic draws near, the dukeling of blood. He is marching upon thee, followed by thirty-five companies of Spaniards, thy mortal foes, Haarlem, O thou city of liberty; twenty-two companies of Walloons, eighteen companies of Germans, eight hundred horse,

a powerful artillery, all follow in his train. Hearest thou the clang of this murderous iron on the wagons? Falconets, culverins, big-mouthed mortars, all that is for thee, Haarlem. Bells, ring not; chimes, fling not your gladsome notes into the air thickened with snow.

"Bells, we the bells, shall ring; I, the chime, I shall sing, flinging my bold notes into the air thick with snow. Haarlem is the town of hardy hearts, of brave women. Undaunted she sees, from her topmost towers, the black masses of the butchers undulating like troops of ants: Ulenspiegel, Lamme, and a hundred sea Beggars are within her walls. Their fleet is cruising in the lake."

"Let them come!" say the inhabitants; "we are but citizens, fishermen, sailors, and women.

"The son of the Duke of Alba wanteth, he declares, no other keys to come into our house than his cannon. Let him open, if he can, these weak gates; he will find men behind them. Ring out, bells; chimes, launch your glad notes into the air thick with snow.

"We have but weak walls and old-fashioned ditches. Fourteen guns belch out their balls of forty-six pound on the *Cruys-poort*. Put men where stones are lacking. Night comes, every man toileth, it is as though the cannon had never been there. On the *Cruys-poort* they have hurled six hundred and eighty shot; on St. John's Gate six hundred and seventy-five. These keys do not open, for there, behind, rises a new rampart. Ring out, bells; chimes, hurl into the thick air your merry notes.

"The cannon beat, beat, beat ever on the walls; the stones fly, the walls crumble. Wide enough is the breech to let a company pass in abreast. The assault! 'Kill! Kill!' they cry. They mount, they are ten

thousand; suffer them to pass the moats with their bridges, with their ladders. Our cannon are ready. Lo, there the flag of those that are to die. Salute them, cannon of liberty! They salute: chain shot, balls of flaming tar flying and hissing, pierce, cut, kindle, blind the assailing masses that fall back and flee in disorder. Fifteen hundred dead lie in the ditch. Ring out, bells; and ye, chimes, fling into the thickened air your merry notes.

"Come back to the assault! They dare not. They fall to shooting and sapping. We, too, we know the arts of the mine. Beneath them, beneath them light the train; run, we shall see a goodly sight. Four hundred Spaniards blown into the air. This is not the road of eternal fires. Oh! the goodly dance to the silver sound of our bells, to the merry music of our chimes!

"They never suspect that the prince is watching over us; that every day there come to us by ways well guarded sledges of corn and gunpowder; the corn for us, the powder for them. Where are their six hundred Germans that we slew and drowned in the Haarlem Wood? Where are the eleven ensigns we have taken from them, the six pieces of artillery, and the fifty oxen? We had one girdle of walls; now we have two. Even the women fight, and Kennan leads their valiant band. Come, butchers, march down our streets; the children will hamstring you with their little knives. Ring out, bells; and ye, chimes, fling into the thickened air your merry notes!

"But fortune is not with us. The Beggars' fleet is beaten in the lake. They are beaten, the troops Orange had sent to our help. It freezes, it freezes bitterly. No more help now. Then for five months,

a thousand against ten thousand, we hold out. Now we must needs come to terms with the butchers. Will he listen to any terms, this bloody dukeling who hath sworn our destruction? Let us send out all our soldiers with their arms: they will pierce the enemy bands. But the women are at the gates, fearing lest they be left to guard the town alone. Bells, ring out no more; chimes, fling no more into the air your merry notes.

"Here is June; the hay is fragrant, the corn grows golden in the sun, the birds are singing: we have been hungry for five months; the town is in mourning; we shall all go forth from Haarlem, the musketeers at the head to open up the way, the women, the children, the magistrates behind, guarded by the infantry that watches at the breech. A letter, a letter from the dukeling of blood! Is it death he announces? Nay, it is life to all that are in the town. O unlooked-for clemency; O lie, mayhap! Wilt thou still sing, O merry chime? They are entering the town."

Ulenspiegel, Lamme, and Nele had donned the costume of the German soldiers shut up with them, to the number of six hundred, in the cloister of the Augustines.

"We shall die to-day," said Ulenspiegel in a low tone to Lamme.

And he clasped to his breast the dainty form of Nele all shivering with fear.

"Alas! my wife, I shall never see her more," said Lamme. "But perhaps our costume as German soldiers will save our lives?"

Ulenspiegel nodded his head to show he believed in no hope of grace.

"I hear no noise of pillage," said Lamme.

Ulenspiegel replied:

"By the terms, the townsfolk redeemed their lives, and the town from pillage, for the sum of two hundred and forty thousand florins. They must pay one hundred thousand florins down in twelve days, and the rest three months after. The women have been ordered to retire into the churches. They are about to begin the massacre, beyond a doubt. Dost thou hear them nailing up the scaffolds and erecting the gallows?"

"Ah! we are to die!" said Nele; "I am hungry."

"Aye," said Lamme low to Ulenspiegel, "the dukeling of blood has said that being famished we shall be more docile when we are brought out to die."

"I am so hungry!" said Nele.

That night soldiers came and distributed bread enough for six men.

"Three hundred Walloon soldiers have been hanged in the marketplace," said they. "It will soon be your turn. There was always a matrimony between the Beggars and the Gallows."

The next night they came again with their bread for six men.

"Four high burgesses," said they, "have been beheaded. Two hundred and forty-nine soldiers have been bound together two by two and cast into the sea. The crabs will be fat this year. You do not look well, you folk, since the seventh of July that saw you come here. They are gluttons and drunkards, these dwellers in the Low Countries; we Spaniards, we have enough with two figs for our supper."

"That is why, then," replied Ulenspiegel, "you must needs, everywhere in the townsfolks' houses, have four meals of meats, poultry, creams, wines, and preserves;

that ye must have milk to wash the bodies of your *mustachos* and wine to bathe your horses' feet?"

On the eighteenth of July, Nele said:

"My feet are wet; what is this?"

"Blood," said Ulenspiegel.

At night the soldiers came again with their bread for six.

"Where the rope is no longer enough," said they, "the sword does the work. Three hundred soldiers and twenty-seven burghers who tried to flee out of the town are now walking about the streets of hell with their heads in their hands."

The next day the blood came again into the cloister; the soldiers came not to bring the bread, but merely to contemplate the prisoners, saying:

"The five hundred Walloons, Englishmen, and Scotsmen that were beheaded yesterday looked better. These are hungry, no doubt, but who then should die of hunger if not the Beggar!"

And indeed, they were like phantoms, all pale, haggard, broken, trembling with cold ague.

On the sixteenth of August, at five in the evening, the soldiers came in laughing and gave them bread, cheese, and beer. Lamme said:

"It is the feast of death."

At ten o'clock four companies came; the captains had the doors of the cloister opened, ordering the prisoners to march four abreast behind fifes and drums, to the place where they would be told to halt. Certain streets were red, and they marched towards the Gallows Field.

Here and there shallow pools of blood defiled the meadows; there was blood all about the walls. The

ravens came in clouds on every hand; the sun hid in a bed of mists; the sky was still clear, and in its depths awoke the shy stars. Suddenly they heard lamentable howlings.

The soldiers said:

"They that are crying there are the Beggars of the Fuycke Fort, without the town; they are being left to die of hunger."

"We, too," said Nele, "we are going to die." And she wept.

"The ashes beat upon my heart," said Ulenspiegel.

"Ah!" said Lamme in Flemish—for the soldiers of the escort understood not that proud speech—"Ah!" said Lamme, "if I could catch that duke of blood and make him eat, until his skin burst, each and all ropes, gallows, torture benches, wooden horses, weights, and boots; if I could make him drink the blood he has shed, if there came out of his torn skin and opened bowels splinters of wood and pieces of iron, and still he did not give up the ghost, I would tear out his heart from his breast and make him eat it raw and poisoned. Then for certain would he fall from life to death into the sulphur pit, where may the devil make him eat it and eat it again without ceasing. And thus through all long eternity."

"Amen," said Ulenspiegel and Nele.

"But dost thou see naught?" said she.

"Nay," said he.

"I see in the west," she said, "five men and two women seated in a circle. One is clad in purple and wears a crown of gold. He seems the chief over the rest, all ragged and tattered. I see from the east another band of seven coming: one commands them

also who is clad in purple, without a crown. And they come against those of the west. And they fight against them in the clouds, but I see nothing more now."

"The Seven," said Ulenspiegel.

"I hear," said Nele, "near by us in the foliage, a voice like a breath of wind saying:

"By war and fire
By pikes and swords
Seek;
In death and blood
Ruins and tears.
Find."

"Others than we shall deliver the land of Flanders," replied Ulenspiegel. "Night grows black, the soldiers are lighting torches. We are near the Gallows Field. O sweet beloved, why didst thou follow me? Dost thou hear nothing more, Nele?"

"Aye," said she, "a noise of arms among the corn. And there, above that ridge, surmounting the way in which we are entering, seest thou the red light of the torches gleam upon steel? I see sparks of fire gleaming upon the matches of arquebuses. Are our guardians asleep, or are they blind? Dost thou hear that clap of thunder? Seest thou the Spaniards fall pierced with bullets? Hearest thou 'Long live the Beggar!'? They climb the path running, musket in hand; they come down with axes all along the slope. Long live the Beggar!"

"Long live the Beggar!" cry Lamme and Ulenspiegel.

"Lo," said Nele, "here are soldiers that give us arms. Take, Lamme, take, my beloved. Long live the Beggar!"

"Long live the Beggar!" cry the whole troop of prisoners.

"The arquebuses cease not from firing," said Nele, "they fall like flies, lit up as they are by the light of the torches. Long live the Beggars!"

"Long live the Beggar!" cry the band of rescuers.

"Long live the Beggar!" cry Ulenspiegel and the prisoners. "The Spaniards are in a ring of fire. Kill! kill! There is not one left on his feet. Kill! no pity, war without mercy. And now let us be off and run to Enckhuyse. Who hath the butchers' clothes of cloth and silk? Who hath their weapons?"

"All! all!" they cry. "Long live the Beggar!"

And indeed, they went off for Enckhuyse by boat, and there the Germans delivered with them remained to guard the town.

And Lamme, Nele, and Ulenspiegel found their ships again. And lo once more they are singing upon the free sea: "Long live the Beggar!"

And they cruise in the roadstead of Flessingue.

XIII

There once again was Lamme joyous. He was always ready to go on shore, hunting oxen, sheep, and fowl like hares, stags, and ortolans.

And he was not alone in this nourishing hunting. Good was it then to see the huntsmen return, Lamme at their head, dragging the big beasts by the horns, driving the small cattle before them, directing flocks of geese with long wands, and carrying slung from their boathooks hens, pullets, and capons in spite of their struggling.

Then it was revel and feasting on the ships. And Lamme would say: "The fragrance of the sauces mounts up to the very sky, there delighting their worships the angels, which say: 'Tis the best part of the meat'."

While they were cruising there came a fleet of merchantmen from Lisbon, whose commander knew not that Flessingue had fallen into the hands of the Beggars. It is ordered to cast anchor; it is hemmed round. Long live the Beggar! Drums and fifes sound the signal for boarding; the merchants have guns, pikes, hatchets, arquebuses.

Musket balls and cannon balls rain from the ships of the Beggars. Their musketeers, entrenched round about the main mast in their wooden forts, fire with deadly aim, without any danger. The merchants fall like flies.

"To the rescue!" said Ulenspiegel to Lamme and to Nele, "to the rescue! Here be spices, knicknacks, precious dainties, sugar, nutmegs, cloves, ginger, reals, ducats, *moutons d'or* all bright and shining. There are more than five hundred thousand pieces in coin. The Spaniard will pay the cost of the war. Drink ho! Let us sing the Beggars' Mass, which is battle!"

And Ulenspiegel and Lamme rushed everywhere like lions. Nele played the fife, sheltered in the wooden castle. The whole of the fleet was taken.

The dead were counted and these were a thousand on the side of the Spaniards, three hundred on the side of the Beggars: among them was the master cook of the fly boat *La Briele*.

Ulenspiegel asked to be allowed to speak before

Très-Long and the sailors: this Très-Long granted with a good will. And he said to them as follows:

"Master captain and ye comrades, we have but now inherited much spices, and here is Lamme, the good belly, who findeth that the poor dead man there, God have him in joy, was in no wise a doctor great enough in fricassees. Let us name him in the place of the dead. And he will prepare you divine stews and paradisaic soups."

"We will," said Très-Long and the others; "Lamme shall be the master cook of the ship. He shall bear the great wooden ladle to skim the froth off his sauces."

"Messire Captain, comrades and friends," said Lamme, "ye behold me weeping with joy, for I deserve not so great honour. Nevertheless, since ye deign to call upon my worthlessness, I accept the noble functions of master of arts in fricassees upon the stout fly boat *La Briele*, but with a humble prayer to you that ye invest me with the supreme command of the kitchen work, in such fashion that your master cook—the which will be myself—may by right law and might be empowered to prevent anyonesoever from coming and eating another's share."

Très-Long and the others cried out:

"Long live Lamme! thou shalt have right, law, and might."

"But," said he, "I have another prayer to make before you in all humility: I am a fat man, big and strong; deep is my paunch, deep my stomach; my poor wife—may God restore her to me—always gave me two portions instead of one: accord me this same favour."

Très-Long, Ulenspiegel, and the sailors said:

"Thou shalt have the two portions, Lamme."

And Lamme, suddenly fallen melancholy, said:

"My wife, my sweet darling! if anything can console me for thy absence, it will be to bring again to mind in my duties thy heavenly cooking in our sweet home."

"You must take the oath, my son," said Ulenspiegel. "Let the great wooden ladle and the great copper caldron be brought hither."

"I swear," quoth Lamme, "by God, may he be here my helper, I swear fidelity to Monseigneur the Prince of Orange, called the Silent, governing the provinces of Holland and Zealand for the king; fidelity to Messire de Lumey, the admiral commanding our gallant fleet, and to Messire Très-Long, vice-admiral and captain of the good ship *La Briele;* I swear to dress at my poor best, according to the use and wont of the great cooks of old, which have left behind them noble books with cuts upon the great art of cookery, what flesh and fowl Fortune shall accord to us; I swear to feed the said Messire Très-Long, our captain, his second in command, which is my friend, Ulenspiegel, and all you, master mariner, pilot, boatswain, companions, soldiers, gunners, captain's page, chirurgeon, trumpeteer, sailors, and all others. If the roast is too underdone, the fowl unbrowned; if the soup sends up an insipid fragrance, inimical to all good digestion; if the steam of the sauces doth not entice you all to rush into the kitchen—always with my good will; if I make you not all sprightly and well favoured, I will resign my noble functions, judging myself unfit longer to occupy the throne of the kitchen. So may God help me in this life and in the next."

"Long live the master cook," said they, "the king of the kitchen, the emperor of fricassees. He shall have three portions instead of two on Sundays."

And Lamme became master cook of the ship *La Briele.* And while the succulent soups were simmering in the saucepans, he stood at the door of the galley, proudly holding his great wooden ladle like a sceptre.

And he had his treble rations on Sundays.

When the Beggars came to grips with the enemy, he would stay preferably in his sauce laboratory but would come out every now and then to run up on the deck and fire a few rounds. Then he would hurry down again at once to keep an eye to his sauces.

Thus being trusty cook and valiant soldier, he was well beloved of all.

But no one must penetrate the sanctuary of his galley. For then he was even like a devil and with his wooden ladle he smote them pitilessly hip and thigh.

And thenceforth he was called Lamme the Lion.

XIV

On the ocean, on the Scheldt, in sunshine, in rain, in snow, in hail, winter and summer, glided the ships of the Beggars to and fro.

All sails out like mantling swans, swans of white freedom.

White for freedom, blue for great heart, orange for the prince, 'tis the standard of the proud ships.

All sails set! all sails set, the stout ships; the billows beat upon them, the waves besprinkle them with foam.

They pass, they run, they fly along the river, their sails in the water, swift as clouds in the north wind,

the proud ships of the Beggars. Hear you their prows cleaving the wave? God of freemen! Long live the Beggar!

Hulks, flyboats, *boyers*, *croustèves*, swift as a wind big with tempest, like the cloud that bears the thunderbolt. Long live the Beggar!

Boyers and croustèves, flat-bottomed boats, slide along the river. The waters groan as they are cloven through, when the ships go straight on face forwards with the deadly mouth of their long culverin on the point of the bows. Long live the Beggar!

All sail out! all sail out, the gallant ships, the waves toss them, sprinkle them with foam.

Night and day, through rain, hail, and snow, they go on their way! Christ smileth on them in cloud, in sun, in starshine. Long live the Beggar.

XV

The king of blood learned the news of their victories. Death was already gnawing at the murderer and his body was full of worms. He would walk about the corridors of Valladolid, sullen and savage, dragging heavily his swollen feet and leaden legs. He never sang, the cruel tyrant; when the day came, he never laughed, and when the sun lighted up his empire like a smile from God he felt no joy in his heart.

But Ulenspiegel, Lamme, and Nele sang like birds, risking their hide, that is to say Lamme and Ulenspiegel, their white skin, to wit Nele, living from day to day, and finding more joy in one death fire quenched by the Beggars than the dark king had in the burning of a town.

At this time, too, William the Silent, Prince of Orange, broke from his rank as admiral Messire de Lumey de la Marck, by reason of his great cruelties. He appointed Messire Bouwen Ewoutsen Worst in his stead. He took measures also to pay for the grain taken by the Beggars from the peasants, to restore the forced contributions levied upon them, and to grant the Roman Catholics, like all others, the free exercise of their religion, without either persecution or insult.

XVI

On the ships of the Beggars, under the dazzling sky, over the shining waves, squealed the fifes; droned bagpipes, gurgled flasks, chimed glasses, and shone the steel of weapons and armour.

"Ho!" said Ulenspiegel, "let us beat the drum of glory, let us beat the drum of joy. Long live the Beggar! Spain is conquered; the ghoul is beaten down. Ours is the sea, Briele is taken. Ours the coast as far as Nieuport, beyond Ostende and Blanckenberghe, the islands of Zealand, the mouths of the Scheldt, the mouths of the Meuse, the Rhine mouths as far as Helder. Ours are Texel, Vlieland, Ter-Schelling, Ameland, Rottum, Borkum. Long live the Beggar!

"Ours are Delft, and Dordrecht. 'Tis a trail of powder. God holdeth the linstock. The murderers abandon Rotterdam. Free conscience, like a lion with teeth and claws of justice, seizes the county of Zutphen, the towns of Deutecom, Doesburg, Goor, Oldenzeel, and on the Welnuire, Hattem, Elburg, and Harderwyck. Long live the Beggar!

"'Tis lightning, 'tis a thunder bolt: Campen, Zwol,

Hassel, Sheenwyck fall into our hands with Oudewater, Gouda, Leyden. Long live the Beggar!

"Ours are Bueren, Enckhuyse! Not yet have we Amsterdam, Schoonhoven, or Middelburg. But all cometh in time to patient blades. Long live the Beggar!

"Drink we the wine of Spain. Drink from the chalices whence they drank the blood of the victims. We shall go by way of the Zuyderzee, by rivers, streams, canals; we have North Holland, South Holland, and Zealand; we shall take East and West Frisia; La Briele shall be the refuge for our ships, the nest of the hens that hatch out liberty. Long live the Beggar!

"Hearken in Flanders, our beloved land, how there bursts forth the cry of avenging. Armour is polishing, the swords are a-whetting. All are astir, athrill like the strings of a harp in the warm breeze, the breath souls that cometh from grave pits, from torture fires, from the bleeding corpses of the victims. All, Hainaut, Brabant, Luxembourg, Namur, Liége the free city, all! Blood sprouts and springs up. The harvest is ripe for the sickle. Long live the Beggar.

"Ours the Noord-Zee, the wide North Sea. Ours are good guns, proud ships, the bold band of redoubted seamen: rogues, robbers, soldier-priests, gentlemen, townsfolk, and artisans fleeing persecution. Ours to all of us joined together for the work of freedom! Long live the Beggar!

"Philip, king of blood, where art thou? D'Alba, where art thou? Thou dost cry out and curse and blaspheme, thou with the holy hat, the Holy Father's gift. Beat the drums of joy. Long live the Beggar! Drink all!

"The wine flows into the golden cups. Drain it

with glee. Priestly robes on the backs of rough men are flooded with the red liquor; banners, ecclesiastic and Roman, wave in the wind. Eternal music! To you, fifes squealing, bagpipes droning, drums beating, peals of glory. Long live the Beggar!"

XVII

The world was then in the wolf month, which is the month of December. A thin sharp rain was falling like needles upon the sea. The Beggars were cruising in the Zuyderzee. Messire the Admiral summoned by trumpet the captains of *houlques* and flyboats on board his ship, and with them Ulenspiegel.

"Now," said the Admiral, addressing himself first of all to Ulenspiegel, "the Prince is minded to recognize thy good devoirs and trusty services, and names thee as captain of the ship *La Briele*. Herewith I hand thee the commission engrossed upon parchment."

"All thanks to you, Messire Admiral," replied Ulenspiegel: "I shall be captain with all my little power, and thus captaining I have great hope, if God help me, to uncaptain Spain from the lands of Flanders and Holland: I mean from the Zuid and the Noord-Neerlande."

"That is well," said the admiral. "And now," he added, speaking to them all, "I will tell you that the folk of Catholic Amsterdam are going to besiege Enckhuyse. They have not yet come out from the Y canal; let us cruise about in front that they may stay inside there and fall on each and all of their ships that may show their tyrannical carcases in the Zuyderzee."

They made answer:

"We will knock holes in them. Long live the Beggar!"

Ulenspiegel, returned to his ship, called his soldiers and his sailors together on the deck, and told them what the admiral had decided.

They replied:

"We have wings, the which are our sails; skates, which are the keels of our ships; and giant hands, which are the grapples for boarding. Long live the Beggar!"

The fleet set forth and cruised in front of Amsterdam a sea league away, in such a sort that none could enter or come out against their will.

On the fifth day the rain ceased; the wind blew sharper in the clear sky; the Amsterdam folk made no stir.

Suddenly Ulenspiegel saw Lamme come up on deck, driving before him with great blows of his wooden ladle the ship's *truxman*, a young man skilful in the French and Flemish tongues, but more skilful still in the science of the teeth.

"Good-for-naught," said Lamme, beating him, "didst thou deem thou couldst scatheless eat my fricassees before their due time? Go up to the masthead and see if aught budges on the ships of Amsterdam. Doing this thou wilt do well."

But the *truxman* answered:

"What will you give me?"

"Dost thou think," said Lamme, "to be paid without doing the work? Thieves' spawn, if thou dost not climb, I shall have thee flogged. And thy French shall not save thee."

"'Tis a beauteous tongue," said the *truxman*, "a tongue for love and war."

And he climbed the mast.

"Well! lazybones?" asked Lamme.

The *truxman* answered:

"I see naught in the town nor on the ships." And descending:

"Now pay me," said he.

"Keep what thou hast stolen," replied Lamme; "but such gains are no profit; thou wilt doubtless vomit it up."

The *truxman*, climbing again to the masthead, cried out suddenly:

"Lamme! Lamme! there is a thief going into the galley."

"I have the key in my pouch," rejoined Lamme.

Ulenspiegel then, taking Lamme apart, said to him:

"My son, this great tranquillity of Amsterdam affrights me. They have some hidden project."

"I thought of that," said Lamme. "The water is freezing in the jugs in the cupboard; the fowl are like wood; hoar frost whitens the sausages; the butter is a stone, the oil is all white, the salt is dry as sand in the sun."

"'Tis a frost at hand," said Ulenspiegel. "They will come in great numbers to attack us with artillery."

Going on board the admiral's ship, he told his fear to the admiral, who answered him:

"The wind blows from England: there will be snow, but it will not freeze: go back to your ship."

And Ulenspiegel went away.

That night heavy snow fell; but soon, the wind blowing out of Norway, the sea froze and was like a floor. The admiral beheld the sight.

Then fearing lest the Amsterdam folk might come over the ice to burn the ships, he bade the soldiers

make ready their skates, in case they might have to fight around and away from the ships, and the gunners of the iron guns and the brass to pile up heaps of cannon-balls by the gun carriages, to load the pieces, and to keep the portfires always well lighted.

But the Amsterdam folk never came.

And so it was for seven days.

Towards evening on the eighth day Ulenspiegel gave orders that a good feast should be served to the sailors and men at arms, to make them a cuirass against the sharp wind that was blowing.

But Lamme said:

"There is nothing at all left now but biscuit and small beer."

"Long live the Beggar!" said they. "'Twill be Lenten revelry until the hour of battle."

"Which will not strike soon," said Lamme. "The Amsterdammers will come to burn us our ships, but not on this night. First they must needs assemble themselves together around fires, and there drink many a measure of wine mulled with Madeira sugar—may God give us thereof—then having talked till midnight with patience, logic, and full stoups, they will decide that there are grounds for coming to a decision to-morrow as to whether they shall attack or not attack next week. To-morrow, again drinking wine mulled with Madeira sugar—may God give you thereof—they will decide anew with calm, patience, and full stoups, that they must assemble together another day, to the end that they may know if the ice can or cannot bear a great band of men. And they will have it proved and essayed by men of learning, who will lay down their conclusions upon parchment. Having

received which, they will know that the ice is half an ell in thickness, and that it is solid enough to bear some hundreds of men with field guns and artillery. Then assembling themselves together once more to deliberate with calm, patience, and many stoups of mulled wine, they will debate whether, by reason of the treasure seized by us from the men of Lisbon, it is more suitable to assault or to burn our ships. And being thus perplexed, but temporizers, they will none the less decide that they must capture and not burn our ships, notwithstanding the great wrong and hurt they would do us by that."

"You say well," replied Ulenspiegel; "but see you not those fires kindle up within the town, and folk bearing lanterns running busily about there?"

"'Tis because they are cold," said Lamme.

And he added, sighing:

"Everything is eaten. No more beef, pork, nor poultry; no more wine, alas! nor good *dobbel-bier*, nothing but biscuit and small beer. Let who loves me follow me!"

"Whither goest thou?" said Ulenspiegel. "No man may go from the ship."

"My son," said Lamme, "thou art captain and master as now. I will never go from the ship if thou dost forbid it. Yet deign to consider that we ate the last of our sausage on the day before yesterday: and that in this stern weather the fire of the kitchen is the sun of good companions. Who would not fain smell here the odour of sauces; sniff up the fragrant bouquet of the divine drink made of those joyous blossoms that are gaiety, laughter, and good will to every man? And so, captain and trusty friend, I dare say this: I devour

my very soul, since I eat naught, I who, though loving but repose, never slaying by my will, save it were a tender goose, a fat chicken, a succulent turkey, follow thee amid fatigue and battles. See from here the lights in that rich farm well furnished of big and little cattle. Knowest thou who it is that dwelleth there? It is the boatman of Frisia, that betrayed Messire Dandelot and furthermore brought to Enckhuyse, while it was still in D'Alba's hand, eighteen poor lords our friends, the which, of his doing, were beheaded on the Horse Market at Brussels. This traitor, who hath to name Slosse, got from the duke two thousand florins for his treachery. With the price of that blood, a very Judas, he purchased the farm thou seest there, and his great cattle and the fields around about, which bearing fruit and increasing, I mean land and herds, make him rich as now."

Ulenspiegel replied:

"The ashes beat upon my heart. Thou makest the hour of God to strike."

"And," said Lamme, "the hour of food in like wise. Give me twenty lads, valiant soldiers and sailors; I will go and seek out the traitor."

"I will be their leader," said Ulenspiegel. "Who loves justice let him follow me. Not all of you, dear friends and trusty; there must be twenty only, else who would keep the ship? Draw lots by the dice. Ye are twenty, come. The dice speak well. Put your skates on your feet and glide towards the star of Venus burning bright above the treachour's farm.

"Guiding yourselves by the clear beam, come, ye twenty, skating and sliding, axe on shoulder.

"The wind whistles and drives white whirls of snow before it on the ice. Come, brave men!

"Ye sing not, nor speak; ye go straight on, in silence, towards the star; your skates make the ice complain.

"He that falls picks himself up at once. We touch the shore; no human shape on the white snow, not a bird in the icy air. Take off the skates from your feet.

"Here we are on land; here are the meadows; put on your skates again. We are round about the farm, holding our breath."

Ulenspiegel knocks on the door; dogs bark. He knocks again, a window opens and the *baes* says, sticking out his head:

"Who art thou?"

He sees but Ulenspiegel only: the others are concealed behind the *keet*, which is the washhouse.

Ulenspiegel makes answer:

"Messire de Boussu bids thee betake thee to him at Amsterdam upon the instant."

"Where is thy safe-conduct?" said the man, coming down and opening the door to him.

"Here," replied Ulenspiegel, showing him the twenty Beggars who hurl themselves behind him into the opening.

Ulenspiegel then says to him:

"Thou art Slosse, the traitor boatman that brought into an ambuscade Messires Dandelot, de Battenberg, and other lords. Where is the price of their blood?"

The farmer replies, trembling:

"Ye are the Beggars; grant me a pardon; I knew not what I did. I have no money here within; I will give all I have."

Lamme said:

"It is black dark; give us candles of tallow or of wax."

The *baes* replies:

"The tallow candles are hanging there."

A candle being lit, said one of the Beggars, in the hearthplace:

"It is cold; let us kindle a fire. Here are proper faggots."

And he pointed out upon a shelf flower pots in which withered and dried plants might be seen.

He took one by the stalk and shaking it with the pot, the pot fell, scattering over the ground ducats, florins, and reals.

"There is the treasure," said he, pointing to the other flower pots.

In very deed, having emptied them, they found ten thousand florins.

Seeing which, the *baes* cried out and wept.

The farm servants, both men and maids, came to the cries, in shirts and smocks. The men wishing to avenge their master, were bound. Soon the shame-faced women, and especially the younger, hid behind the men.

Then Lamme went forward and said:

"Traitor farmer, where are the keys of the cellar, the stables, the cowshed, and the sheep-pens?"

"Infamous pillagers," said the *baes*, "ye shall be hanged until ye are dead."

Ulenspiegel replied:

"It is the hour of God; give up the keys!"

"God will avenge me," said the *baes*, handing them over to him.

Having emptied the farm, the Beggars departed skating towards the ships, those light dwelling places of freedom.

"Master cook am I," said Lamme, guiding them, "Master cook am I. Push along the gallant sledges laden with wines and beer; drive on before you, by their horns, or by anything, horses, oxen, swine, sheep, and flocks singing their native songs. The pigeons coo in the baskets; the capons, stuffed with crumb, are astonied in their wooden cages wherein they cannot budge. I am master cook. The ice cries out beneath the steel of the skates. We are at the ships. To-morrow there will be kitchen music. Let down the pulleys; put girths on the horses, cows, and oxen. 'Tis a noble sight to see them thus pendent by their bellies; to-morrow we shall be hanging by the tongue to fat fricassees. The crane hoists them up into the ship. These be carbonadoes. Throw me them pell mell into the hold, hens, geese, ducks, capons. Who will wring their necks? The master cook. The door is locked, I have the key in my satchel. Praised be God in the kitchen! Long live the Beggar!"

Then Ulenspiegel went on board the admiral's ship taking with him Dierick Slosse and the other prisoners, moaning and weeping for terror of the rope.

Messire Worst came at the noise: perceiving Ulenspiegel—his companions lit up by the red glare of the torches:

"What would you of us?" said he.

Ulenspiegel replied:

"This night we took, in his farm, the traitor Dierick Slosse, that brought the eighteen into an ambuscade. This is the man. The others are innocent menservants

and maidservants. Then handing him a satchel:

"These florins," said he, "were flourishing in flower pots in the traitor's house: there are ten thousand."

Messire Worst said to them:

"Ye did ill to leave your ship; but because of your good success pardon shall be granted to you. Welcome be the prisoners and the satchel of florins, and ye, gallant men, to whom I assign, after the laws and customs of the sea, a third of the prize: the second will be for the fleet, and another third for Monseigneur d'Orange; string me up the traitor incontinent."

The Beggars having obeyed, they opened afterward a hole in the ice and threw the body of Dierick Slosse into it.

Messire Worst then said:

"Has grass sprung up around the ships that I hear hens cackling, sheep bleating, cows and oxen lowing?"

"These are the prisoners of our teeth," answered Ulenspiegel; "they will pay ransom of fricassees. Messire Admiral shall have the choicest."

"As for these folk, the knaves and the maidservants, among whom are sprightly and pretty women, I will fetch them back aboard my ship."

Having done so, he addressed them as follows:

"Goodfellows and goodwives, ye are here upon the best ship in the world. Here we pass our time in jollity, feast, and revel without end. If it please you to depart herefrom, pay ransom; if it please you to stay here, ye shall live like us, toiling hard and eating well. As for these dear women, I accord them, with the admiral's sanction, full freedom of their persons, giving them to know that it is all one to me whether they are fain to keep to their lovers that came upon the ship with

them or to make their choice of some stout Beggar here present in order to bear him conjugal company."

But the fair women were all faithful to their lovers, save only one, who, smiling and looking upon Lamme, asked him if he would have her.

"All thanks, dear one," said he, "but I am otherwise bound."

"He is married, poor fellow," said the Beggars, seeing the girl vexed.

But she, turning her back on Lamme, chose another who like him had a good round belly and a good round face.

That day and the following days there were great revels and feastings on board with wines, fowl, and meats. And Ulenspiegel said:

"Long live the Beggar! Blow, sharp wintry winds, we will warm the air with our hot breath. Our heart is afire for freedom of conscience; our stomachs on fire for the enemy's meats. Drink we wine, the milk of men. Long live the Beggar!"

Nele, too, drank from a great golden tankard, and ruddy in the breath of the wind, played the shrill fife. And for all the cold, the Beggars ate and drank rejoicing on the deck.

XVIII

Suddenly the whole fleet perceived upon the bank a black troop among which torches shone and the gleaming of arms; then the torches were put out, and a great darkness reigned.

The admiral's orders being sent round, the alarm was given on the ships, and all fires were quenched;

sailors and soldiers lay flat on the decks, armed with axes. The gallant gunners, linstock in hand, watched by the guns loaded with bags of bullets and with chain shot. As soon as the admiral and the captains should call out "A hundred paces!"—which denoted the enemy's distance, they were to fire from the bows, the poop, or the broadside, according to their position in the ice.

And Messire Worst's voice was heard saying:

"Death to whoever speaks aloud!"

And the captains said after him:

"Death to whoever speaks aloud!"

The night was moonless, filled with stars.

"Dost thou hear?" said Ulenspiegel to Lamme, in a voice like a whispering ghost. "Hearest thou the voices of the Amsterdammers, and the steel of their skates ringing over the ice? They come swiftly. We can hear them speak. They are saying 'The lazy Beggars are asleep. Ours is the Lisbon treasure!' They are lighting torches. Seest thou their ladders for the assault, their ugly faces, and the long line of their band deployed for the attack? There are a thousand of them, and more."

"A hundred paces!" cried Messire Worst.

"A hundred paces!" cried the captains all.

And there was a great noise like thunder, and lamentable outcries upon the ice.

"Eighty guns are thundering all together!" said Ulenspiegel. "They are fleeing! Seest thou the torches vanishing away?"

"Pursue them!" said Admiral Worst.

"Pursue them!" said the captains.

But the pursuit did not last long, the fugitives having

a start of a hundred paces, and the legs of frightened hares.

And on the men that were crying out and dying on the ice were found gold, jewels, and ropes for the Beggars.

And after this victory the Beggars said one to another: "*Als God met ons is, wie tegen ons zal zijn.*" If God is with us, who shall be against us? Long live the Beggar!"

Now on the morning of the third day thereafter Messire Worst was uneasy, and looked for a fresh attack. Lamme leaped upon the deck and said to Ulenspiegel:

"Fetch me to this admiral that would not listen to you when you prophesied a frost."

"Go without any fetching you?" said Ulenspiegel.

Lamme departed, first locking the door of his galley. The admiral was on deck, straining his eyes to see if he did not perceive some movement from the city.

Lamme came up to him.

"Monseigneur Admiral," said he, "may a humble master cook give you a rede?"

"Speak, my son," said the admiral.

"Monseigneur," said Lamme, "the water is thawing in the jugs; the fowl grow soft again; the sausage is laying aside its mildew of hoar frost; the butter becomes unctuous, the oil liquid; the salt is weeping. It will rain before long, and we shall be saved, Monseigneur."

"Who art thou?" asked Messire Worst.

"I am Lamme Goedzak," he replied, "the master cook of the ship *La Briele*. And if all those great savants that boast themselves astronomers read in the stars as true as I read in my sauces, they could tell us

that to-night there will be a thaw with a great hubbub of storm and hail: but the thaw will not last."

And Lamme went back to Ulenspiegel, to whom he said, towards noon:

"I am a prophet already; the sky grows black, the wind breathes stormily: a warm rain is falling; already there is a foot of water upon the ice."

At night he cried, rejoicing:

"The North Sea is swollen: 'tis the hour of the flood tide; the high waves rolling into the Zuyderzee break up the ice, which splinters in great fragments and leaps up on the ships; it flashes sparkles of light; here comes the hail. The admiral bids us to withdraw from before Amsterdam, and that with as much water as our greatest ship can draw. Here we are in the harbour of Enckhuyse. The sea is freezing afresh. I am a fine prophet, and it is a miracle from God."

And Ulenspiegel said:

"Drink we to Him, and blessings on Him."

And the winter passed, and summer came.

XIX

In mid-August, when hens, fed full with grain, remain deaf to the call of the cock trumpeting his loves, Ulenspiegel said to his sailors and soldiers:

"The duke of blood, being at Utrecht, dares there to issue a blessed edict, promising among other gracious gifts, hunger, death, ruin to the inhabitants of the Low Countries who might be unwilling to submit. Everything that still remains whole, saith he, shall be exterminate, and His Majesty the king will people the country with strangers. Bite, duke, bite! The file

breaketh the viper's tooth; we are files. Long live the Beggar!

"Alba, blood maketh thee drunk! Deemest thou that we would fear thy threats or believe in thy clemency? Thy famous regiments whose praises thou didst sing throughout the whole world, thy *Invincibles*, thy *Tels Quels*, thy *Immortals*, remained seven months bombarding Haarlem, a feeble city defended by mere citizens; like mortal common men they danced in air the dance of the bursting mines. Mere citizens besmeared them with tar; in the end they were glorious victors, slaughtering the disarmed. Hearest thou, murderer, the hour of God that striketh now?

"Haarlem hath lost her splendid defenders, her stones sweat blood. She hath lost and expended in her siege twelve hundred and eighty thousand florins. The bishop is reinstated there; with light hand and joyful countenance he blesses the churches; Don Frederick is present at these consecrations; the bishop washes for him those hands that in God's eyes are red and he communicates in two kinds, which is not permitted to the poor common herd. And the bells ring out and the chime flings into the air its calm, harmonious notes; it is like the singing of angels over a cemetery. An eye for an eye! A tooth for a tooth! Long live the Beggar!"

XX

The Beggars were then at Flushing, where Nele caught fever. Forced to leave the ship, she was lodged at the house of one Peeters, of the Reformed faith, at Turven-Key.

Ulenspiegel, deeply grieving, was yet rejoiced, think-

ing that in this bed where she would doubtless be healed the Spanish bullets could not reach her.

And with Lamme he was always beside her, tending her well and loving her better. And there they used to talk together.

"Friend and true comrade," said Ulenspiegel one day, "dost thou not know the news?"

"Nay, my son," said Lamme.

"Seest thou the flyboat that but late came to join our fleet, and knowest thou who it is upon it that twangs the viol every day?"

"Through the late colds," said Lamme, "I am as one deaf in both ears. Why dost thou laugh, my son?"

But Ulenspiegel, continuing:

"Once," he said, "I heard her sing a Flemish *lied* and found her voice was sweet."

"Alas," said Lamme, "she, too, sang and played upon the viol."

"Dost thou know the other news?" went on Ulenspiegel.

"I know naught of it, my son," said Lamme.

Ulenspiegel made answer:

"We have our orders to drop down the Scheldt with our ships as far as Antwerp, to find there the enemy ships to take or burn. As for the men, no quarter. What thinkest thou of this, big paunch?"

"Alas!" said Lamme, "shall we never hear aught else in this distressful land save burnings, hangings, drownings, and other ways of exterminating poor men? When then will blessed peace come, that we can in quiet roast partridges, fricassee chickens, and make the puddings sing in the pan among the eggs? I like the black ones best; the white are too rich."

"This sweet time will come," replied Ulenspiegel, "when in the orchards of Flanders we see on apple, plum, pear trees and cherry trees, a Spaniard hanged on every bough."

"Ah!" said Lamme, "if only I could find my wife again, my so dear, so sweet, beloved soft darling faithful wife! For know it well, my son, cuckold I was not nor shall ever be; she was too sober and calm in her ways for that; she eschewed the company of other men; if she loved fair and fine array, it was but for woman's need. I was her cook, her kitchenman, her scullion, I am glad to say it, why am I it not once more? but I was her master as well and her husband."

"Let us end this talk," said Ulenspiegel. "Hearest thou the admiral calling: 'Up anchors!' and captains after him calling the same? We must needs weigh soon."

"Why dost thou go so quickly?" said Nele to Ulenspiegel.

"We are going to the ships," said he.

"Without me?" she said.

"Aye," said Ulenspiegel.

"Dost thou not think," said she, "how lying here I shall be distressed for thee?"

"Dearest," said Ulenspiegel, "my skin is made of iron."

"Thou art mocking," said she. "I see nothing on thee but thy doublet, which is cloth, not iron; beneath it is thy body, made of bone and flesh, like my own. If they wound thee, who will heal thee? Art thou to die all alone in the midst of the fighters? I shall go with thee."

"Alas!" said he, "if the lances, balls, swords, axes,

maces, sparing me, fall on thy dear body, what shall I do—I, good for naught without thee in this vile world?"

But Nele said:

"I would fain follow thee; there will be no peril; I will hide in the wooden forts where the arquebusiers are."

"If thou dost go, I stay, and they will hold thy friend Ulenspiegel traitor and coward; but listen to my lay:

"My hair is steel, as casque set there ;
An armour forged by Nature's hand
My skin the first is buff well tanned,
And steel the second skin I wear.

"In vain to catch me in his snare
Death, grinning monster, takes his stand;
My skin the first is buff well tanned,
And steel the second skin I wear.

"My standards 'Live' as motto bear,
Live ever in a sunshine land:
My skin the first is buff well tanned,
And steel the second skin I wear."

And he went off singing, not without having kissed the shaking mouth and the lovely eyes of Nele sunk in fever, smiling and weeping all together.

The Beggars are at Antwerp; they take the ships of Alba even in the very harbour. Entering the city, in broad day, they set free certain prisoners, and make others prisoner to bring ransom. By force they make the citizens rise, and some they constrain to follow them, on pain of death, without uttering a word.

Ulenspiegel said to Lamme:

"The admiral's son is detained at the *Écoutête's*: we must deliver him."

Going into the house of the *Écoutête*, they see the son they sought in the company of a big monk with a noble belly, who was preaching wrathfully to him, fain to make him return to the bosom of our Mother Holy Church. But the lad would by no means consent thereto. He departed with Ulenspiegel. Meanwhile Lamme, seizing the monk by the cowl, made him walk before him in the streets of Antwerp, saying:

"Thou art worth a hundred florins ransom: pack up and march on. Why dost thou hang back? Hast thou lead in thy sandals? March, bag of lard, victual press, soup belly!"

"I march, Master Beggar, I march; but saving the respect due to your arquebuse, you are as big in the belly as myself, a paunchy, vasty fellow."

Then Lamme, pushing him on:

"Dost thou dare indeed, foul monk," said he, "to liken thy cloistral, useless, lazy grease to my Fleming fat honourably sustained and fed by toils, fatigues, and battles? Run, or I shall make thee go like a dog, and that with the spur at the end of my boot-sole."

But the monk could not run, and he was all out of breath, and Lamme the same. And so they came to the ship.

XXI

Having taken Rammekens, Gertruydenberg, Alckmaer, the Beggars came back to Flushing.

Nele, now hale and cured, was waiting for Ulenspiegel at the harbour.

"Thyl," said she, "my love, Thyl, art thou not wounded?"

Ulenspiegel sang:

"My standards 'Live' as motto bear,
Live ever in a sunshine land;
My skin the first is buff well tanned
My second skin is forged of steel."

"Alas!" said Lamme, dragging a leg, "the bullets, grenades, chain shot rain around him; he feels but the wind of them. Thou art without doubt a spirit, Ulenspiegel, and thou, too, Nele, for I behold thee ever brisk and young."

"Why dost thou drag thy leg?" asked Nele of Lamme.

"I am no spirit and never will be," said he. "And so I took an axe stroke in the thigh—how round and white my wife's was!—see, I am bleeding. Alas! why have I her not here to tend me!"

But Nele, angry, replied:

"What need hast thou of a wife forsworn?"

"Say naught ill of her," replied Lamme.

"Here," said Nele, "here is balsam; I was keeping it for Ulenspiegel; put it upon the wound."

Lamme, having dressed his wound, was joyous, for the balsam put an end to the keen anguish; and they went up again to the ship all three.

Seeing the monk who was walking to and fro there with his hands bound:

"Who is that one?" she said. "I have seen him already and I think I know him."

"He is worth a hundred florins ransom," replied Lamme.

XXII

That day aboard the fleet there was a feast. In spite of the sharp December wind, despite the rain, despite the snow, all the Beggars of the fleet were on the decks of the ships. The silver crescents gleamed lurid upon the bonnets of Zealand.

And Ulenspiegel sang:

"Leyden is delivered: the bloody duke leaves the Low Countries:
Ring out, ye bells reëchoing:
Chimes, fling your songs into the air:
Clink, ye glasses and bottles, clink.

"When the mastiff slinks away from blows,
His tail between his legs,
With bloodshot eye
He turns upon the cudgels.

"And his torn jaw
Shivers and pants
He has gone, the bloody duke;"
Clink bottle and glass. Long live the Beggar!

"Fain would he bite himself,
The cudgels broke his teeth.
Hanging his puff-jowled head
He thinks of the days of murder and lust.
He is gone, the bloody duke:
Then beat upon the drum of glory,
Then beat upon the drum of war!
Long live the Beggar!

"He cries to the devil: 'I will sell thee
My doggish soul for one hour of might.'
'Thy soul it is no more to me,'
Said the devil, 'than a herring is.'
The teeth meet no longer now.
They must avoid hard morsels.
He hath gone, the bloody duke:
Long live the Beggar!

"The little street dogs, crooklegged, one-eyed, full of mange,
That live or die on rubbish heaps.
Heave up their leg one by one
On him that killed for love of slaughter.—
Long live the Beggar.

"He loved not women, nor friends,
Nor gayness, nor sun, nor his master,
Nothing but Death, his betrothed,
Who broke his legs
As prelude to the betrothal,
For she loves not men hale and whole;
Beat upon the drum of joy,
Long live the Beggar!

"And the little street dogs, crooklegged,
Limping, one-eyed, full of mange,
Heave their leg up once again
In a hot and salty fashion.
And with them greyhounds and mastiffs,
Dogs of Hungary, of Brabant,
Of Namur and Luxembourg,
Long live the Beggar!

"And, miserably, with foaming mouth,
He goes to die beside his master,
Who fetches him a sounding kick,
For not biting enough.

"In hell he weddeth Death.
She calleth him 'My Duke';
He calleth her 'My Inquisition.'
Long live the Beggar!

"Ring out ye bells reëchoing:
Chimes, fling your songs into the air;
Clink, glasses and bottles, clink:
Long live the Beggar!"

Book V

BOOK V

I

THE monk that Lamme captured, perceiving that the Beggars did not desire to have him dead, but paying ransom, began to lift up his nose on board the ship:

"See," quoth he, marching and wagging his head furiously, "see in what a gulf of vile, black, and foul abominations I have fallen in setting foot on this wooden tub. Were I not here, I whom the Lord anointed. . . ."

"With dog's grease?" asked the Beggars.

"Dogs yourselves," replied the monk, continuing his discourse, "aye, mangy dogs, strays, defiled, starveling, that have fled out of the rich pathway of our Mother the Holy Roman Church to enter upon the parched highway of your tattered Reformed Church. Aye! if I were not here in your wooden shoe, your tub, long since would the Lord have swallowed it up in the deepest gulfs of the sea, with you, your accursed arms, your devils' cannon, your singing captain, your blasphemous crescents, aye! down to the very deeps of the unfathomable bottom of Satan's kingdom, where ye will not burn, nay, but where ye shall freeze, shall shiver, shall die of cold throughout all long eternity. Yea! the God of heaven will thus quench the fire of your impious hate against our sweet Mother the Holy Roman Church, against messieurs the saints, mes-

seigneurs the bishops and the blessed edicts that were so mildly and so ripely devised. Aye! and I should see you from the peak of paradise, purple as beetroots or white as turnips so cold ye should be. *'T sy! 't sy! 't sy!* So, so, so, so be it."

The sailors, soldiers, and cabin boys jeered at him, and shot dried peas at him through peashooters. And he covered his face with his hands against this artillery.

II

The duke of blood having quitted the country, Messires de Medina-Coeli and De Requesens governed it with less cruelty. Then the States General ruled them in the name of the king.

Meanwhile, the folk of Zealand and of Holland, most lucky by reason of the sea and their dykes, which are natural ramparts and fortresses to them, opened free temples to the God of free men; and the murderous Papists might sing their hymns beside them; and Monseigneur the Silent of Orange refrained from founding a royal dynasty of stadtholders.

The Belgian country was ravaged by the Walloons who were dissatisfied by the peace of Ghent, which, men said, was to quench all hatreds. And these Walloons, *Pater-noster knechter*, wearing upon their necks big black rosaries, of which there were found two thousand at Spienne in Hainaut, stealing oxen and horses by twelve hundred, two thousand at a time, choosing out the best, carrying off women and girls by field and by marsh; eating and never paying, these Walloons used to burn within their farmsteads the

armed peasants that tried to prevent the fruit of their hard toil from being carried away.

And the common folk would say to one another: "Don Juan is soon to come with his Spaniards, and his Great Highness will come with his Frenchmen, not Huguenots but Papists: and the Silent, desiring to rule in peace over Holland, Zealand, Gueldre, Utrecht, Overyssel, cedes in a secret treaty the lands of Belgium, for Monsieur d' Anjou to make himself a king therein."

Some of the commonalty were still confident. "The States," said they, "have twenty thousand well-armed men, with plenty of cannon and good cavalry. They will repel all foreign soldiery."

But the thoughtful ones said: "The States have twenty thousand men on paper, but not in the field; they lack cavalry and let their horses be stolen within a league of their camps by the *Pater-noster knechten.* They have no artillery, for while needing it at home, they decided to send one hundred cannon with powder and shot to Don Sebastian of Portugal; and no man knoweth whither has gone the two million crowns we have paid on four occasions by way of taxes and contributions; the citizens of Ghent and Brussels are arming, Ghent for the Reformation, and Brussels even as Ghent; at Brussels the women play the tambourine while their men toil at the ramparts. And Ghent the Bold is sending to Brussels the Gay powder and cannon, the which she lacketh for her defence against the Malcontents and the Spaniards."

And man by man in the towns and the flat country, *in 't plat landt,* sees that trust cannot be placed either in the lords or in many another. "And we citizens and common folk are sore at heart for that giving our money

and ready to give our blood, we see that nothing goes forward for the good of the country of our sires. And the Belgian land is cowed and angered, having no trusty chiefs to give it the chance of battle and to give it victory, through great effort of arms all ready against the foes of liberty."

And the thoughtful folk said among themselves:

"In the Peace of Ghent, the lords of Holland and of Belgium swore the abolishment of hate, mutual help between the Belgian Estates and the Estates of the Netherlands; declared the edicts null and void, the confiscations cancelled, peace between the two religions; promised to raze each and every column, trophy, inscription, and effigy set up by the Duke of Alba to our dishonour. But in the hearts of the chiefs the hatreds are still afoot; the nobles and the clergy foment division between the States of the Union; they receive money to pay soldiers, they keep it for their own gluttony; fifteen thousand law suits for the recovery of confiscated property are suspended; the Lutherans and Romans unite against the Calvinists; lawful heirs cannot succeed in driving the despoilers from out their inheritance; the duke's statue is on the ground, but the image of the Inquisition is enshrined within their hearts."

And the poor commonalty and the woeful burgesses waited ever for the valiant and trusty chief that would lead them to battle for freedom.

And they said among themselves: "Where are the illustrious signatories to the Compromise, all united, so they said, for the good of the country? Why did these two-faced men make such a 'holy alliance,' if they were to break it at once? Why meet together with so much commotion, rouse the king's wrath, to

dissolve like cowards and traitors after? Five hundred as they were, great lords and low lords banded like brothers, they saved us from the fury of Spain; but they sacrificed the welfare of the land of Belgium to their own profit, even as did d'Egmont and de Hoorn.

"Alas!" said they, "see Don Juan come now, handsome and ambitious, the enemy of Philip, but more the enemy of his country. He is coming for the Pope and for himself. Nobles and clergy are traitors."

And they began a semblance of war. Upon the walls along the main streets and the little streets of Ghent and Brussels, nay even upon the masts of the Beggars' ships, were then to be seen posted up the names of traitors, army chiefs, and commanders of fortresses: the names of the Count of Liederkerke, who did not defend his castle against Don Juan; of the provost of Liége, who would have sold the city to Don Juan; of Messieurs d'Aerschot, de Mansfeldt, de Berlaymont, de Rassenghien; the name, of the Council of State, of Georges de Lalaing, governor of Frisia, that of the army leader the seigneur de Rossignol, an emissary of Don Juan, the go-between for murder between Philip and Jaureguy, the clumsy assassin of the Prince of Orange; the name of the Archbishop of Cambrai, who would have given the Spaniards entry into the town; the names of the Jesuits of Antwerp, offering three casks of gold to the States—that was two million florins—not to demolish the castle and to hold it for Don Juan; of the Bishop of Liége; of Roman preachers defaming and abusing the patriots; of the Bishop of Utrecht, whom the citizens sent elsewhere to pasture on the grass of treachery; the orders of begging friars, which intrigued and plotted at Ghent in favour of Don

Juan. The folk of Bois-le-Duc nailed on the pillory the name of Peter the Carmelite, who helped by their bishop and his clergy, undertook to hand over the town to Don Juan.

At Douai they did not indeed hang the rector of the university in effigy, a man no less Spaniardized; but upon the ships of the Beggars were seen on the breast of mannikins hanging by their necks the names of monks, abbots, and prelates, of eighteen hundred rich women and girls of the nunnery of Malines who with their money sustained, gilded, and beplumed the country's butchers.

And on these mannikins, the pillories of traitors, were to be read the names of the Marquis d'Harrault, the commander of the fortress of Philippeville, wasting and squandering munitions of war and food uselessly in order to give up the place to the enemy under pretence of a lack of provisions; the name of Belver, who surrendered Lembourg, when the town might have held out another eight months; that of the President of the Council of Flanders; of the magistrate of Bruges, of the magistrate of Malines, holding their towns for Don Juan, of the members of the Exchequer Council of Guelderland, closed by reason of treachery; of those of the Council of Brabant, of the Chancellery of the Duchy; of the Privy Council and the Council of Finance; of the Grand Bailiff and the Burgomaster of Menin; and of the ill neighbours of Artois, who gave passage without let to two thousand Frenchmen bent upon pillage.

"Alas!" said the city folk among themselves, "here is the Duke of Anjou with a footing in our country: he would fain be king among us; did ye behold him

entering into Mons, a little man, with fat hips, big nose, a yellow phiz, a fleering mouth? 'Tis a great prince, loving loves out of the common; he is called, that he may have in his name woman's grace and man's force, *Monseigneur monsieur Sa Grande Altesse d'Anjou.*"

Ulenspiegel was pensive. And he sang:

"Blue are the skies, the clear bright skies;
Cover the banners all in crêpe,
With crêpe the handle of the sword;
Hide every gem;
Turn the mirrors over;
I sing the song of Death,
The traitors' song.

"They have set foot upon the belly
And on the bosom of the proud lands
Of Brabant, Flanders, Hainault,
Antwerp, Artois, Luxembourg.
Nobles and clergy are traitors;
The bait of reward allures them.
I sing the traitors' song.

"When the foe sacks everywhere,
When the Spaniard enters Antwerp,
Abbés, prelates, and army chiefs
Go through the streets of the town,
Clad in silk, bedecked with gold,
Their faces shining with good wine,
Displaying thus their infamy.

"And through them, the Inquisition
Will wake again in high triumph,
And new Titelmans
Will arrest the deaf and dumb
For heresy.
I sing the traitors' song.

"Signatories to the Compromise.
Coward signatories,
Be your names all accursed!
Where are ye in the hour of war?
Ye march like corbies
In the Spaniards' train.
Beat upon the drum of woe.

"Land of Belgium, future years
Will condemn thee for that thou,
All in arms, didst let thyself be pillaged.
Future, hasten not;
See the traitors labouring:
There are twenty, a thousand,
Filling every post,
The great give them to the little.

"They have plotted and agreed
That they might fetter all defence,
With discord and sloth,
Their treacherous devices.
Cover the mirrors with crêpe
And the hilts of the swords.
'Tis the traitors' song.

"They declare rebels
All Spaniards and malcontents;
Forbid to help them
With bread or shelter,
With lead or powder.
If any are taken to be hanged,
To be hanged,
They release them at once.

"'Up!' say the men of Brussels,
'Up!' say the men of Ghent
And the Belgian commons,

Poor men, they mean to crush you
Between the king
And the Pope who launches
The crusade against Flanders.

"They come, the hirelings,
At the smell of blood;
Bands of dogs,
Of serpents and hyænas.
They hunger, they are athirst.
Poor land of our sires,
Ripe for ruin and death.

"'Tis not Don Juan
That makes ready the task
For Farnèse, the Pope's minion.
But those thou didst load
With gold and distinctions,
Who confessed thy women
Thy girls and thy children!

"They have flung thee to ground
And the Spaniard holds
The knife at thy throat;
They jeer at thee,
Feasting at Brussels
The coming of Orange.

"When on the canal were seen
So many fireworks
Exploding their joy,
So many triumphing boats,
Paintings, tapestries,
They were playing, O Belgium,
The old tale of Joseph
Sold by his brothers."

III

Seeing that he was allowed to say what he pleased, the monk lifted up his nose on board the ship; and the sailors and soldiers, to make him the more ready and eager to preach, slandered Madame the Virgin, Messieurs the Saints, and the pious practices of the Holy Roman Church.

Then, becoming enraged, he vomited out a flood of abuse against them.

"Aye!" he cried, "aye, here am I then in the den of the Beggars! Yea, these are indeed those accursed devourers of the land! Yea. And they say that the Inquisitor, that holy man, has burned too many of them! Nay: there is still some of the filthy vermin left. Aye, on these goodly and gallant ships of our Lord the King, once so clean and well scoured, now can be seen the vermin of the Beggars, aye, the stinking vermin. Aye, they are vermin, foul, stinking, infamous vermin, the singing captain, the cook with his belly filled with impiety, and all of them with their blasphemous crescents. When the king will have his ships scoured with the suds of artillery, it will need more than a hundred thousand florins' worth of powder and cannon shot to clear away this filthy, beastly stinking infection. Aye, ye were all born in Madame Lucifer's alcove, condemned to dwell with Satanas between walls of vermin, under curtains of vermin, on mattresses of vermin. Yea, and there it was that in their infamous loves they begat and conceived the Beggars. Aye, and I spit upon you."

At this word the Beggars said to him:

"Why do we keep here this idle rascal, who is good

for nothing but to spew up insults? Let us hang him rather."

And they set about doing it.

The monk, seeing the rope ready, the ladder propped against the mast, and that they were about to bind his hands, said woefully:

"Have pity upon me, Messieurs the Beggars, it is the demon of anger that speaks in my heart and not your humble captive, a poor monk that hath but one only neck in this world: gracious lords, have mercy: shut my mouth if ye will with a choke-pear; 'tis a bitter fruit, but hang me not."

But they, without giving heed, and despite his furious struggles, were dragging him towards the ladder. He cried then so shrill and loud that Lamme said to Ulenspiegel, who was with him and tending him in the cook's galley:

"My son! my son! they have stolen a pig from the stable, and they are making off. Oh, the robbers! if I could but rise!"

Ulenspiegel went up and saw nothing but the monk. And he, catching sight of Ulenspiegel, fell upon his knees, with his hands outstretched to him.

"Messire Captain," said he, "captain of the valiant Beggars, redoubtable on land and on sea, your soldiers are fain to hang me because I have transgressed with my tongue: 'tis an unjust punishment, Messire Captain, for so must all advocates, procurators, preachers, and women, be given a hempen collar, and the world would be unpeopled; Messire, save me from the rope. I shall pray for you; you will never be damned: grant me pardon. The devil of prating carried me away and made me speak without ceasing: 'tis a mighty mis-

fortune. My poor bile soured then and made me say a thousand things I never think. Grace, Messire Captain, and you, Messieurs, intercede for me."

Suddenly Lamme appeared on the deck in his shirt and said:

"Captain and friends, 'twas not the pig but the monk that was squealing; I am overjoyed. Ulenspiegel, my son, I have conceived a high design with regard to His Paternity; give him his life, but leave him not at liberty, else will he do some ill trick upon the ship: rather have a cage built for him on the deck, a strait cage well opened and airy, where he can do no more than sit down and sleep; such a one as they make for capons; let me feed him, and let him be hanged if he does not eat as much as I will."

"Let him be hanged if he will not eat," said Ulenspiegel and the Beggars.

"What dost thou mean to do with me, big man?" said the monk.

"Thou shalt see," replied Lamme.

And Ulenspiegel did as Lamme wished, and the monk was put in a cage, and all could contemplate him at their leisure.

Lamme had gone down into his galley; Ulenspiegel followed and heard him disputing with Nele:

"I will not lie down," he was saying, "no, I will not lie down to have others groping and fumbling with my sauces; no, I will not stay in my bed, like a calf!"

"Do not be angry, Lamme," said Nele, "or your wound will reopen and you will die."

"Well," said he, "I will die: I am tired of living without my wife. Is it not enough for me to have lost her, without your trying furthermore to prevent

me, me the master cook of this place, from myself keeping watch over the soup? Know ye not that there is a health inherent in the steam of sauces and fricassees? They even nourish my spirit and armour me against misfortunes."

"Lamme," said Nele, "thou must needs hearken to our counsel and let thyself be healed by us."

"I am fain to let myself be healed," said Lamme: "but rather than another should enter here, some ignorant good-for-naught, a frowsy, ulcerous, bleareyed, dropping nosed fellow, and come to king it as master cook in my place, and paddle with his filthy fingers in my sauces, I would rather kill him with my wooden ladle, which would be iron for that task."

"All the same," said Ulenspiegel, "thou must have an assistant; thou art sick. . . ."

"An assistant for me," said Lamme, "for me, an assistant! Art thou then stuffed with naught but ingratitude, as a sausage is full of minced meat? An assistant, my son, and 'tis thou that dost say so to me, thy friend, who have nourished thee so long time and so succulently! Now will my wound reopen. False friend, who then would dress thy food like me? What would ye do, ye two, if I were not there to give thee, chief-captain, and thee, Nele, some dainty stew or other?"

"We will work ourselves in the galley," said Ulenspiegel.

"Cooking," said Lamme: "thou art good to eat of it, to smell it, to sniff it up, but to perform it, no: poor friend and chief-captain, saving your respect, I could make thee eat leather wallets cut up into ribbons, and thou wouldst take it for toughish tripe:

leave me, my son, to be still the master cook of here, else I shall dry up, like a lathstick."

"Remain master cook then," said Ulenspiegel; "if thou dost not heal, I will shut up the galley and we shall eat naught save biscuits."

"Ah! my son," said Lamme, weeping for joy, "thou art good and kind as Notre Dame herself."

IV

And in any case he appeared to be healing.

Every Saturday the Beggars saw him measuring the monk's waist girth with a long leather thong.

The first Saturday he said:

"Four feet."

And measuring himself, he said:

"Four feet and a half."

And he seemed melancholy.

But, speaking of the monk, on the eighth Saturday he was full of joy and said:

"Four feet and three quarters."

And the monk, angry, when he took his measure, would say to him:

"What do you want with me, big man?"

But Lamme would put out his tongue at him without a word.

And seven times a day, the sailors and soldiers saw him come with a new dish, saying to the monk:

"Here be rich beans in Flemish butter: didst thou eat the like in thy monastery? Thou hast a goodly phiz; there is no starving on this ship. Dost thou not feel cushions of fat coming on thy back? Before long thou wilt have no need of a mattress to lie on."

At the monk's second meal:

"Here," he would say, "there are *koeke-bakken* after the Brussels fashion; the French folk call them *crêpes*, for they wear crapes on their kerchiefs for a sign of mourning: these are not black, but fair of hue and golden browned in the oven: seest thou the butter streaming off them? So shall it be with thy belly."

"I have no hunger," the monk would say.

"Thou must needs eat," was Lamme's answer. "Dost thou deem that these are pancakes of buckwheat? 'tis pure wheat, my father, father in grease, fine flour of the wheat, my father with the four chins: already I see the fifth one coming, and my heart rejoices. Eat."

"Leave me in peace, big man," said the monk.

Lamme, becoming wrathful, would reply:

"I am the lord and disposer of thy life: dost thou prefer the rope to a good bowl of pea soup with sippets, such as I am about to fetch thee presently?"

And coming with the bowl:

"Pea soup," quoth Lamme, "loves to be eaten in company: and therefore I have just added thereto *knoedels* of Germany, goodly dumplings of Corinth flour, cast all alive into boiling water: they are heavy, but make plenteous fat. Eat all thou canst; the more thou dost eat the greater my joy: do not feign disgust; breathe not so hard as if thou hadst over much: eat. Is it not better to eat than to be hanged? Let's see thy thigh! it thickens also; two feet seven inches round about. Where is the ham that measureth as much?"

An hour after he came back to the monk:

"Come," said he, "here are nine pigeons: they have been slaughtered for thee, these innocent beasts that

wont to fly unfearing above the ships: disdain them not; I have put into their bellies a ball of butter, breadcrumbs, grated nutmeg, cloves pounded in a brass mortar shining like thy skin: Master Sun rejoices to be able to admire himself in a face as bright as thine, by reason of the grease, the good grease I have made for thee."

At the fifth meal he would fetch him a *waterzoey*.

"What thinkest thou," quoth he, "of this hodgepodge of fish? The sea carries thee and feedeth thee: she could do no more for the King's Majesty. Aye, aye, I can see the fifth chin visibly a-coming a little more on the left side than on the right side: we must fatten up this side that is neglected, for God saith to us: 'Be just to each.' Where would justice be, if not in an equitable distributing of grease? I will bring thee for thy sixth repast mussels, those oysters of the poor, such as they never served thee in thy convent: ignorant folk boil them and eat them so; but that is but the prologue to the fricassee; they must next be stripped of their shells, and their gentle bodies put in a pan, then stewed delicately with celery, nutmeg, and cloves, and bind the sauce with beer and flour, and serve them with buttered toast. I have done them in this fashion for thee. Why do children owe so great a gratitude to their fathers and mothers? Because they have given them shelter and love, but beyond all things, food: thou oughtest then to love me as thy father and thy mother, and even as to them thou owest me the gratitude of thy stomach: roll not against me then such savage eyes.

"Presently I shall bring thee a soup of beer and flour, well sweetened with cinnamon a-plenty. Knowest

thou for why? That thy fat may become translucent and shiver upon thy skin: such it is seen when thou movest. Now here is the curfew ringing: sleep in peace, taking no thought for the morrow, certain to find thy succulent repasts once more, and thy friend Lamme to give them thee without fail."

"Begone and leave me to pray to God," said the monk.

"Pray," said Lamme, "pray with the cheerful music of snoring: beer and sleep will make grease for thee, goodly grease. For my part, I am glad of it."

And Lamme went off to put himself in bed.

And the sailors and soldiers would say to him:

"Why, then, do you feed so richly this monk that wishes thee no good?"

"Let me alone," said Lamme, "I am accomplishing a mighty work."

V

December was come, the month of long dark nights. Ulenspiegel sang:

"Monseigneur Sa Grande Altesse
Takes off his mask,
Eager to reign over the Belgian land.
The Estates Spaniardized
But not Angevined
Deal with the taxes.
Beat upon the drum
Of Anjou's thwarting.

"They have within their power
Domains, excise, and funds,
Making of magistrates
And offices as well.

He hateth the Reformed
Monsieur Sa Grande Altesse,
An atheist in France
Oh! Anjou's thwarting.

"For he would fain be king
By the sword and by force,
King absolute in all.
This Monseigneur, this Grande Altesse;
Fain would he foully seize
Many fair towns, yea, Antwerp, too;
Signorkes and *pagaders* rise early,
Oh! Anjou's thwarting!

"'Tis not upon thee, France,
That this folk rushes, mad with rage;
These deadly weaponed blows
Fall not upon thy noble body;
And they are not thy offspring
Whose corpses in great heaps
Choke the Kip-Dorp Gate.
Oh! the thwarting of Anjou!

"No, these are no sons of thine
The people fling from the ramparts.
'Tis the High Highness of Anjou,
The passive libertine Anjou,
Living, France, on thy very blood,
And eager to drink ours;
But 'twixt the cup and lip. . . .
Oh! the thwarting of Anjou.

"Monsieur Sa Grande Altesse.
In a defenceless town
Cried, 'Kill! kill! Long live the Mass!'
With his handsome minions,
With eyes wherein gleams
The shameful fire, impudent, restless,
Lust without love.
Oh! the thwarting of Anjou!

"'Tis they that are smitten, not thee, poor folk,
On whom they weigh with tax,
Salt tax, poll tax, deflowering,
Contemning thee, making thee give
Thy corn, thy horses, thy wains,
Thou that art a father to them.
Oh! the thwarting of Anjou!

"Thou that art a mother to them,
Suckling the misbehaviour
Of these parricides that sully
Thy name abroad, France, that dost feast
On the savours of their glory
When they add by savage feast.
Oh! the thwarting of Anjou!

"A floret to thy soldier crown,
A province to thy territory.
Give the stupid cock 'Lust and battle'
Thy foot on the neck.
People of France, people of men,
The foot that treads them down!
And all the peoples will love thee
For the thwarting of Anjou."

VI

In May, when the peasant women of Flanders by night throw backwards slowly over their heads three black beans to keep them from sickness and death, Lamme's wound opened again: he had a high fever and asked to be laid on the deck of the ship, over against the monk's cage.

Ulenspiegel was very willing; but for fear lest his friend might fall into the sea in a fever fit, he had him strongly fastened down upon his bed.

In his interludes of reason, Lamme incessantly enjoined on them not to forget the monk: and he thrust out his tongue at him.

And the monk said:

"Thou dost insult me, big man."

"Nay," replied Lamme, "I am fattening thee."

The wind blew soft, the sun shone warm; Lamme in his fever was securely tied on his bed, so that in his witless spasms of leaping he might not jump over the side of the ship; and deeming himself still in his galley, he said:

"This fire is bright to-day. Soon it will rain ortolans. Wife, spread snares in our orchard. Thou art lovely thus, with thy sleeves rolled up to the elbow. Thy arm is white, I would fain bite it, bite with my lips that are teeth of live velvet. Whose is this lovely flesh, whose those lovely breasts showing beneath thy white jacket of fine linen? Mine, my sweet treasure. Who will make the fricassee of cock's comb and chickens' rumps? Not too much nutmeg, it brings on fever. White sauce, thyme, and laurel: where are the yolks of eggs?"

Then making a sign for Ulenspiegel to bring his ear close to his mouth, he said to him in a low voice:

"Presently it will rain venison; I shall keep thee four ortolans more than the others. Thou art the captain; betray me not."

Then hearing the sea beat softly on the ship's side:

"The soup is boiling, my son; the soup is boiling, but how slow is this fire to heat up!"

As soon as he recovered his wits, he said, speaking of the monk:

"Where is he? doth he grow in grease?"

Seeing him then, he put out his tongue at him and said:

"The great work is being accomplished; I am content."

One day he asked to have the great scales set up on the deck, and to be set in it, he on one pan, the monk on the other: scarcely was the monk in place than Lamme soared like an arrow in the air, and rejoicing, he said, looking at him:

"He weighs it down! he weighs it down! I am a weightless spirit beside him: I will fly in the air like a bird. I have my idea: take him away that I may come down; now put on the weights. Put him back. What does he weigh? Three hundred and fourteen pounds. And I? Two hundred and twenty."

VII

The night of the day after this, when the dawn was rising gray, Ulenspiegel was awakened by Lamme crying:

"Ulenspiegel! Ulenspiegel! help, rescue, keep her from going away. Cut the cords! cut the cords!"

Ulenspiegel came up on the deck and said:

"Why dost thou call out? I see naught."

"'Tis she," replied Lamme, "she, my wife, there, in that skiff rounding that flyboat; aye, that flyboat whence there came the sound of singing and the viol strings."

Nele had come up on deck.

"Cut the cords, my dear," said Lamme. "Seest thou not that my wound is cured, her soft hand hath healed it; she, aye, she. Dost thou see her standing

up in the skiff? Dost thou hear? she is singing still. Come, my beloved, come; flee not from thy poor Lamme, who was so lonely in the world without thee."

Nele took his hand, touched his face.

"He hath the fever still," she said.

"Cut the cords," said Lamme; "give me a skiff! I am alive, I am happy, I am healed!"

Ulenspiegel cut the cords: Lamme, leaping from his bed in breeches of white linen, without a doublet, set to work himself to lower away the skiff.

"See him," said Nele to Ulenspiegel: "his hands tremble with impatience as they work."

The skiff ready, Ulenspiegel, Nele, and Lamme went down into it with an oarsman, and set off towards the flyboat anchored far off in the harbour.

"See the goodly flyboat," said Lamme, helping the oarsman.

On the fresh morning sky, coloured like crystal gilded by the rays of the young sun, the flyboat showed up her hull and her elegant masts.

While Lamme rowed:

"Tell us now how didst find her again," asked Ulenspiegel.

Lamme replied, speaking in jerks:

"I was sleeping, already much better. All at once a dull noise. A piece of wood struck the ship. A skiff. A sailor hurries up at the noise: 'Who goes there?' A soft voice, her voice, my son, her voice, her sweet voice: 'Friends.' Then a deeper voice: 'Long live the Beggar: the commander of the flyboat *Johannah* to speak with Lamme Goedzak.' The sailor drops the ladder. The moon was shining. I see a man's shape coming up on to the deck: strong hips, round knees, wide pelvis; I

say to myself: 'a pretended man': I feel as it might be a rose opening and touching my cheek: her mouth, my son, and I hear her saying to me, she—dost thou follow?—herself, covering me with kisses and with tears: 'twas liquid perfumed fire falling on my body: 'I know I am sinning; but I love thee, my husband! I have sworn before God: I am breaking my oath, my man, my poor man! I have come often without daring to come nigh thee; the sailor at last allowed me: I dressed thy wound, thou knewest me not; but I have healed thee; be not wroth, my man! I have followed thee, but I am afraid; he is upon this ship, let me go; if he saw me he would curse me and I should burn in the everlasting fire!' She kissed me again, weeping and happy, and went away in spite of me, despite my tears: thou hadst bound me hand and foot, my son, but now. . . ."

And saying this he bent mightily to his oars: 'twas like the taut string of a bow that launches the arrow forthright.

As they approached the flyboat, Lamme said:

"There she is, upon the deck, playing the viol, my darling wife with her hair of golden brown, with the brown eyes, the cheeks still fresh and young, the bare round arms, the white hands. Leap onward, skiff, over the sea!"

The captain of the flyboat, seeing the skiff coming up and Lamme rowing like a demon, had a ladder dropped from the deck. When Lamme was by it, he leapt from the skiff on to the ladder at the risk of tumbling into the sea, thrusting the skiff three fathoms behind him and more; and climbing like a cat up to the deck, ran to his wife, who swooning with joy, kissed and embraced him, saying:

"Lamme! come not to take me: I have sworn to God, but I love thee. Ah! dear husband!"

Nele cried out:

"It is Calleken Huybrechts, the pretty Calleken."

"'Tis I," said she, "but alas! the hour of noon has gone by for my beauty."

And she seemed wretched.

"What hast thou done?" said Lamme: "what became of thee? Why didst thou leave me? Why wilt thou leave me now?"

"Listen," said she, "and be not wroth; I will tell thee: knowing that all monks are men of God I confided in one of them: his name was Broer Cornelis Adriaensen."

Hearing which Lamme:

"What!" said he, "that wicked hypocrite who had a sewer mouth, full of filth and dirt, and spoke of naught but spilling the blood of the Reformed; what! that praiser of the Inquisition and the edicts! Ah, it was a blackguardly good-for-naught rascal!"

Calleken said:

"Do not insult the man of God."

"The man of God!" said Lamme, "I know him; 'twas a man of filth and foulness. Wretched fate! my beautiful Calleken fallen into the hands of this lascivious monk! Come not near me, I will kill thee: and I that loved her so much! my poor deceived heart that was all her own! What dost thou come hither for? Why didst thou tend me? thou shouldst have left me to die. Begone, thou; I would see thee no more, begone, or I fling thee in the sea. My knife! . . ."

She, embracing him:

"Lamme," said she, "my husband, weep not: I am

not what thou deemest: I have not belonged to this monk."

"Thou liest," said Lamme, weeping and grinding his teeth both at the same time. "Ah! I was never jealous, and now I am. Sad passion, anger, and love, the need to slay and embrace. Begone, thou! no, stay! I was so good to her! Murder is master in me. My knife! Oh! this burns, devours, gnaws; thou laughest at me. . . ."

She embraced him weeping, gentle and submissive.

"Aye," said he, "I am a fool in my anger: aye, thou didst guard my honour, that honour a man is mad enough to hang on a woman's skirts. So it was for that thou wast wont to pick out thy sweetest smiles to ask me leave to go to the sermon with thy she-friends."

"Let me speak," said the woman, embracing him. "May I die on the instant if I deceive thee!"

"Die, then," said Lamme, "for thou art going to lie."

"Listen to me," said she.

"Speak or speak not," said he, "'tis all one to me."

"Broer Adriaensen," she said, "passed for a good preacher; I went to hear him: he set the ecclesiastic and celibate estate above all others as being more proper to win paradise for the faithful. His eloquence was great and fiery: several wives of good repute, of whom I was one, and in especial a goodly number of widow women and girls, had their minds troubled by it. The estate of celibacy being so perfect, he enjoined upon us to dwell therein: we swore thenceforward no longer to be spouses. . . ."

"Save to him, no doubt," said Lamme, weeping.

"Be silent," said she, angry.

"Go to," said he, "finish: thou hast fetched me a bitter blow; I shall never be whole of it."

"Yea," said she, "my man, when I shall be always with thee."

And she would fain have embraced and kissed him, but he repulsed her.

"The widows," said she, "swore between his hands never to marry again."

And Lamme listened to her, lost in his jealous musing.

Calleken, shamefaced, went on:

"He desired," she said, "to have no penitents save young and beauteous wives or maids: the others he sent back to their own curés. He established an order of devotees, making us all swear to have no other confessors but himself only: I swore it; my companions, more initiate than I, asked me if I was fain to be instructed in the Holy Discipline and the Holy Penance: I wished it. There was at Bruges, at the Stone Cutters' Quay, by the convent of the Franciscan friars, a house dwelt in by a woman called Calle de Najage, who gave girls instruction and lodging, for a gold carolus by the month: Broer Cornelis could enter her house without being seen to leave his cloister. It was to this house I went, into a little chamber where he was alone: there he ordered me to tell him all my natural and carnal inclinations: at first I dared not; but in the end I gave way, wept, and told him all."

"Alas!" wept Lamme, "and this swine monk thus received thy sweet confession."

"He still told me, and this is true, my husband, that above earthly modesty is a celestial modesty, through which we make unto God the sacrifice of our earthly

shames, and that thus we avow to our confessors all our secret desires, and are then worthy to receive the Holy Discipline and the Holy Penance.

"In the end he made me strip naked before him, to receive upon my body, which had sinned, the too-light chastisement of my faults. One day he made me unclothe myself; I fainted when I must let my body linen fall: he revived me with salts and flasks.—'Tis well for this time, daughter,' said he, 'come back in two days' time and bring a rod.' That went on for long without ever . . . I swear it before God and all his saints . . . my man . . . . understand me . . . look at me . . . see if I lie: I remained pure and faithful . . . . I loved thee."

"Poor sweet body," said Lamme, "O stain upon thy marriage robe!"

"Lamme," said she, "he spoke in the name of God and of our Holy Mother Church; was I not to listen to him? I loved thee always, but I had sworn to the Virgin, by dreadful oaths, to deny myself to thee: yet I was weak, weak to thee. Dost thou recall the hostelry of Bruges? I was at the house of Calle de Najage thou didst pass by upon thine ass with Ulenspiegel. I followed thee; I had a goodly sum of money; I spent nothing ever for myself. I saw thee an hungered: my heart pulled towards thee, I had pity and love."

"Where is he now?" asked Ulenspiegel.

Calleken replied:

"After an inquiry ordered by the magistrate and an investigation of evil men, Broer Andriaensen must needs leave Bruges, and took refuge in Antwerp. They told me on the flyboat that my man had made him prisoner."

"What!" said Lamme, "this monk I am fattening is. . . ."

"He," answered Calleken, hiding her face.

"A hatchet! a hatchet!" said Lamme, "let me kill him, let me auction his fat, the lascivious he-goat! Quick, let us back to the ship. The skiff! where is the skiff?"

Nele said to him:

"'Tis a foul cruelty to kill or to wound a prisoner."

"Thou lookest on me with a cruel eye; wouldst thou prevent me?" said he.

"Aye," said she.

"Well, then," said Lamme, "I will do him no hurt: let me only fetch him out from his cage. The skiff! where is the skiff?"

They climbed down into it speedily; Lamme made haste to row, weeping the while.

"Thou art sad, husband?" said Calleken to him.

"Nay," said he, "I am glad: doubtless thou wilt never leave me again?"

"Never!" said she.

"Thou wast pure and faithful, thou sayest; but, sweet, my darling, beloved Calleken, I lived but to find thee, and lo, now, thanks to this monk, there will be poison in all our happiness, poison of jealousy . . . as soon as I am sad or but only tired, I shall see thee naked, submitting thy lovely body to that infamous flagellation. The spring time of our loves was mine, but the summer was for him; the autumn will be gray, soon will come the winter to bury my faithful love."

"Thou art weeping?" said she.

"Aye," quoth he, "what is past can never come again."

Then Nele said:

"If Calleken was faithful, she ought to leave thee alone for thy ill words."

"He knoweth not how I love him," said Calleken.

"Dost thou say true?" cried Lamme; "come, darling; come, my wife; there is no longer gray autumn nor winter that diggeth graves."

And he seemed cheerful, and they came to the ship.

Ulenspiegel gave Lamme the keys of the cage, and he opened it; he tried to pull the monk out on the deck by the ear, but he could not; he tried to fetch him out sideways, he could not do that, either.

"We must break all; the capon is fattened," said he.

The monk then came forth, rolling about big daunted eyes, holding his paunch with both hands, and fell down on his seat because of a great wave that passed beneath the ship.

And Lamme, speaking to the monk:

"Wilt thou still say, 'big man'? Thou art bigger than I. Who made thee seven meals a day? I. Whence cometh it, bawler, that now thou art quieter, milder towards the poor Beggars?"

And continuing further:

"If thou dost stay another year encaged, thou wilt not be able to come out again: thy cheeks quiver like pork jelly when thou dost move: thou criest no longer already; soon thou wilt not be able to breathe."

"Hold thy peace, big man," said the monk.

"Big man," said Lamme, becoming furious; "I am Lamme Goedzak, thou art Broer Dikzak, Vetzak, Leugenzak, Slokkenzak, Wulpszak, the friar big sack, grease sack, lying sack, cram sack, lust sack: thou hast

four fingers deep of fat under thy skin, thy eyes can be seen no longer: Ulenspiegel and I would both lodge comfortably within the cathedral of thy belly! Thou didst call me big man; wilt thou have a mirror to study thy Bellyness? 'Tis I that fed thee, thou monument of flesh and bone. I have sworn that thou wouldst spit grease, sweat grease, and leave behind thee spots of grease like a candle melting in the sun. They say that apoplexy cometh with the seventh chin; thou hast five and a half by now."

Then to the Beggars:

"Look at this lecher! 'tis Broer Cornelis Adriaensen Rascalsen, of Bruges: there he preached the new modesty. His grease is his punishment; his grease is my work. Hear now, all ye sailors and soldiers: I am about to leave you, to leave thee, thee, Ulenspiegel, to leave thee, too, thee, little Nele, to go to Flushing where I have property, to live there with my poor wife that I have found again. Of yore ye took an oath to grant me all that I might ask of you. . . . "

"On the word of the Beggars," said they.

"Then," said Lamme, "look on this lecher, this Broer Adriaensen Rascalsen of Bruges; I swore to make him die of fatness like a hog; construct a wider cage, force him to take twelve meals a day instead of seven; give him a rich and sugared diet: he is like an ox already; see that he be like an elephant, and ye will soon see him fill the cage."

"We shall fatten him," said they.

"And now," went on Lamme, speaking to the monk, "I bid thee also adieu, rascal, thee whom I cause to be fed monkishly instead of having thee hanged: grow in grease and in apoplexy."

Then taking his wife Calleken in his arms:

"Look, growl or bellow, I take her from thee; thou shalt whip her never more."

But the monk, falling in a fury and speaking to Calleken:

"Thou art going away then, carnal woman, to the bed of lust! Aye, thou goest without pity for the poor martyr for the word of God, that taught thee the holy, sweet, celestial discipline. Be accursed! May no priest give thee absolution; may earth be burning underneath thy feet; may sugar be salt to thee; may beef be as dead dog to thee; may thy bread be ashes; may the sun be ice to thee, and the snow hell fire; may thy child-bearing be accursed; may thy children be detestable; may they have the bodies of apes, pigs' heads greater than their bellies; mayst thou suffer, weep, moan in this world and in the other, in the hell that awaits thee, the hell of sulphur and bitumen kindled for females such as thou art. Thou didst refuse my fatherly love: be thrice accursed by the Blessed Trinity, seven times accursed by the candlesticks of the Ark; may confession be to thee damnation; may the Host to thee be mortal poison, and may every paving stone in the church rise up to crush thee and say to thee: 'This woman is the fornicator, this woman is accursed, this woman is damned'."

And Lamme, rejoicing, jumping for joy, said:

"She was faithful; he said it, the monk: hurrah for Calleken!"

But she, weeping and trembling:

"Remove it," she said, "my man, remove this curse from over me. I see hell! Remove the curse!"

"Take off the curse," said Lamme.

"I will not, big man," rejoined the monk.

And the woman remained all pale and swooning, and on her knees with hands folded she besought Broer Adriaensen.

And Lamme said to the monk:

"Take off thy curse, else thou shalt hang, and if the rope breaks because of thy weight, thou shalt be hanged again and again until death ensues."

"Hanged and hanged again," said the Beggars.

"Then," said the monk to Calleken, "go, wanton, go with this big man; go, I lift my curse from thee, but God and all the saints will have their eyes upon thee; go with this big man, go."

And he held his peace, sweating and puffing.

Suddenly Lamme cried out:

"He puffs, he puffs! I see the sixth chin; at the seventh 'tis apoplexy! And now," said he to the Beggars:

"I commend you to God, thou Ulenspiegel; to God, you all my good friends, to God, thou Nele; to God the holy inspirer of liberty: I can do no more for her cause."

Then having given all and taken from all the kiss of parting, he said to his wife Calleken:

"Come, it is the hour for lawful loves."

While the boat was slipping over the water, carrying off Lamme and his beloved, he in the stern, soldiers, sailors, and cabin boys all called out, waving their caps: "Adieu, brother; adieu, Lamme; adieu, brother, brother and friend."

And Nele said to Ulenspiegel, taking a tear from out the corner of his eye with her dainty finger:

"Thou art sad, my beloved?"

"He was a good fellow," said he.

"Ah!" said she, "this war will never end; shall we be forced to live forever in blood and in tears?"

"Let us seek out the Seven," said Ulenspiegel: "it draws nigh, the hour of deliverance."

Following Lamme's behest, the Beggars fattened the monk in his cage. When he was set at liberty, in consideration of ransom, he weighed three hundred and seventeen pounds and five ounces, Flemish weight.

And he died prior of his convent.

VIII

At this time the States General assembled at The Hague to pass judgment upon Philip, King of Spain, Count of Flanders, of Holland, etc., according to the charters and privileges consented to by him.

And the clerk of the court spake as follows:

"It is to all men of common knowledge that a prince of any land so ever is established by God as sovereign and chief of his subjects that he may defend them and preserve them from all wrong, oppression, and violence, even as a shepherd is ordained for the defence and keeping of his sheep. It is in like manner known that subjects are not created by God for the use of the prince, to be obedient unto him in whatsoever he commandeth, be it seemly or unseemly, just or unjust, nor to serve in the manner of slaves. But the prince is a prince for his subjects, without which he could not be, to govern them in accordance with right and reason, to maintain and love them as a father doth his children, as a shepherd doth his sheep, hazarding his life to defend them; if he doth not so, he must needs be held for no prince but a tyrant. Philip the king hath launched upon

us, by calling up of soldiers, by bulls of crusade and of excommunication, four armies of foreigners. What shall be his punishment, by virtue of the laws and customs of the country?"

"Let him be deposed," replied the States.

"Philip hath played false to his oaths: he hath forgot the services we rendered him, the victories we aided him to win. Seeing that we were rich, he left us to be pillaged and put to ransom by the Council of Spain."

"Let him be deposed as ungrateful and a robber," replied the States.

"Philip," the clerk went on, "placed in the most powerful cities of these countries new bishops, endowing and presenting them with the goods of the greatest abbeys; and by the help of these men he introduced the Spanish Inquisition."

"Let him be deposed as a murderer, the squanderer of others' wealth," replied the States.

"The nobles of these countries, seeing this tyranny, presented in the year 1566 a request wherein they entreated the sovereign to moderate the rigour of his edicts and in especial those which concerned the Inquisition: he consistently refused this."

"Let him be deposed as a tiger abandoned and obstinate in his cruelty," replied the States.

The clerk continued:

"Philip is strongly suspected of having, through the intermediary of his Council of Spain, secretly inspired the image-breakings and the sacking of churches, in order to be able, under the pretext of suppressing crime and disorder, to send foreign armies to march against us."

"Let him be deposed as an instrument of death," replied the States.

"At Antwerp Philip caused the inhabitants to be massacred, ruined the Flemish merchants and the foreign merchants. He and his Council of Spain gave a certain Rhoda, a notorious scoundrel, the right by secret instructions to declare himself the head of the pillagers, to harvest the booty, to employ his name, the name of Philip the king, to counterfeit his seals and counterseals, and to comport himself at his governor and his lieutenant. The royal letters, which were intercepted and are in our hands, prove this to be the fact. All took place with his consent and after deliberation in the Council of Spain. Read his letters; therein he praises the feat of Antwerp, acknowledges that he hath received a signal service, promises to reward it, enjoins Rhoda and the other Spaniards to continue to walk in this path of glory."

"Let him be deposed as a robber, pillager, and murderer," replied the States.

"We ask for nothing more than the maintenance of our privileges, a sincere and assured peace, a moderate freedom, especially with regard to religion which principally concerns God and man's own conscience: we had nothing from Philip but deceitful treaties serving to sow discord between the provinces, to subdue them one after another and to treat them in the same way as the Indies, by pillage, confiscation, executions, and the Inquisition."

"Let him be deposed as an assassin premeditating the murder of a country," replied the States.

"He made the country bleed through the Duke of Alba and his catchpolls, through Medina-Coeli, Requesens, the traitors of the Councils of State and of the provinces; he enjoined a vigorous and bloody severity

upon Don Juan and Alexander Farnèse, Prince of Parma (as may be seen by his intercepted letters); he set the ban of the empire upon Monseigneur d'Orange, paid the hire of three assassins before paying a fourth; erected castles and fortresses among us; had men burned alive, women and girls buried alive; inherited their goods, strangled Montigny, de Berghes, and other lords, despite his kingly word; killed his son Carlos; poisoned the Prince of Ascoly, whom he made espouse Doña Eufrasia, with child by himself, in order to enrich with his estates the bastard that was to come; launched an edict against us that declared us all traitors, that had forfeited our bodies and our wealth, and committed the crime unheard of in a Christian land, of confounding innocent and guilty."

"By alll aws, rights, and privileges, let him be deposed," replied the States.

And the king's seals were broken.

And the sun shown on land and sea, gilding the ripened ears, mellowing the grape, casting pearls on every wave, the adornment of the bride of the Netherlands, Liberty.

Then the Prince of Orange, being at Delft, was stricken down by a fourth assassin, with three bullets in his breast. And he died, following his motto: "Calm amid the wild waves."

His enemies said of him that to thwart King Philip, and not hoping to rule over the Southern Low Countries, which were Catholic, he had offered them by a secret treaty to Monseigneur Monsieur Sa Grande Altesse of Anjou. But Anjou was not born to beget the babe Belgium upon Liberty, who loveth not perverse amours.

And Ulenspiegel left the fleet with Nele.

And the fatherland Belgium groaned beneath the yoke, fast bound by traitors.

IX

They were then in the month of the ripened grain; the air was heavy, the wind was warm: the reapers, both men and women, could gather in at their ease in the fields, under the free sky, upon a free soil, the corn they had sown.

Frisia, Drenthe, Overyssel, Guelderland, North Brabant, North and South Holland, Walcheren, North and South Beveland; Duiveland and Schouwen that make up Zealand; all the shores of the North Sea from Knokke to Helder; the islands of Texel, Vieland, Ameland, Schiermonk-Oog, were, from the western Scheldt to the eastern Ems, about to be freed from the Spanish yoke; Maurice, the son of the Silent, was continuing the war.

Ulenspiegel and Nele, having their youth, their strength, and their beauty, for the love and the spirit of Flanders grow never old, were living snugly in the tower of Neere, waiting till, after many hard trials, they could come and breathe the air of freedom upon Belgium the fatherland.

Ulenspiegel had asked to be appointed commandant and warden of the tower, saying that having an eagle's eyes and a hare's ears, he could see if the Spaniard would not attempt to show himself once more in the delivered countries, and that in that case he would sound *wacharm*, which is the alarm in the speech of Flanders.

The magistrate did as Ulenspiegel wished: because

of his good service he was given a florin a day, two quarts of beer, beans, cheese, biscuit, and three pounds of beef every week.

Thus Ulenspiegel and Nele lived very well by themselves two: seeing from afar, with rejoicing, the free isles of Zealand: near at hand, woods, castles, fortresses, and the armed ships of the Beggars guarding the coasts.

At night they often climbed up on the tower, and there, sitting on the platform, they talked of hard battles and goodly loves past and to come. Thence they beheld the sea, which in this time of heat surged and broke upon the shore in luminous waves, casting them upon the islands like phantoms of fire. And Nele was affrighted to see the jack o' lanterns in the polders, for, said she, they are the souls of the poor dead. And all these places had been battle-fields. The will o' the wisps swept out from the polders, ran along the dykes, then came back into the polders as though they had no mind to abandon the bodies whence they had issued.

One night Nele said to Ulenspiegel:

"See how thick they are in Duiveland and how high they fly: 'tis by the isle of birds I see the most. Wilt thou come thither, Thyl? We shall take the balsam that discloseth things hid from the eyes of mortals."

Ulenspiegel answered her:

"If it is the same balsam that wafted me to that great sabbath, I trow in it no more than a hollow dream."

"Thou must not," said Nele, "deny the potency of charms. Come, Ulenspiegel."

"I shall come."

The next day he asked the magistrate that a clear-sighted and trusty soldier should take his place, to guard the tower and keep watch over the country.

And with Nele he went his way to the isle of birds.

Going across fields and dykes, they beheld little green lush islets, between which ran the sea water; and upon the slopes of green sward that came down to the very dunes an immense concourse of plovers, of sea mews and sea swallows, that stayed motionless and made the islets all white with their bodies; overhead circled and flew thousands of the same. The ground was full of nests: Ulenspiegel, stooping to pick up an egg upon the way, saw a sea mew come flitting to him, uttering a cry. At his appeal there came more than a hundred others, crying with grief and fear, hovering above Ulenspiegel and over the neighbour nests, but they did not venture to come close to him.

"Ulenspiegel," said Nele, "these birds beg grace for their eggs."

Then falling a-tremble, she said:

"I am afeared; there is the sun setting; the sky is white, the stars awaken; 'tis the spirits' hour. See these red exhalations, gliding along the earth; Thyl, my beloved, what monster of hell is thus opening his fiery mouth in the mist? See from the side of Philip's land, where the butcher king twice for his cruel ambition slaughtered so many poor men, see the dancing will-o'-the-wisps: 'tis the night when the souls of poor folk slain in battle quit the cold limbo of purgatory to come and be warmed again in the soft air of the earth: 'tis the hour when thou mayst ask aught of Christ, who is the God of good magicians."

"The ashes beat upon my heart," said Ulenspiegel.

"If Christ could show me these Seven whose ashes cast to the wind were to make Flanders and the whole world happy!"

"Man of little faith," said Nele, "thou wilt see them by virtue of the balsam."

"Perchance," said Ulenspiegel, pointing to Sirius with a finger, "if some spirit descends from the cold star."

At his movement a will-o'-the-wisp flitting about him perched on his finger, and the more he sought to be rid of it, the tighter it clung.

Nele trying to set Ulenspiegel free, she, too, had her will-o'-the-wisp on the tip of her hand.

Ulenspiegel, striking at his, said:

"Answer! art thou the spirit of a Beggar or of a Spaniard? If thou be the soul of a Beggar, depart into paradise; if the soul of a Spaniard, return into hell whence thou comest."

Nele said to him:

"Do not insult souls, were they even the souls of butchers."

And making the will-o'-the-wisp dance on her finger tip:

"Wisp," said she, "dear wisp, what tidings dost thou bring us from the country of souls? What are they employed in over there? Do they eat and drink, since they have no mouths? for thou hast none, darling wisp! or do they indeed take human shape only in the blessed paradise?"

"Canst thou," said Ulenspiegel, "waste time in this fashion conversing with this wretched flame that hath neither ears to hear thee with nor mouth to answer thee withal?"

But without heeding him:

"Wisp," said Nele, "reply by dancing, for I will ask thee three times: once in the name of God, once in the name of Madame the Virgin, and once in the name of the elemental spirits that are messengers 'twixt God and man."

And she did so, and the wisp danced three times.

Then Nele said to Ulenspiegel:

"Take off thy clothes; I shall do the same: here is the silver box in which is the balsam of vision."

"'Tis all one to me," said Ulenspiegel.

Then being unclad and anointed with the balsam of vision, they lay down beside each other naked on the grass.

The sea mews were plaining; the thunder was growling dull in the cloud where the lightning gleamed; the moon scarce displayed between two clouds the golden horns of her crescent; the will-o'-the-wisps on Ulenspiegel and Nele betook themselves off to dance with the others in the meadow.

Suddenly Ulenspiegel and Nele were caught up in the mighty hand of a giant who threw them into the air like children's balloons, caught them again, rolled them one upon the other and kneaded them between his hands, threw them into the water pools between the hills and pulled them out again full of seaweed. Then carrying them thus through space, he sang with a voice that woke all the sea mews underneath with affright:

"That vermin, crawling, biting,
With squinting glances tries
To read the sacred writing
We hide from all men's eyes.

"Read, flea, the secret rare;
Read, louse, the sacred term
That heaven, earth and air
With seven nails hold firm."

And in very deed, Ulenspiegel and Nele saw upon the sward, in the air and in the sky, seven tablets of shining brass fastened thereto by seven flaming nails.

Upon the tablets there was written:

Amid the dung May saps arise;
If Seven's ill, yet Seven's well;
The diamond came from coal, they tell;
From foolish teachers, pupils wise—
If Seven's ill, yet Seven's well.

And the giant walked on followed by all the will-o'-the-wisps, which said, chirping and singing like grasshoppers:

"Look well at him, 'tis their Grand Master.
The Pope of popes and Lord of lords,
Can change great Cæsar to a pastor:
Look well at him, he's made of boards."

Suddenly his features changed; he seemed thinner, sadder, taller. In one hand he held a sceptre and a sword in the other. And his name was Pride.

And casting Nele and Ulenspiegel down upon the ground he said:

"I am God."

Then close by him, riding on a goat, there appeared a ruddy girl, with bared bosom, her robe open, and a

lively sparkling eye: her name was Lust; came then an old Jewess picking up the shells of sea mews' eggs: she had Avarice to name; and a greedy, gluttonous monk, devouring chitterlings, stuffing sausages, and champing his jaws continually like the sow upon which he was mounted: this was Gluttony; next came Idleness dragging her legs, pallid and puffy, with dulled eyes, and Anger driving her before her with strokes of a goad. Idleness, woebegone, was bemoaning herself, and all in tears fell down upon her knees; then came lean Envy, with a viper's head and pike's teeth, biting Idleness because she was too much at her ease, Anger because she was too vivacious, Gluttony because he was too well stuffed, Lust because she was too red, Avarice for the eggshells, Pride because he had a purple robe and a crown. And all around danced the will-o'-the-wisps.

And speaking with the voices of men, of women, of girls and plaintive children, they said, moaning and groaning:

"Pride, father of ambition, Anger, spring of cruelty, ye slew us on the battle-field, in prisons and with torments, to keep your sceptres and your crowns! Envy, thou didst destroy in the bud many high and useful ideas; we are the souls of persecuted inventors: Avarice, thou didst coin into gold the blood of the poor common folk; we are the souls of thy victims; Lust, thou mate and sister of murder, that didst give birth to Nero, to Messalina, to Philip King of Spain, thou dost buy virtue and pay for corruption; we are the souls of the dead: Idleness and Gluttony, ye befoul the world, ye must be swept from out of it; we are the souls of the dead."

And a voice was heard saying:

"Amid the dung May saps arise;
If Seven's ill, yet Seven's well;
For foolish teachers, pupils wise;
To win the coal and ashes, too,
What is the wandering louse to do?"

And the will-o'-the-wisps said:

"The fire, 'tis we, vengeance for the bygone tears, the woes of the people; vengeance for the lords that hunted human game upon their lands; vengeance for the fruitless battles, the blood spilt in prisons, men burned and women and girls buried alive; vengeance for the fettered and bleeding past. The fire, 'tis we: we are the souls of the dead."

At these words the Seven were changed to wooden statues, while keeping every point of their former shape.

And a voice said:

"Ulenspiegel, burn the wood."

And Ulenspiegel turning towards the will-o'-the-wisps:

"Ye that are fire," said he, "perform your office."

And the will-o'-the-wisps in a crowd surrounded the Seven, which burned and were reduced to ashes.

And a river of blood ran down.

And from out the ashes rose up seven other shapes; the first said:

"Pride was I named; I am called Noble Spirit." The others spake in the same fashion, and Ulenspiegel and Nele saw from Avarice come forth Economy; from Anger, Vivacity; from Gluttony, Appetite; from Envy, Emulation; and from Idleness, the Reverie of poets and

sages. And Lust upon her goat was transformed to a beautiful woman whose name was Love.

And the will-o'-the-wisps danced about them in a happy round.

Then Ulenspiegel and Nele heard a thousand voices of concealed men and women, sonorous and laughing voices that sang with a sound as of castanets:

"When over land and sea shall reign
In form transfigured all these seven,
Men, boldly raise your heads to heaven;
The Golden Age has come again."

And Ulenspiegel said: "The spirits mock us."

And a mighty hand seized Nele by the arm and hurled her into space.

And the spirits chanted:

"When the north
Shall kiss the west,
Ruin shall end:
The girdle seek."

"Alas!" said Ulenspiegel: "north, west, and girdle. Ye speak obscurely, ye Spirits."

And they sang, laughing:

"North, 'tis the Netherland:
Belgium is the west;
Girdle is alliance
Girdle is friendship."

"Ye are nowise fools, Messieurs the Spirits," said Ulenspiegel.

And they sang once more, grinning:

"The girdle, poor man
Between Netherlands and Belgium
Will be good friendship
And fair alliance.

"*Met raedt*
En daedt;
Met doodt
En bloodt.

"Alliance of counsel
And of deeds,
Of death
And blood

"If need were,
Were there no Scheldt,
Poor man, no Scheldt."

"Alas!" said Ulenspiegel, "such then is our life of anguish: men's tears and the laughter of destiny."

"Alliance of counsel
And of death,
Were there no Scheldt."

replied the spirits, grinning.

And a mighty hand seized Ulenspiegel and hurled him into space.

X

Nele, as she fell, rubbed her eyes and saw naught save the sun rising amid gilded mists, the tips of the blades of grass all golden also and the sunrays yellowing the plumage of the sea mews that slept, but soon awakened.

Then Nele looked on herself, perceived that she was naked, and clothed herself in haste; then she beheld Ulenspiegel naked also and covered him over; thinking him asleep, she shook him, but he moved no more than a man dead; she was taken with terror. "Have I," she said to herself, "have I slain my beloved with this balsam of vision? I will die, too! Ah! Thyl, awaken! He is marble cold."

Ulenspiegel did not awake. Two nights and a day passed by, and Nele, fevered with anguish, watched by Ulenspiegel her beloved.

It was the beginning of the second day, and Nele heard the sound of a bell, and saw approaching a peasant carrying a shovel: behind him, wax taper in hand, walked a burgomaster and two aldermen, the curé of Stavenisse, and a beadle holding a sunshade over him.

They were going, they said, to administer the holy sacrament of extreme unction to the valiant Jacobsen who was a Beggar by constraint and fear, but who, now the danger was past, returned into the bosom of the Holy Roman Church to die.

Presently they found themselves face to face with Nele weeping, and perceived the body of Ulenspiegel stretched out upon the turf, covered with his clothes. Nele went upon her knees.

"Daughter," said the burgomaster, "what makest thou by this dead man?"

Not daring to lift her eyes she replied:

"I pray for my friend here fallen as though smitten by lightning: I am all alone now and I am fain to die, too."

The curé then puffing with pleasure:

"Ulenspiegel the Beggar is dead," he said, "God be praised! Peasant, make haste and dig a grave; strip off his clothes before he be buried."

"Nay," said Nele, standing straight up, "they are not to be taken from him, he would be cold in the earth."

"Dig the grave," said the curé to the peasant who carried the shovel.

"I consent," said Nele, all in tears; "there are no worms in sand that is full of chalk, and he will remain whole and goodly, my beloved."

And all distraught, she bent over Ulenspiegel's body, and kissed him with tears and sobbing.

The burgomaster, the aldermen, and the peasant were filled with pity, but the curé ceased not to repeat, rejoicing: "The great Beggar is dead, God be praised!"

Then the peasant digged the grave and placed Ulenspiegel therein and covered him with sand.

And the curé said the prayers for the dead above the grave: all kneeled down around it; suddenly there was a great upheaving under the soil and Ulenspiegel, sneezing and shaking the sand out of his hair, seized the curé by the throat:

"Inquisitor!" said he, "thou dost thrust me into the earth alive in my sleep. Where is Nele? hast thou buried her, too? Who art thou?"

The curé cried out:

"The great Beggar returneth into this world. Lord God! receive my soul!"

And he took to flight like a stag before the hounds.

Nele came to Ulenspiegel.

"Kiss me, my darling," said he.

Then he looked round him again; the two peasants

had fled like the curé, and had flung down shovel and chair and sunshade to run the better; the burgomaster and the aldermen, holding their ears with fright, were whimpering on the turf.

Ulenspiegel went up to them, and shaking them:

"Can any bury," said he, "Ulenspiegel the spirit and Nele the heart of Mother Flanders? She, too, may sleep, but not die. No! Come, Nele."

And he went forth with her, singing his sixth song, but no man knoweth where he sang the last one of all.

THE END

THE LYRICS IN THIS VERSION OF ULENSPIEGEL HAVE BEEN SPECIALLY TRANSLATED BY MR. JOHN HERON LEPPER

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